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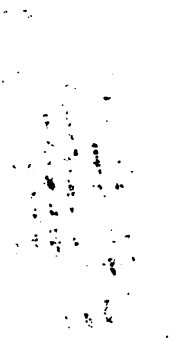

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Addiſon.
Congreve.
Garth.
Blackmore.
Rowe.
Philips, *&c.*

THE
Complete ART
OF
POETRY.

By CHARLES GILDON, *Gent.*

VOL. II.

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THE COMPLETE ART OF POETRY.

ABBOT.

THE pamper'd Abbot too, cries, he's a Saint
With daily Pray'rs and nightly Watchings faint:
His florid Looks, his vain Pretence deny,
And his ſleek Carcaſs gives his Boaſts the Lye:
Soft Beds of Down his wanton Limbs infold,
In Gems he drinks, and eats on burniſh'd Gold.
Luxurious Food devours with Prieſtly Guſt,
While poinant Sauces keep alive his Luſt.
Luſt, Avarice and Sloth, Revenge and Pride,
Are the bleſt Virtues of this Saintlike Guide. *Amen.*

ABBY.

Look with a curious Eye all *Europe* round,
And ſhew one rich, one healthy Spot of Ground,
But there ſome *Abby* is, or elſe has been,
And there in Ruins their wiſe Choice is ſeen.
The Front of Heaven ſome ſpecious Tale will tell,
But the Back-Gate ſtill opens into Hell. *ibid.*

ABSENCE.

Abſence to a Lover is ſure Death,
His Soul is in her, and ſo goes away.

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Abſence is Hell, whence all true Joys are driven;
For in her Preſence only is his Heaven.
Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years,
And ev'ry little Abſence is an Age. *Dryd. Amphit.*
The tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute ſeems a lazy Day. *Ot. Cai. Mar.*
For thee the bubling Springs appear'd to mourn,
And whiſp'ring Pines made Vows for thy Return.
(Dryd. Virg.
When thy lov'd Sight ſhall bleſs my Eyes again,
Then will I own I ought not to complain,
Since that ſweet Hour is worth whole Years of Pain.
(Rowe's Tamerl.
I charge thee, loiter not, but haſte to bleſs me;
Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage I burn,
For ev'ry tedious Minute how I mourn:
Think how I call thee cruel for thy Stay,
And break my Heart with Grief for thy unkind Delay.
(Rowe's Ulyſſ.
Fly ſwift, ye Hours, you meaſure Time for me in vain,
'Till you bring back *Leonidas* again:
Be ſwifter now, and to redeem that Wrong,
When he and I are met, be twice as long.
(Dryd. Mar. A-la-mode.
While in divine *Panthea*'s charming Eyes
I view the naked Boy that baſking lies,
I grow a God! ſo bleſt, ſo bleſt am I,
With ſacred Rapture and immortal Joy!

But, abſent, if ſhe ſhines no more,
And hides the Suns that I adore,
Strait, like a Wretch deſpairing, I
Sigh, languiſh in the Shade, and die.
Oh! I were loſt in endleſs Night,
If her bright Preſence brought not Light;
Then I revive, bleſt as before:
The Gods themſelves cannot be more! *Roch.*

For Paſſion by long Abſence does improve,
And makes that Rapture which before was Love. *Step.*

ADONIS.

ADONIS's Garden.

But were it not that *Time* their Troubler is,
All that in this delightful Garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal Bliſs:
For here all Plenty and all Pleaſure flowes,
And ſweet Love gentle Fits emongſt them throws,
Without fell Rancour, or fond Jealouſie;
Frankley each Paramour his Leman knows,
Each Bird his Mate; ne any does envie
Their goodly Merriment, and gay Felicitie.

There is continual Spring, and Harveſt there
Continual, both meeting at one Time:
For both the Boughes do laughing Bloſſoms beare,
And with freſh Colours deck the wanton Prime,
And eke at once the heavy Trees they climb,
Which ſeem to labour under their Fruites Lode;
The whiles the joyous Birds make their Paſtime
Emongſt the ſhady Leaves, their ſweet Abode,
And their true Love, without Suſpicion, tell abrode.

Right in the middeſt of that Paradiſe,
There ſtood a ſtately Mount, on whoes round Top
A gloomy Grove of Myrtle-Trees did riſe,
Whoes ſhadie Boughs ſharp Steele did never lop,
Nor wicked Beaſts their tender Buds did crop;
But, like a Girlond, compaſſed the Hight,
And from their fruitfull Sides ſweet Gumes did drop,
That all the Ground with pretious Dew bedight,
Threw forth moſt dainty Odours, and moſt ſweet Delight.

And, in the thickeſt Covert in that Shade,
There was a pleaſant Arbour, not by Art,
But of the Trees own Inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke Branches Part to Part,
With wanton Ivie-twine entail'd athwart,

And Eglantine and Caprisfole emong,
Fashion'd above within their inmoſt Part, (throng,
That neither *Phœbus* Beames could through them
Nor *Æolus* sharp Blaſt could work them any Wrong.

And all about grew every Sort of Flowre,
To which ſad Lovers were transform'd of Yore;
Freſh *Hyacinthus*, *Phœbus* Paramoure,
And deareſt Love;
Fooliſh *Narciſſe*, that likes the wat'ry Shore;
Sad *Amaranthus*, made a Flowre but late;
Sad *Amaranthus*, in whoſe purple Gore
Meſeemes I ſee *Amintas* wretched Fate,
To whom ſweet Poets Verſe hath given endleſs Date.
[*Spen. Fairy Qu.*

ÆGEON.

Ægeon, when with Heav'n he ſtrove,
Stood oppoſite in Arms to mighty *Jove*:
Mov'd all his hundred Hands, provok'd the War,
Defy'd the forky Lightning from afar:
At fifty Mouths his flaming Breath expires;
And Flaſh for Flaſh returns, and Fires for Fires:
In his right Hand as many Swords he wields,
And takes the Thunder on as many Shields. *Dryd. Virg.*

Briarius call'd in Heav'n, but mortal Men below
By his terreſtial Name *Ægeon* know. *Dryd. Hom.*

ÆOLUS.

As when *Don Æolus*, in great Diſpleaſure,
For Loſs of his deare Love, by *Neptune* kent,
Sends forth the Winds out of his hidden Treaſure,
Upon the Sea to wreak his fell Intent;
They breaking forth with rude Unruliment,
From all four Parts of Heaven do rage full ſore,
And toſs the Deeps, and leave the Firmament,
And all the World confound with wide Uprore,
As if, in Stead thereof, they *Chaos* would reſtore.
[*Spen. Fairy Qu.*

The

The God, who does in Caves conſtrain the Winds,
Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage appeaſe;
They fear his Whiſtle, and forſake the Seas.
Yet once indulg'd, they ſweep the Main,
Deaf to the Call, or hearing hear in vain.
They, bent on Miſchief, bear the Waves before,
And not content with Seas, inſult the Shore;
When Ocean, Air, and Earth at once ingage,
And rooted Foreſts fly before their Rage:
At once the claſhing Clouds to Battel move,
And Lightnings run aeroſs the Fields above.
In Times of Tempeſt they command alone,
And he but ſits precarious on the Throne. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Æolus, to whom the King of Heav'n
The Pow'r of Tempeſts, and of Winds has giv'n:
Whoſe Force alone their Fury can reſtrain,
And ſmooth the Waves, or ſwell the troubled Main.
The Jailor of the Wind,
Whoſe hoarſe Commands his breathing Subjects call;
He boaſts and bluſters in his empty Hall. *Dryd. Virg.*

ÆTNA.

Mount *Ætna* thence we ſpy,
Known by the ſmoaky Flames which cloud the Sky.
By Turns a pitchy Cloud ſhe rowls on high;
By Turns hot Embers from her Entrails fly,
And Flakes of mounting Flames that lick the Sky.
Oft from her Bowels maſſy Rocks are thrown,
And, ſhiver'd by the Force, come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid Lakes of burning Sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery Springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they ſay, tranſfix'd by *Jove*,
With blaſted Wings came tumbling from above;
And where he fell, th' avenging Father drew
This flaming Hill, and on his Body threw:
As often as he turns his weary Sides,
He ſhakes the ſolid Iſle, and Smoke the Heav'n hides.
Dryd. Virg.

As when the Force
Of Subterranean Wind tranſports a Hill,
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the ſhatter'd Side
Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd Entrails thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim'd with min'ral Fury aid the Winds,
And leave a ſinged Bottom all involv'd
With Stench and Smoke. *Milt.*

AFFECTIONS.

How great a Toil to ſtem the raging Flood,
When Beauty ſtirs the Maſs of youthful Blood?
When the ſwoln Veins with circling Torrents riſe,
And ſoſter Paſſions ſpeak thro' wiſhing Eyes.

The Voice of Reaſon's drown'd; in vain it ſpeaks,
When haſty Anger dies the gloomy Cheeks;
And vengeful Pride hurries the Mortal on
To Deeds unheard, and Cruelties unknown.

Then 'gan the Palmer thus; Moſt wretched Man,
That to Affections does the Bridle lend:
In their Beginning they are weak and wan,
But ſoon, through Suff'rance, growe to fearfull End;
Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend:
For when they once to perfect Strength do growe,
Strong Warres they make, and cruel Batt'ry bend,
'Gainſt Fort of Reaſon it to overthrowe:
Wrath, Jealouſy, Grief, Love, this Squire have laid thus lowe.

Wrath, Jealouſy, Griefe, Love, do thus expell:
Wrath is a Fire, and Jealouſy a Weede;
Griefe is a Flood, and Love a Monſter fell.
The Fire of Sparke, the Weed of little Seed,
The Flood of Drops, the Monſter Filth did breed:
But Sparks, Seed, Drops, and Filth do thus decay;
The Sparks ſoon quench, the ſpringing Seed out-weed,

The

The Drops dry up, and Filth wipe clean away;
So ſhall Wrath, Jealouſy, Griefe, Love, die and de-
(cay.
[*Spen. Fairy Q.*

AGE.

But you may ſhun Diſeaſes baleful Pow'r,
Nor pine away in an untimely Hour;
Moroſe old Age, incurable Diſeaſe,
Stalks on, and ſoon does the frail Being ſeize;
Tir'd with himſelf, he Company deſires,
Which ſcornful flies, for Company he tires.
Now penſive on his Staff he walks alone,
Too conſcious what himſelf in Youth has done:
So chang'd his Country, that he ſeems to ſtand
An uſeleſs Gazer in a foreign Land.
So chang'd himſelf, he's ſcarce the wither'd Shade
Of the proud Thing in Robes of Glory clad.
Edward, once active as the joyful Sun,
Loaded with Years himſelf, but loads a Throne,
The Rays ſo languid, and the Shadows great,
Almoſt his *Engliſh* wiſh their Sun was ſet.
* A ſordid Woman's buſy Projects ſtain
The ſplendid Annals of that martial Reign.
Still ſome Remains of Bliſs old Age enjoys;
But Time voracious thoſe Remains deſtroys,
'Till it can nought but naked Life devour:
For this the Dotard weeps, and dreads th'approaching
(Hour.
Grim Death, regardleſs, knows not how to ſave,
But drags the trembling Prey to his ungrateful Cave.

But oh! on what imperceptible Strings
Depends th'inconſtant State of human Things!
That Face, in which the Gods might take Delight,
Is now grown hideous, and forſakes the Sight.

* *Alice Pierce.*

With cruel Scythe, inexorable Time
Mows down her youthly Bloom and Beauty's Prime.
Now wrinkly Age begins to draw his Plow
On that once-ſmooth, once-ſhowy, ſpacious Brow.
Now, where her Teeth took up their Iv'ry-Seat,
Is all an empty Space, or Scene of Jet.
Her Head, which once with golden Treſſes ſhone,
Is ſilver'd o'er with Hairs but thinly ſown:
And now the Flame, which on my Marrow prey'd,
Begins to languiſh; and the Heat's decay'd.
Phyllis no more can now her Charms employ,
But damps Deſire, and frights the *Cyprian* Boy:
Deform'd, ſhe cures the Wound her Beauty gave;
And ſhe, whoſe Eyes could kill me, now can ſave.
[*Rowe Callip.*

The Four AGES *of the World.*

GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age was firſt, when Man yet new,
No Rule, but uncorrupted Reaſon, knew;
And with a native Bent did Good purſue.
Unforc'd by Puniſhment, unaw'd by Fear,
His Words were ſimple, and his Soul ſincere:
Needleſs was written Law, where none oppreſs'd:
The Law of Man was written in his Breaſt.
No ſuppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd,
No Court erected yet, nor Cauſe was heard;
But all was ſafe, for Conſcience was their Guard.
The Mountain Trees in diſtant Proſpect pleaſe;
E'er yet the Pine deſcended to the Seas;
E'er Sails were ſpread new Oceans to explore,
And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their Wiſhes to their native Shore.
No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Moat, nor Mound;
Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry Sound;
Nor Swords were forg'd; but void of Care and Crime,
The ſoft Creation ſlept away their Time.
The teeming Earth, yet guiltleſs of the Plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow.

Content

Content with Food which Nature freely bred,
On Wildings and on Strawberries they fed:
Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the reſt,
And falling Acrons furniſh'd out a Feaſt.
The Flow'rs unſown, in Fields and Meadows reign'd,
And Weſtern Winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
In following Years, the bearded Corn enſu'd
From Earth unaſk'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.
From Veins and Vallies Milk and Nectar broke,
And Honey ſweated thro' the Pores of Oak.

SILVER AGE.

But when Good *Saturn*, baniſh'd from above,
Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under *Jove*:
Succeeding Times a ſilver Age behold,
Excelling Braſs, but more excell'd by Gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear,
And Spring was but a Seaſon of the Year.
The Sun his annual Courſe obliquely made,
Good Days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
The Air with ſultry Heats began to glow,
The Winds were clogg'd with Ice and Snow:
And ſhiv'ring Mortals, into Houſes driven,
Sought Shelter from th' Inclemency of Heaven.
Their Houſes then were Caves, or homely Sheds,
With twining Oziers fenc'd, and Moſs their Beds.
Then Ploughs for Seed the fruitful Furrows broke,
And Oxen labour'd firſt beneath the Yoke.

BRAZEN AGE.

To this came next in Courſe the Brazen Age;
A warlike Off-ſpring, prone to bloody Rage,
Not impious yet.

IRON AGE.

Hard Steel ſucceeded then,
And ſtubborn, as the Metal, were the Men.

Teeth,

Truth, Modeſty, and Shame, the World forſook,
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their Places took:
Then Sails were ſpread to ev'ry Wind that blew,
Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were new.
Trees rudely hollow'd did the Waves ſuſtain,
E'er Ships in Triumph plow'd the watry Main.
Then Land-marks limited to each his Right,
For all before was common as the Light:
Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual Income to the crooked Share;
But greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,
Digg'd from her Entrails firſt the precious Ore;
(Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid)
And that alluring Ill to Sight diſplay'd:
Thus curſed Steel, and more accurſed Gold,
Gave Miſchief Birth, and made that Miſchief bold;
And double Death did wretched Man invade,
By Steel aſſaulted, and by Gold betray'd.
Now, brandiſh'd Weapons glitt'ring in their Hands,
Mankind is broken looſe from moral Bands.
No Rights of Hoſpitality remain,
The Gueſt, by him who harbour'd him, is ſlain.
The Son-in-Law perſues the Father's Life;
The Wife her Huſband murders, he the Wife:
The Step-dame Pioſon for the Son prepares;
The Son enquires into his Father's Years;
Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns,
And Juſtice, here oppreſs'd, to Heav'n returns.

[*Dryd. Ovid.*

Silver Age.

E'er this no Peaſant vex'd the peaceful Ground,
Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found:
No Fences parted Fields; nor Marks, nor Bounds
Diſtinguiſh'd Acres of litigious Grounds:
But all was common, and the fruitful Earth
Was free to give her unexacted Birth.
Jove added Venom to the Vipers Brood,
And ſwell'd with raging Storms the peaceful Flood;

Commiſſion'd hungry Wolves t' infeſt the Fold,
And ſhook from Oaken Leaves the liquid Gold:
Remov'd from human Reach the chearful Fire;
And from the Rivers bad the Wine retire:
That ſtudious Need might uſeful Arts explore,
From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store:
And force the Veins of claſhing Flints t' expire
The lurking Seeds of their Celeſtial Fire.
Then firſt on Seas the hollow'd Alder ſwam:
Then Sailors quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name
For ev'ry fix'd, and ev'ry wand'ring Star,
The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the *Northern Car*.
Then Toils for Beaſts, and Lime for Birds were found;
And deep-mouth'd Dogs did Foreſt-Walks ſurround;
And Caſting-Nets were ſpread in hollow Brooks;
Drags in the Deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks:
Then Saws were tooth'd, and ſounding Axes made;
And various Arts in Order did ſucceed. *Dryd. Virg.*

Future *Golden Age*.

Unbidden Earth ſhall wreathing Ivy bring,
And fragrant Herbs, the Promiſes of Spring:
The Goats with ſtrutting Dugs ſhall homeward ſpeed,
And lowing Herds ſecure from Lions feed.
The Serpents Brood ſhall die; the ſacred Ground
Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuſe to bear,
Each common Buſh ſhall *Syrian* Roſes wear:
Unlabour'd Harveſts ſhall the Fields adorn,
And cluſter'd Grapes ſhall bluſh on ev'ry Thorn.
The knotted Oak ſhall Show'rs of Honey weep;
And thro' the matted Graſs the liquid Gold ſhall creep.
The greedy Sailor ſhall the Seas forego;
No Keel ſhall cut the Waves for foreign Ware,
For ev'ry Soil ſhall ev'ry Product bear.
The lab'ring Hind his Oxen ſhall diſjoin,
No Plough ſhall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-Hook (the Vine,
Nor Wool ſhall in diſſembled Colours ſhine.

But

This thin, this ſoft Contexture of the Air,
Shows the wiſe Author's Providential Care,
Who did the wond'rous Structure ſo contrive,
That it might Life to breathing Creatures give;
Might re-inſpire, and make the circling Maſs
Thro' all its winding Chanels fit to paſs.
Had not the Maker wrought the ſpringy Frame
Such as it is, to fan the vital Flame,
The Blood, defrauded of its nitrous Food,
Had cool'd, and languiſh'd in th'Arterial Road;
While the tir'd Heart had ſtrove, with fruitleſs Pain,
To puſh the lazy Tide along the Vein.

[*Black. Creat.*

ALBION.

For *Albion* the Son of *Neptune* was;
Who, for the Proof of his great Puiſſance,
Out of his *Albion* did on Dry-foot paſs
Into old *Gaul*, that now is cleeped *France*,
To fight with *Hercules*, that did advance
To vanquiſh all the World, with matchleſs Might:
And there his mortal Part, by great Miſchance,
Was ſlain; but that which is th' immortal Spright
Lives ſtill, and to his Feaſt with *Neptune*'s Seed was dight.

[*Spen.*

ALECTO.

The Virgin Daughter of Eternal Night.
She ſtill delights in War, and human Woes.
Ev'n *Pluto* hates his own miſhapen Race.
Her Siſter Furies fly her hideous Face:
So frightful are the Forms the Monſter takes,
So fierce the Hiſſings of her ſpeckled Snakes.
'Tis hers, to ruin Realms, o'erturn a State;
Betwixt the deareſt Friends to raiſe Debate,
And kindle Kindred Blood to mutual Hate.
Her Hand o'er Towns the ſun'ral Torch diſplays,
And forms a thouſand Ills, ten thouſand Ways.
She ſhakes from out her fruitful Breaſt the Seeds
Of Envy, Diſcord, and of cruel Deeds:

Con-

Confounds eſtabliſh'd Peace, and does prepare
Their Souls to Hatred, and their Hands to War.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

The Fates infernal Miniſter;
War, Death, Deſtruction, in her Hands ſhe bears;
Her curling Snakes with Hiſſings fill the Place,
And open all the Furies of her Face.
Her Chains ſhe rattles, and her Whips ſhe ſhakes,
Churning her bloody Foam. *Dryd. Virg.*

AMAZON.

So march'd the *Thracian Amazons* of old,
When *Thermodon* with bloody Billows roul'd;
Such Troops as theſe in ſhining Arms were ſeen,
When *Theſeus* met in Fight their Maiden Queen.
Such to the Field *Penthesilea* led,
From the fierce Virgin when the *Grecians* fled.
With ſuch return'd triumphant from the War,
Her Maids with Cries attend the lofty Car;
They claſh with manly Force their Moony Shields,
With female Shouts reſound the *Phrygian* Fields.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

Reſtleſs thro' the War *Camilla* rode,
In Danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with Blood.
One Side was bare for her exerted Breaſt,
One Shoulder with her painted Quiver preſs'd.
Now from afar her fatal Jav'lins play;
Now with her Ax's Edge ſhe hews her Way,
Diana's Arms upon her Shoulders ſound,
And when too cloſely preſs'd, ſhe quits the Ground,
From her bent Bow ſhe ſends a backward Wound.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

Penthesilea there, with haughty Grace,
Leads to the Wars an *Amazonian* Race:
In their right Hands a pointed Dart they wield;
Their left, for Ward, ſuſtains the Lunar Shield.

Athwart

Athwart her Breaſt a golden Belt ſhe throws;
Amidſt the Preſs, alone, provokes a thouſand Foes;
And dares her maiden Arms to manly Force oppoſe.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

The little *Amazon* could hardly go,
He loads her with a Quiver and a Bow,
And that ſhe might her ſtagg'ring Steps command,
He with a ſlender Jav'lin fills her Hand:
Her flowing Hair no golden Fillets bound,
Nor ſwept her trailing Robe the duſty Ground.
Inſtead of theſe a Tiger's Hide o'erſpread
Her back and Shoulders, faſten'd to her Head.
The flying Dart ſhe firſt attempts to fling,
And round her tender Temples toſs'd the Sling.
Then as her Strength with Years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in Air the ſoaring Swan,
And from the Clouds to fetch the Heron and the Crane.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

AMBITION.

A Rout of People there aſſembled were,
Of every Sort or Nation under Sky,
Which with great Uprore preaſſed, to draw near
To th' upper Part, where was advanced hie
A ſtately Seat of ſoveraigne Majeſtie,
And thereon ſate a Woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in Robes of Royaltie,
That never earthly Prince in ſuch Array
His Glory did enhaunce, and pompous Pride diſplay.

Her Face right wond'rous faire did ſeem to be,
That her broad Beauties Beam great Brightneſs threw
Through the dim Shade, that all Men there might ſee:
Yet was not that ſame her own native Hew,
But wrought by Art, and counterfeited Shew,
Thereby more Lovers unto her to call;
Nath'leſs, more heavenly faire in Deed and View
She by Creation was, till ſhe did fall;
Thenceforth ſhe ſought for Helps to cloke her Crimes withall.

There

There, as in glittring Glory she did sit,
She held a great Gold-Chain ylinked well,
Whose upper End to highest Heaven was knit,
And lower Part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that Preasse did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long Chaine, thereby
To climb aloft, and others to excell;
That was *Ambition*, rash Desire to stie,
And ev'ry Link thereof a Step of Dignitie.

Some thought to raise themselves to high Degree
By Riches and unrighteous Reward;
Some by close shouldring, some by Flatteree;
Others through Friends, others for base Reward;
And all, by wrong Ways, for themselves prepar'd.
Those that were up themselves, kept others lowe;
Those that were lowe themselves, held others hard,
Ne suff'red them to rise, or greater growe;
But every one did strive his Fellow down to throwe.

O sacred Hunger of ambitious Mindes,
And impotent Desire of Men to raigne!
Who neither Dread of God, that Devils bindes,
Nor Laws of Men, that Common-weals containe,
Nor Bands of Nature, that wild Beasts restraine,
Can keep from Outrage, and from doing Wrong,
Where they may hope a Kingdom to obtaine.
No Faith so firm, no Trust can be so strong,
No Love so lasting then, that may enduren long.

[*Spenser.*

Ambition is a Lust that's never quench'd,
Grows more enflam'd and madder by Enjoyment.

[*Otw. Cai. Man.*

Ambition is at Distance
A goodly Prospect, tempting to the View:
The Height delights us, and the Mountain-Top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to Heav'n;

But

But we ne'er think how ſandy's the Foundation,
What Storms will batter, and what Tempeſts ſhake us.
[*Otw. Ven. Preſ.*

At loweſt Ebb of Fortune when you lay
Contented, then how happy was the Day:
But oh! the Curſe of aiming to be great,
Dazled with Hope, we cannot ſee the Cheat.
When wild Ambition in the Heart we find,
Farewel Content, and Quiet of the Mind:
For glitt'ring Clouds we leave the ſolid Shore,
And wonted Happineſs returns no more. *Harv. Juv.*

But wild Ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand;
And Fortune's Ice prefers to Virtue's Land. *Dryd.*
(*Abſ. & Achit.*

Yet true Renown is ſtill with Virtue join'd,
But Luſt of Pow'r lets looſe th' unbridl'd Mind. *Dryd.*
(*Aurenz.*

AMPHITRITE.

Fair *Amphitrite*, moſt divinely faire,
Whoſe Iv'ry Shoulders were encovered all,
As with a Robe, with her own Silver Haire,
And deckt with Pearles, which th'*Indian* Seas for her prepare. [*Spencer.*

ANGEL.

Beſides his Head, there ſate a faire young Man,
Of wond'rous Beauty, and of freſheſt Years,
Whoſe tender Bud to bloſſom new began,
And flouriſh faire above his equall Peeres:
His ſunny Front, curled with golden Haires,
Like *Phœbus* Face adorn'd with ſunny Rayes,
Divinely ſhone, and two ſharp winged Sheares,
Bedeckt with diverſe Plumes, like painted Jayes,
Were fixed at his Back, to cut his ayerie Wayes.
[*Spencer.*

Down thither, prone in Flight,
He ſpeeds, and thro' the vaſt ethereal Sky,
Sails between Worlds and Worlds, with ſteady Wings;
Now

Now on the Polar Winds; then with quick Fan
Winnows the buxom Air.
Of beaming ſunny Rays a gold Tiar
Circled his Head; nor leſs his Locks behind
Illuſtrious on his Shoulders, fledg'd with Wings,
Lay waving round. *Milt.*

Six Wings he wore to ſhade
His Lineaments divine: the Pair that clad
Each Shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his Breaſt
With regal Ornament; the middle Pair
Girt like a ſtarry Zone his Waſte, and round
Skirted his Loins and Thighs with downy Gold,
And Colours dipt in Heav'n: the third his Feet
Shadow'd from either Heel with feather'd Mail,
Sky-tinctur'd Grain. Like *Maia*'s Son he ſtood,
And ſhook his Plumes, that heav'nly Fragrance fill'd
The Circuit wide. *Milt.*

ANGER.

Mad with her Anguiſh, impotent to bear
The mighty Grief, ſhe loaths the vital Air;
She raves againſt the Gods, ſhe beats her Breaſt,
And tears with both her Hands her purple Veſt.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

Anger is like
A full hot Horſe: allow him but his Way,
Self-Mettle tires him. *Shak. Hen. 8.*

ANGUISH.

What equal Torment to the Grief of Minde,
And pyning Anguiſh hid in gentle Heart,
That inly feeds it ſelf with Thoughts unkinde,
And nouriſheth her own conſuming Smart?
What Medicine can any Leache's Art
Yield ſuch a Sore, that doth her Grievance hide,
And will to none her Maladie impart? *Spencer.*

ANT.

ANT.

Thus in Battalia march embody'd Ants,
Fearful of Winter, and of future Wants,
T' invade the Corn; and to their Cells convey
The plunder'd Forage of their yellow Prey.
The sable Troops, along the narrow Tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty Burthen on their Backs:
Some set their Shoulders to the pond'rous Grain,
Some guard the Spoil, some lash the lagging Train.
All ply their several Tasks, and equal Toil sustain.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

APOLLO.

Like fair *Apollo*, when he leaves the Frost
Of wintry *Xanthus*, and the *Lycian* Coast;
When to his native *Delos* he resorts,
Ordains the Dances, and renews the Sports:
Where painted *Scythians*, mix'd with *Cretan* Bands,
Before the joyful Altar join their Hands;
Himself, on *Cynthus* walking, sees below
The merry Madness of the sacred Show.
Green Wreaths of Bays his Length of Hair inclose,
A golden Fillet binds his awful Brows;
His Quiver sounds. *Dryd. Virg.*

O Source of sacred Light,
God with the Silver Bow, and Golden Hair;
Whom *Chrysa*, *Cilla*, *Tenedos* obeys,
And whose broad Eye their happy Soil surveys!
[*Dryd. Hom.*

APOTHECARY, *and his* Shop.

I do remember an Apothecary,
In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,
Culling of Simples; meager were his Looks,
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones,
And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,
An Alligator stuff'd, and other Skins
Of ill-shap'd Fishes; and about his Shelves

A

A beggarly Account of empty Boxes,
Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and muſty Seeds,
Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roſes,
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a Show. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
With foreign Trinkets, and domeſtick Toys:
Here Mummies lay, moſt reverendly ſtale,
And there the Tortoiſe hung her Coat of Mail;
Not far from ſome huge Shark's devouring Head,
The flying Fiſh their finny Pinions ſpread;
Aloft in Rows large Poppy-heads were ſtrung,
And near a ſcaly Alligator hung:
In this Place Drugs, in muſty Heaps, decay'd;
In that dry'd Bladders and drawn Teeth are laid. *Ger.*

APPLAUSE.

The ſhouting Cries
Of the pleas'd People rend the vaulted Skies.
The Fields around with *Iö Peans* ring,
And Peals of Shouts applaud the conqu'ring King.
Dryd. Virg.

Shouts from the fav'ring Multitude ariſe,
Applauding *Eccho* to the Shouts replies: } Skies.
Shouts, Wiſhes, and Applauſe, run rattling thro' the }
Dryd. Virg.

The hollow Abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the Hoſt of Hell
With deaf'ning Shout return them loud Acclaim. *Milt.*

Such Murmur fill'd
Th' Aſſembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The Sound of bluſt'ring Winds, which all Night long
Had rowz'd the Sea, now with hoarſe Cadence lull
Seafaring Men o'er-watch'd; whoſe Bark, by Chance,
Or Pinnace, anchors in a craggy Bay,
After the Tempeſt: Such Applauſe was heard. *Milt.*

A R-

ARBOUR.

And over him, Art ſtriveing to compaire
With Nature, did an Arbour green diſpred,
Framed with wanton Ivie, flowering faire,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did ſpred
His pricking Armes, entayl'd with Roſes red,
Which dainty Odours round about him threw;
And all within with Flowres was garniſhed,
That, when mild *Zephyrus* emongſt them blew,
Did breathe out bounteous Smells, and painted Colours ſhew. [*Spencer.*

ARCHERS.

A flutt'ring Dove to the Maſt's Top they tie:
The living Mark at which their Arrows fly:
The Rival Archers in a Line advance;
Then all with Vigour bend their truſty Bows,
And from the Quiver each his Arrow chuſe.
Hippocoon's was the firſt; with forceful Sway
It flew, and whizzing, cut the liquid Way.
Fix'd in the Maſt, the feather'd Weapon ſtands;
The fearful Pigeon flutters in her Bands:
And the Tree trembled.
Then *Mneſtheus* to the Head his Arrow drove,
With lifted Eyes, and took his Aim above;
But made a glancing Shot, and miſs'd the Dove:
Yet miſs'd ſo narrow, that he cut the Cord,
Which faſten'd by the Foot the flitting Bird.
The Captive thus releas'd, away ſhe flies,
And beats, with clapping Wings, the yielding Skies.
His Bow already bent, *Euryalus* ſtood;
His winged Shaft with eager Haſte he ſped;
The fatal Meſſage reach'd her as ſhe fled:
She leaves her Life aloft, ſhe ſtrikes the Ground,
And renders back the Weapon in the Wound.
Aceſtes, grudging at his Lot, remains
Without a Prize to gratify his Pains;

Yet,

Yet, ſhooting upwards, ſends his Shaft to ſhow
An Archer's Art, and boaſt his twanging Bow.
Chaf'd by the Speed, it fir'd, and as it flew,
A Trail of foll'wing Flames aſcending drew.
Kindling they mount, and mark the ſhiny Way;
Acroſs the Skies, as falling Meteors, play,
And vaniſh into Wind, or in a Blaze decay. *Dryd. Virg.*

ARGUS.

The Head of *Argus*, as with Stars the Skies,
Was compaſs'd round, and wore a hundred Eyes:
But two by Turns their Lids in Slumber ſteep;
The reſt on Duty, ſtill their Station keep;
Nor could the total Conſtellation ſleep.
Him *Hermes* ſlew.
And all his Hundred Eyes, with all their Light,
Are clos'd at once in one perpetual Night.
Theſe *Juno* takes, that they no more may fail, *Ovid.*
And ſpreads them in her Peacock's gaudy Tail. *Dryd.*

ARION.

That was *Arion*'s Crown;
Who, playing on his Harpe, unto him drew
The Eares and Hearts of all that goodly Crew,
That even yet the Bolphin, which him bore
Through the *Ægæan* Seas, from Pirates View,
Stood ſtill, by him aſtoniſht at his Lore,
And all the raging Seas, for Joys, forgot to rore.
[*Spencer.*

ARMS *or* ARMOUR.

He ſheath'd his Limbs in Arms, a temper'd Maſs
Of golden Metal thoſe, and Mountain-Braſs.
He admires
The creſted Helm that vomits radiant Fires:
His Hands the fatal Sword and Corſlet hold;
One keen with temper'd Steel, one ſtiff with Gold:

Both

Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright,
So ſhines a Cloud, when edg'd with adverſe Light.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

Shields, Arms, and Spears, flaſh horribly from far,
And the Fields glitter with a waving War. *Dryd. Virg.*

His Back and Breaſt
Well-temper'd Steel, and ſcaly Braſs inveſt.
The Cuiſhes, which his brawny Thighs infold,
Were mingled Metal, damaſk'd o'er with Gold.
His faithful Fauchion fits upon his Side,
Nor Caſque, nor Creſt his manly Features hide.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

O'er his broad Breaſt an Ox's Hide was thrown,
His Helm a Wolf, whoſe gaping Jaws were ſpread,
A Cov'ring for his Cheeks, and grinn'd around his (Head.

He clench'd within his Hand an Iron Prong,
And towr'd above the reſt, conſpicuous in the Throng.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

A Lion's Hide he wears,
About his Shoulders hangs the ſhaggy Skin;
The Teeth and gaping Jaws ſeverely grin. *Dryd. Virg.*

Some wore Coat-Armour, imitating Scale,
And next their Skin were ſtubborn Shirts of Mail:
Some wore a Breaſt-plate, and a light Juppon,
Their Horſes cloath'd with rich Capariſon.
Some for Defence would leathern Bucklers uſe
Of folded Hides; and others Shields of Pruce.
One hung a Pole-Ax at his Saddle Bow,
And one a heavy Mace to ſtun the Foe.
One for his Legs and Knees provided well,
With Jambeux arm'd, and double Plates of Steel.
This on his Helmet wore a Lady's Glove;
And that a Sleeve, embroider'd by his Love. *Dryd.*
(*Pal. & Arc.*

Words and Devices blaz'd on ev'ry Shield,
And pleaſing was the Terrour of the Field. *Dryd.*
(*Pal. & Arc.*

ARTS.

ARTS.

Man in mechanick Arts did late excel,
That ſuccour Life, and noxious Pow'r repel;
Which yields Supplies for neceſſary Uſe,
Or which to Pleaſure or to Pomp conduce.
How late was found the Loadſtone's magick Force,
That ſeeks the North, and guides the Sailor's Courſe?
How newly did the Printer's curious Skill,
Th'inlighten'd World with letter'd Volumes fill?
But late the kindled Powder did explode
The maſſy Ball, and the braſs Tube unload.
[*Black. Creat.*

ASH.

Rent like a Mountain Aſh, that dar'd the Winds,
And ſtood the ſturdy Strokes of lab'ring Hinds.
About the Root the cruel Ax reſounds,
The Stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated Wounds:
The War is felt on high, the nodding Crown
Now threats a Fall, and throws the leafy Honours down.
To their united Force it yields, tho' late,
And mourns with mortal Groans th'approaching Fate.
The Roots no more their upper Head ſuſtain;
But down ſhe falls, and ſpreads a Ruin thro' the Plain.
[*Dryd Virg.*

ASTONISHMENT.

His curdling Blood forgot to glide,
Confuſion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And fault'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue. *Gar.*

She thrice aſſay'd to ſpeak; her Accents hung,
And fault'ring dy'd unfiniſh'd on her Tongue,
Or vaniſh'd into Sighs; with long Delay
Her Voice return'd, and found the wonted Way.
[*Dryd. Ovid*

The pale Aſſiſtants on each other ſtar'd,
With gaping Mouths for iſſuing Words prepar'd:
The ſtill-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring Tongue.
[*Dryd. Theod. and Hon.*

O *Sigismonda!* he began to say,
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,
'Till Words with often trying, found their Way.
[*Dryd. Sig. and Guisc.*

PROFESSOR *in* Astrology *and* Physick.

An inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed Fools:
Globes stand on Globes, Volumes on Volumes lie,
And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.
The Sage in Velvet Chair here lolls at Ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.
Then, as from Tripod, solemn Shams reveals
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.
One asks how soon *Panthea* may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage-Fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fate will strike 'em off.
Some by what Means they may redress the Wrong,
When Fathers the Possession keep too long.
And some would know the Issue of their Cause,
And whether Gold can fodder up its Flaws.
Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
To lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave.
And *Portia*, old in Expectation grown,
Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son:
Whilst *Iris* his Cosmetick Wash would try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lover die.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philtres choose,
To gain *Corinna*, and their Quarrans lose.
Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name,
In Cradle here, renews his youthful Frame:
Gloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,
A Hot-house he prefers to *Julia*'s Arms.
And old *Lucullus* would th' *Arcanum* prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love. *Gar.*

A T-

ATLAS.

And now behold Majeſtick *Atlas* riſe,
And bend beneath the Burden of the Skies:
His tow'ring Brows aloft no Tempeſt know,
While Lightning flies, and Thunder rouls below. *Gar.*

ATOMS.

Firſt look around: Whatever meets your Eye,
In the wide Univerſe of Earth and Sky,
Scatters ſmall Atoms in the ambient Air,
Scal'd from each Body, and whirl'd here and there
In a continual Fluor: Theſe we call
The Elements of Things which form'd this All.
Theſe, with ſwift violent Motion, wander o'er
Each Senſe, and penetrate the ſmalleſt Pore.
But think not here, by theſe continual Flows,
That a corporeal Object leſſer grows:
For that Deficiency, and quick Decreaſe
Of ſubtile Bodies, is ſupply'd with Eaſe:
A new Acceſſion does the Want repay,
With Atoms ſubtile, and as fine as they.
Theſe Images are ſo conciſe and fine,
That, were it poſſible for you to join,
And heap together, all which in the Air
Have fluctuated for a hundred Year,
They ſcarce would by the naked Eye be read,
Or ſpin a little Spider's ſmalleſt Thread:
Nor do they leſs out-ſtrip, in rapid Flight,
The darting Sun-Beams, and the nimble Light,
And the ſwift Planets of th'Æthereal World;
With ſuch a ſtrong Velocity they're hurl'd.
Thoſe which from fair and comely Objects fly,
By their own Smoothneſs pleaſe th'affected Eye:
Thro' the Sight's Pores round little Globules ſteal,
And the charm'd Senſes a ſtrange Pleaſure feel;
With ſecret Joy the Soul it ſelf is ſeiz'd,
And with th' agreeable *Idolum* pleas'd;

Which wand'ring from the Eyes, by Ways unknown,
O'er the ſoft Bowels and warm Heart is thrown,
And, mingling in the Womb, the fair Idea's ſown;
By which kind Nature models her Deſign;
With forming Hand ſhe works each beauteous Line,
And all delightſom Things in the Compoſure join.
But if th' *Idola* from foul Figures riſe,
Their Roughneſs ſhock the Soul, and wound the Eyes,
And, as with Spears which grow from bladed Corn,
Invade the Mind, and make the Senſes mourn;
Whence ſtrange Diſlike ſurprizes every Heart,
And fills with Horror the recoiling Part;
Which, thus contracted, does the ill-form'd Image (throw
Into the Womb, and there th'unpleaſing Figure ſow.
By which Direction Nature ſhapes her Aim,
Diſtorts the Limbs, or does the Piece defame
With Features moſt deform'd, the weeping Mother's Shame:
And, as we often by Experience find,
In a vile Body's lodg'd as vile a Mind.
The World, which by the Looks does Actions ſcan,
Will in the Child condemn the future Man. *Rowe's Call.*

When Atoms in th'unmeaſur'd Space did rove,
And in the Dark for doubtful Vict'ry ſtrove,
Did intervening Chance the Feuds compoſe,
Eſtabliſh Friendſhip, and diſarm the Foes?
Did this the ancient darkſom Horrors chace,
Diſtinction give, and ſpread cœleſtial Grace
O'er the black Diſtricts of the empty Space?
Could Atoms, which with undirected Flight
Roam'd thro' the Void, and rang'd the Realms of Night,
Of Reaſon deſtitute, without Intent,
Depriv'd of Choice, and mindleſs of th' Event,
In Order march, and to their Poſts advance,
Led by no Guide, but undeſigning Chance?
That did th' entangled Particles divide,
And ſort the various Seeds of Things ally'd?

To

To make primæval Elements ſelect
All the fit Atoms, and th'unfit reject?
Diſtinguiſh Hot from Cold, and Moiſt from Dry,
Range ſome to form the Earth, and ſome the Sky?
[*Black. Creat.*

ATOMIST.

The Atomiſt may groundleſs Schemes perſue,
T'explain the old World, or create a new;
Well-pleas'd, he may indulge his wand'ring Thoughts,
And endleſs Voids conceive, and flying Motes;
But let theſe roul along in boundleſs Space,
Then meet, and form an indigeſted Maſs.
If Motion thus with thoughtleſs Chance combine,
And huddled Bodies cloſe without Deſign,
A rude and ſhapeleſs Chaos will ariſe;
No ſmiling Meads below; above, no vaulted Skies:
Till ſome bleſs'd Pow'r at length reduce the whole,
Divide the Parts, and give an active Soul.
Ah! might Reflection to the Mind diſcloſe
What different Particles this All compoſe!
Might we but trace the Springs as yet unſeen,
And ſecret Movements of the vaſt Machine
The ſeveral Figures and the Motions know,
To which the Species their Diſtinction owe!
The various Forms adorn the beauteous Frame;
Matter (unlike it ſelf) is all the ſame.
From the ſame blended Elements proceed
The ſcented Flower, and peſtilential Weed:
They form the yielding Graſs, and flinty Stone,
And waving Crops, by ſporting *Zephyrs* blown.
Hence in cool Shades the humble *Myrtle* grows,
And high the *Oak* extends his leavy Boughs.
The living World has the ſame common Birth;
Here flower Inſects cling to Parent Earth;
Now bleating Flocks we hear, and lowing Herds,
And the more grateful Harmony of Birds;

While ſportive Fiſh thro' wat'ry Mazes roam,
And with a ſilent Joy poſſeſs their native Home.
[*Black. Creat.*

ATTENTION.

His Looks
Drew Audience and Attention ſtill as Night;
Or Summer Noon-tide Air. *Milt.*

AVARICE.

And greedy *Avarice* by him did ride,
Upon a Camel loaden all with Gold;
Two Iron Coffers hung on either Side,
With precious Metall, full as they might hold,
And in his Lap an Heap of Coin he told;
For of his wicked Pelf his God he made,
And unto Hell himſelf for Money ſold:
Accurſed Uſury was all his Trade,
And Right and Wronge ylike in equall Ballance waide.

At laſt, he came into a gloomie Glade,
Cover'd with Boughs and Shrubs from Heaven's Light,
Whereas he ſitting found, in ſecret Shade,
An uncouth, ſalvage, and uncivill Wight,
Of grieſly Hew, and foule ill-favour'd Sight;
His Face with Smoake was tann'd, and Eyes were blear'd;
His Head and Beard with Soot were ill bedight;
His coale-black Hands did ſeem to have been ſear'd
In Smithe's Fire-ſpetting Forge, and Nailes like Clawes appear'd.

His Iron Coat, all over-grown with Ruſt,
Was underneath enveloped with Gold,
Whoſe gliſtring Gloſs, darkned with filthy Duſt,
Well it appeared to have been of Old.
A Work of rich Entaile, and curious Mould,
Woven with Anticks, and wild Imagery;
And in his Lap a Maſs of Coine he told,

And

And turned up-ſide down, to feed his Eye,
And covetous Deſire, with his huge Treaſury.

And round about him lay, on every Side,
Great Heaps of Gold, that never could be ſpent;
Of which, ſome were or'e not purifide
Of *Mulciber*'s devouring Element;
Some others were new driven, and diſtent
Into great Ingots, and to Wedges ſquare;
Some in round Plates without en Monument;
But moſt were ſtampt, and in their Metall bare
The antick Shapes of Kings and Ceſars ſtrange and rare.
[*Spenſer.*

How ill-advising Thirſt of Gold ſupplies
The Want of Paſſion, and perverts our Eyes,
Which, to a Face ſuperior and divine,
Prefers the Monarch's Image on the Coin!
How, faſhionably vain, large Portions prove
Rebellious Subjects to commanding Love!
For if the Cheſts of a rich Father hold
The ſacred Load of Writings, or of Gold;
If he can jointure a conſenting Mate,
With the gay Ruin of a vaſt Eſtate;
Blind with the ſhining Hopes, each Nymph will run,
With profer'd Beauty to the charming Son,
While the fond Parents wiſh her wealthily undone.
[*Rowe's Callipædia.*

AVERNUS.

Deep was the Cave, and downward as it went
From the wide Mouth, a Rocky rough Deſcent.
And here th' Acceſs, a gloomy Grove defends;
And there th' unnavigable Lake extends,
O'er whoſe unhappy Waters, void of Light,
No Bird preſumes to ſteer his airy Flight.
Such deadly Stenches from the Depth ariſe,
And ſteaming Sulphur that infects the Skies.
From hence the *Grecian* Bards their Legends make,
And give the Name *Avernus* to the Lake. *Dryd. Virg.*

AURORA.

So when *Aurora* firſt unveils her Eyes,
A purple Dawn inveſts the bluſhing Skies;
But ſoon bright *Phœbus* gains th' Horizon's Height,
And gilds the Hemiſphere with ſpreading Light.
By thy Command does fair *Aurora* riſe,
And gild with purple Beams the bluſhing Skies:
The warbling Lark ſalutes her chearful Ray,
And welcomes, with his Song, the riſing Day:
The riſing Day ambroſial Dew diſtils;
Th'ambroſial Dew with balmy Odours fills
The Flow'rs; the Flow'rs rejoyce, and Nature ſmiles.
So when *Aurora*, in the roſy Eaſt,
Lifts her fair Head, with radiant Honours dreſt,
O'er Nature's Face a various Smile ſhe ſpreads,
And paints a-new the Fields and flow'ry Meads;
Ten thouſand colour'd Dyes her Beams unfold;
The limpid Stream in ſilver Waves is roll'd,
And all the Green-Wood Shade is burniſh'd o'er with Gold. *Rowe's Call.*

AUTUMN.

Next Autumn, when the Sun's withdrawing Ray
The Night enlarges, and contracts the Day,
To crown his Labour, to the Farmer yields
The yellow Treaſure of his fruitful Fields;
Ripens the Harveſt for the crooked Steel,
(While bending Stalks the rural Weapon feel:)
The fragrant Fruit for the nice Palate fits,
And to the Preſs the ſwelling Grape ſubmits.
When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring:
When Fountains open; when impetuous Rain
Swells haſty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain:
When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o'er,
And hollow Places ſpew their wat'ry Store. *Dryd. Virg.*

BABE.

Thus like a Sailor, by the Tempeſt hurl'd
Aſhore, the Babe is ſhipwrack'd on the World:
Naked

Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
Helpleſs of all that human Wants require:
Expos'd upon inhoſpitable Earth,
From the firſt Moment of his hapleſs Birth.
Strait with foreboding Cries he fills the Room,
(Too ſure Preſages of his future Doom.)
But Flocks and Herds, and ev'ry ſavage Beaſt,
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
They want no Rattles for their froward Mood,
No Nurſe to reconcile 'em to their Food
With broken Words: Nor Winter Blaſts they fear,
Nor change their Habits with the changing Year:
Nor for their ſafety Cittadels prepare;
Nor forge the wicked Inſtruments of War:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treaſure grants,
And Nature's laviſh Hand ſupplies their common Wants.
[*Dryd. Lucr.*

BACCHUS.

Great Father *Bacchus* to my Song repair,
For cluſtring Vines are thy peculiar Care:
For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine;
And the laſt Bleſſings of the Year are thine:
To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'erflows.
Come ſtrip with me, my God; come drench all o'er
Thy Limbs in Muſt of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

See *Bacchus* turning from his *Indian* War,
By Tygers drawn Triumphant in his Car;
From *Niſus* Top deſcending on the Plains,
With curling Vines around his purple Reins. *Dryd. Virg.*

BAKER.

So have I ſeen the Baker's Hand beſtow
All Sorts of Figures on the kneaded Dough.
In Beaſts, in Birds, in Men, the Paſte is dreſt,
And in ten thouſand Shapes adorns the various Feaſt.
[*Rowe's Callipædia.*

BASHFULNESS.

The whiles, the *Faerie* Knight did entertaine
Another Damſel of that gentle Crew,
That was right faire, and modeſt of Demaine,
But that too oft ſhe chang'd her native Hue.
Strange was her Tire, and all her Garments blue,
Cloſe round about her tuckt, with many a Plight:
Upon her Fiſt, the Bird that ſhunneth View,
And keeps in Covers cloſe from living Wight,
Did ſit, as if aſham'd how rude *Dan* did her dight.

So long as *Guyon* with her communed,
Unto the Ground ſhe caſt her modeſt Eye,
And ever and anone, with roſie red,
The baſhfull Blood her ſnowy Cheekes did die,
And her became as poliſh'd Ivorie,
Which cunning Craftſman's Hand hath over-laid
With fair Vermillion, or pure Laſtery.
Great Wonder had the Knight to ſee the Maid
So ſtrangely paſſioned, and to her gently ſaid;

Fair Damſell, ſeemeth by your troubled Cheare,
That either me ye bold ygee weene, this wiſe
You to moleſt, or other Ill to feare,
That in the Secret of your Heart cloſe lyes,
From whence it doth, as Cloud from Sea, ariſe.
If it be I, of Pardon I you pray;
But if ought elſe that I more not deviſe,
I will (if pleaſe you it diſcrue) aſſay
To eaſe you of that ill, ſo wiſely as I may.

She anſwered nought, but more abaſht for Shame,
Held down her Head, the whiles her lovely Face
The flushing Blood with Bluſhing did inflame,
And the ſtrong Paſſion marr'd her modeſt Grace,
That *Guyon* marvail'd at her uncouth Caſe:
Till *Alma* him beſpake, Why wonder yee,
Fair Sir, at that which you ſo much imbrace?

She

She is the Fountaine of your Modeſtee:
You ſhame-fac'd are, but Shame-fac'dneſs itſelf is ſhee.
[*Spenſ.*

And next to her ſate goodly Sham-fac'dneſs;
Ne ever durſt her Eyes from Ground up-reare,
Ne ever once did look up from her Dreſs,
As if ſome Blame of Evill ſhe did feare,
That in her Cheek made Roſes oft appear. *Spenſer.*

BATCHELOR.

Th'unmarry'd Youth no anxious Cares moleſt,
No Sorrows diſcompoſe his peaceful Breaſt;
His Heart and Thoughts are as his Perſon free,
And Pleaſure courts him with Variety:
With ſparkling Wine he oft revives his Soul,
And drowns all Trouble in the cordial Bowl:
Then finds ſome Nymph, who freely yields her Heart,
And ſtrives to eaſe the faithful Lover's Smart;
Who thinks her Kindneſs Charm enough to move,
And ſcorns all other Bonds but thoſe of Love.
Rowe's Callip.

BATTLE.

All the Plain
Cover'd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming Arms, and fiery Steeds,
Reflecting Blaze on Blaze, firſt met his View:
From Skirt to Skirt a fiery Region, ſtretch'd
In Battailous Aſpect:
Briſtled with upright Beams, innumerable,
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
Various, with boaſtful Arguments pourtray'd:
The handed Pow'rs of *Satan.*
The Powers militant,
That ſtood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate join'd
Of Union irreſiſtible, mov'd on
In ſilence their bright Legions, to the Sound
Of inſtrumental Harmony, that breath'd
Heroick Ardour to advent'rous Deeds,

Under their God-like Leaders. On they move
Indiſſolubly firm: nor obvious Hill,
Nor ſtrait'ning Vail, nor Wood, nor Stream divides
Their perfect Ranks; for high above the Ground
Their March was, and the paſſive Air upbore
Their nimble Tread.

The Shout
Of Battle now began, and ruſhing Sound
Of Onſet ended ſoon each milder Thought.
High in the midſt, exalted as a God,
Th' Apoſtate in his Sun-bright Chariot ſate,
Idol of Majeſty Divine, enclos'd
With flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields:
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne: For now
'Twixt Hoſt and Hoſt but narrow Space was left,
A dreadful Interval! And Front to Front
Preſented ſtood in terrible Array
Of hideous length: Before the cloudy Van,
On the rough Edge of Battle, e'er it join'd,
Satan, with vaſt and haughty Strides advanc'd,
Came tow'ring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold.
A noble Stroke *Abdiel* lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with Tempeſt fell
On the proud Creſt of *Satan*, that no Sight,
No Motion of quick Thought, leſs cou'd his Shield
Such Ruin intercept: Ten Paces huge
He back recoil'd, the tenth on bended Knee
His maſſy Spear upſtay'd. As if on Earth
Winds under-ground, or Waters, forcing way
Sidelong, had puſh'd a Mountain from his Seat,
Half ſunk with all his Pines. Nor ſtood in gaze
The adverſe Legions, nor leſs hideous join'd
The horrid Shock: Now ſtorming Fury roſe,
Arms on Armour clashing, bray'd
Horrible Diſcord, and the madding Wheels
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the Noiſe
Of Conflict: Over Head the diſmal Hiſs
Of fiery Darts in flaming Vollies flew,

And

And flying vaulted either Hoſt with Fire;
So under fiery Cope together ruſh'd
Both Battels main, with ruinous Aſſault,
And inextinguiſhable Rage: All Heav'n
Reſounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her Centre Shook. Deeds of eternal Fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was ſpread
The War and various: Sometimes on firm Ground
A ſtanding Fight; Then, ſoaring on main Wing,
Tormented all the Air: all Air ſeem'd then
Conflicting Fire.
Their Arms away ſome threw, and to the Hills
Swift as the Lightning Glimpſe they ran, they flew:
From the Foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the ſeated Hills with all their Load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the ſhaggy Tops
Up-lifting, bore them in their Hands.
Then on their Heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſs'd whole Legions arm'd,
Their Armour help'd their Harm, cruſh'd in and bruis'd,
Into their Subſtance pent. which wrought them Pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous Groan;
Long ſtruggling underneath, e'er they could wind
Out of ſuch Priſon.
The reſt, in Imitation, to like Arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills up-tore:
So Hills amid the Air encounter'd Hills
Hurl'd to and fro with Jaculation dire,
That underground they fought in diſmal Shade;
Infernal Noiſe! War ſeem'd a civil Game
To this Uproar; horrid Confuſion heap'd
Upon Confuſion roſe. Long Time in even Scale
The Battel hung; 'till *Satan*
Saw where the Sword of *Michael* ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed Sway
Brandiſh'd aloft the horrid Edge came down
Wide waſting: Such Deſtruction to withſtand

He haſted, and oppos'd the rocky Orb
Of ten-fold Adamant, his ample Shield:
A vaſt Circumference! Then both addreſs'd for Fight
Unſpeakable: For like to Gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they, or mov'd; in Stature, Motion, Arms,
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery Swords, and in the Air
Made horrid Circles: Two broad Suns, their Shields
Blaz'd oppoſite: While Expectation ſtood
In Horrour. From each Hand with Speed retir'd
Th' Angelick Throng, unſafe within the Wind
Of ſuch Commotion: But the Sword of *Michael* met
The Sword of *Satan*, and in half cut aſunder; nor ſtay'd,
But with ſwift Wheel reverſe, deep entring ſhar'd
All his right Side: Then *Satan* firſt knew Pain;
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding Sword with diſcontinuous Wound
Paſs'd thro' him.
And now their Mightieſt quell'd, the Battel ſwerv'd,
With many an Inrode gor'd: Deformed Rout
Enter'd, and foul Diſorder: All the Ground
With ſhiver'd Armour ſtrown; and on a Heap
Chariot and Charioteer lay over-turn'd,
And fiery foaming Steeds: What ſtood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, or with pale Fear ſurpriz'd,
Fled ignominious.
Now Night her Courſe began,
And grateful Truce impos'd,
And Silence on the odious Din of War. *Milt.*

BEAUTY.

Such Beauty was in our firſt Father's Time,
While yet the youthful World was in its prime,
The mingling Graces of the Sexes met,
And full Perfection made the Form compleat;
While Man, yet free from Avarice and Pride,
The Ways of Wickedneſs had never try'd,
Nor warping from the Right, perverſly turn'd aſide.

Juſt

Juſt Beauties.

Mark how their Statures due Proportion know,
Nor riſe too high, nor ſink too meanly low;
No meager bony Jaws deform the Face,
Nor puffy Sides the taper Shape diſgrace,
But ev'ry Part alike becomes its Place.
Behold how lovely ſmooth the Forehead ſhines,
How milky white the ſoft Deſcent inclines,
How fitly to the ſparkling Eyes it joins!
While gaily pleaſing they, and ſweetly bright,
Fill each Beholder's Heart with dear Delight:
See on the blooming Cheeks, ſo freſhly ſpread,
So duly mixt, the native White and Red;
Mark what full Roſes on the Lips appear,
What Sweets they breathe, what balmy Dew they wear!
But loſt and endleſs were my Pain, to trace
The vaſt Infinity of Beauty's Grace.
Why ſhould the Muſe in laviſh Numbers ſpeak,
The golden Treſſes, or the Iv'ry Neck?
Why ſhould the baſhful Nymph attempt to tell,
What ſoft round Globes on riſing Boſoms ſwell?
What ſecret Charms —— ſince Modeſty denies,
And bars the bold Acceſs of wanton Eyes;
Bluſhing with decent Grace, her Veil ſhe draws,
And ſhields the Fair from Shame, by Cuſtom's rev'rend Laws.

Manly Beauty.

Nor do we leſs our manly Beauty boaſt,
Prov'd often to the love ſick Virgin's Coſt.
In either Sex, her Skill Dame Nature ſhows,
And equally her faireſt Gifts beſtows.
Mark when the downy Plumes at firſt begin
To promiſe early Manhood on his Chin:
How goodly grac'd, the riſing Youth is ſeen,
His Form how noble, and how great his Mien:
From vital Juices well and kindly mixt,
The Conſtitution juſt and firmly fixt;

No

No meagre Pale upon his Viſage ſpread,
Taints with unwholeſome Hiue the Native Red:
But healthy Sanguine of the *Tyrian* Dye,
Laughs in his Looks, while from his Front on high,
In large deſcending Locks, his auborn Treſſes fly.
Nor boaſt his other Parts leſs Grace divine,
Sweet Lovelineſs with comely Strength combine,
Each Limb on well-compacted Muſcles turns,
And juſt Proportion the fair Whole adorns.

Beauty.

Or if a Beauty of the modern Age,
Shall your Affection and Delight engage;
To my fair *Phillis* let your Eyes incline,
For fair *She* was, or ſuch *She* ſeem'd to mine.
When her unhappy Love my Heart poſſeſt,
And ſcorch'd with furious Flames my burning Breaſt,
O, with what Bloom, what Flow'r of Youth ſhe ſhone!
How her Cheeks bluſh'd a Colour all her own,
A genuine Red, like Roſes newly blown!
What Nymph with *Phillis* could pretend to vie,
A whiter Forehead, or a livelier Eye?
Whoſe Frame was like the World; an equal Soul
Spoke in each Part, and ſparkl'd thro' the Whole:
Each Limb did wanton *Loves* and *Graces* bear;
There lodg'd their Arms, their Bows and Arrows there.
[*Rowe's Callip.*

Nought is there under Heav'ns wide Hollowneſs
That moves more dear Compaſſion of Mind,
Than Beauty brought t'unworthy Wretchedneſs
By Envy's Snares, or Fortune's Freaks unkind:
I, whether lately thro' her Brightneſs blind,
Or thro' Allegiance and faſt Fealty,
Which I do owe unto all Womankind,
Feel my Heart pierc'd with ſo great Agony,
When ſuch I ſee, that all for Pity I could die.
Eftſoons there ſtepped forth

A goodly

A goodly Lady, clad in Hunter's Weed,
That ſeem'd to be a Woman of great Worth,
And by her ſtately Portance, borne of heav'nly Birth.

Her Face ſo fair, as Fleſh it ſeemed not,
But heav'nly Portraict of bright Angels Hiew,
Clear as the Sky, withouten Blame or Blot,
Thro' goodly Mixture of Complexions Dew;
And in her Cheeks the vermill' Red did ſhew
Like Roſes in a Bed of Lillies ſhed,
The which ambrofial Odours from them threw,
And Gazers Senſe with double Pleaſure fed,
Able to heal the Sick, and to revive the Dead.

In her fair Eyes two living Lamps did flame,
Kindled above, at th' Heav'nly Maker's Light,
And darted Fiery Beams out of the ſame,
So paſſing preaceant, and ſo wond'rous bright,
That quite bereav'd the raſh Beholders of their Sight:
In them the blinded God his luſtful Fire
To kindle oft aſſay'd, but had no Might;
For, with dread Majeſty, and awful Ire,
She broke his wanton Darts, and quenched baſe Deſire.

Nought under Heav'n ſo ſtrongly doth allure
The Senſe of Man, and all his Mind poſſeſs,
As Beauty's lovely Bait, that doth procure
Great Warriors of their Rigor to repreſs,
And mighty Hands forget their Manlineſs,
Drawn with the Pow'r of an Heart-robbing Eye,
And wrapt in Fetters of a golden Treſs,
That can with melting Pleaſance mollify
Their harden'd Hearts, enur'd to Blood and Cruelty.

So whilome learn'd that mighty *Jewiſh* Swain,
Each of whoſe Locks did match a Man of Might,
To lay his Spoils before his Leman's Train:

So

So alſo did the great *Cetean* Knight,
For his Love's Sake, his Lion's Skin undight:
And ſo did warlike *Anthony* neglect
The World's whole Rule, for *Cleopatra*'s Sight.
Such wond'rous Pow'r has Womens fair Aſpect,
To captive Men, and make them all the World reject.
[*Spenſ.*

Beauty, thou wild fantaſtick Ape,
Who do'ſt in ev'ry Country change thy Shape,
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white:
Thou Flatt'rer, who comply'ſt with ev'ry Sight;
Who haſt no certain what, nor where:
But vary'ſt ſtill, and do'ſt thy ſelf declare
Inconſtant as thy She-Profeſſors are. *Cowl.*

The Cauſe of Love can never be aſſign'd,
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind. *Dryd. Pal.*
[*& Arc.*

Beauty is ſeldom fortunate when great;
A vaſt Eſtate, but overcharg'd with Debt. *Dryd. Auren.*

Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray:
Who can tread ſure on the ſmooth ſlipp'ry Way?
Pleas'd with the Paſſage we ſlide ſwiftly on,
And ſee the Dangers which we cannot ſhun. *Dryd. Auren.*

Beauty with a bloodleſs Conqueſt finds
A welcome Sov'raignty in the rudeſt Minds. *Walſh.*

CLEOPATRA in her Gally.

Her Gally down the ſilver *Cydnus* row'd,
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold:
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd,
Where ſhe, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.
She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,
And caſt a Look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
As if ſecure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting ſhe could take 'em. Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds
That play'd about her Face: But if ſhe ſmil'd,
A darting Glory ſeem'd to blaze Abroad,

That

That Mens deſiring Eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the Object. To ſoft Flutes
The ſilver Oars kept Time; and while they play'd,
The Hearing gave new Pleaſure to the Sight,
And both to Thought: 'Twas Heav'n or ſomewhat (more!
For ſhe ſo charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crouds
Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
To give their welcome Voice.
Her Eyes have Pow'r, beyond *Theſſalian* Charms,
To draw the Moon from Heav'n: For Eloquence,
The Sea-green *Syrens* taught her Voice their Flatt'ry,
And while ſhe ſpeaks Night ſteals upon the Day,
Unmark'd of thoſe that hear! Then ſhe's ſo charming,
Age buds at Sight of her, and ſwells to Youth:
The holy Prieſts gaze on her when ſhe ſmiles,
And with heav'd Hands, forgetting Gravity,
They bleſs her wanton Eyes: Ev'n I, who hate her,
With a malignant Joy behold ſuch Beauty,
And, while I curſe, deſire it. *Dryd. All for Love.*

BEES.

What various Wonders may Obſervers ſee
In a ſmall Inſect, the ſagacious Bee!
Mark how the little untaught Builders ſquare
Their Rooms, and in the Dark their Lodgings rear!
Nature's Mechanicks they unwearied ſtrive,
And fill, with curious Labyrinths, the Hive.
See what bright Strokes of Architecture ſhine
Thro' the whole Frame, what Beauty, what Deſign!
Each odoriferous Cell, and waxen Tow'r,
The yellow Pillage of the rifled Flow'r,
Has twice three Sides, the only Figure fit
To which the Lab'rers may their Stores commit,
Without the Loſs of Matter, or of Room,
In all the wond'rous Structure of the Comb.
Next view, Spectator, with admiring Eyes,
In what juſt Order all th' Apartments riſe!

So

So regular their equal Sides cohere,
Th' adapted Angles ſo each other bear,
That by Mechanic Rules refin'd and bold,
They are at once upheld, at once uphold.
Does not this Skill ev'n vie with Reaſon's Reach?
Can *Euclid* more, can more *Palladio* teach?
Each verdant Hill th' induſtrious Chymiſts climb,
Extract the Riches of the blooming Thyme;
And provident of Winter long before,
They ſtock their Caves, and hoard their flow'ry Store.
In Peace they rule their State with prudent Care,
Wiſely defend, or wage offenſive War.
Maro, theſe Wonders offers to his Thought,
Felt his known Ardor, and the Raptûre caught;
Then rais'd his Voice, and in immortal Lays,
Did high as Heav'n the Inſect Nation raiſe.

So ſwarming Bees, that on a Summer's Day
In airy Rings and wild Meanders play;
Charm'd with the brazen Sound, their Wand'rings end,
And gently circling, on a Bough deſcend.

So through *Sicilian Hybla*'s pleaſing Groves,
The *Bee*, intent on his Sweet Labour roves:
Sav'ry and *Thyme* the little Drudge devours,
And gleans his Harveſt from the fragrant Flow'rs;
Does the blue *Violets* and *Roſes* chuſe,
And ſucks freſh Virtue from the Morning Dews,
To load his waxen Chambers with *Nectarean* Juice.

When golden Suns appear,
And under Earth have driv'n the Winter Year.
The winged Nation wanders thro' the Skies,
And o'er the Plains and ſhady Foreſt flies
Then ſtooping on the Meads, and leafy Bow'rs,
They ſkim the Floods, and ſip the purple Flow'rs:
Then work their waxen Lodgings in their Hives,
And labour Honey to ſuſtain their Lives.

But

But when thou ſeeſt a ſwarming Cloud ariſe,
That ſweeps aloft, and darkens all the Skies:
The Motions of their haſty Flight attend,
And know to Floods or Woods their airy March they bend.

Th' aſſembling Swarms,
Dark as a Cloud, then make a wheeling Flight,
And on a neighb'ring Tree, deſcending, light:
Like a large Cluſter of black Grapes they ſhow,
And make a long Dependance from the Bough.

About the Boughs an airy Nation flew
Of humming Bees, that haunt the golden Dew;
In Summer's Heat on Tops of Lillies feed,
And creep within their Bells to ſuck the balmy Seed.
The winged Army roams the Fields around;
The Rivers and the Rocks remurmur to the Sound.

Thus when the Swain, within a hollow Rock,
Invades the Bees with ſuffocating Smoke;
They run around, or labour on their Wings,
Diſus'd to Flight, and ſhoot their ſleepy Stings:
To ſhun the bitter Fumes in vain they try;
Black Vapours, iſſuing from the Vent, involve the Sky.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

BELDAM.

Pallas obſcures her bright cœleſtial Grace,
And takes an old decrepid Beldam's Face;
Her Head is ſcatter'd o'er with ſilver Hairs,
Which ſeems to bend beneath a Load of Years:
Her trembling Hand emboſt with livid Veins,
On truſty Staff her feeble Limbs ſuſtains.

BIRTH.

'Tis true, an high Deſcent, an ancient Line,
And th' envy'd Honours of a Race Divine,
Th' ambitious Soul to generous Acts incline:

The

The purer Blood with nobler Warmth inſpires,
And virtuous Sons deſcend from virtuous Sires.
Rowe's Coll.

BLINDNESS.

O firſt created Beam! and thou great Word,
Let there be Light! and Light was over All;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime Decree?
Why was the Sight
To ſuch a tender Ball as th' Eye confin'd,
So obvious, and ſo eaſy to be quench'd?
And not as Feeling thro' all Parts diffus'd?
That ſhe might look at Will thro' ev'ry Pore? *Milt.*

BLOOD-CIRCULATION.

Thou, wond'rous *Harvey*, whoſe immortal Fame,
By thee inſtructed, grateful Schools proclaim,
Thou, *Albion's* Pride, didſt firſt the winding Way,
And circling Life's dark Labyrinth diſplay.
Attentive from the Heart, thou didſt purſue
The ſtarting Flood, and kept it ſtill in View,
'Till thou with Raptures ſaw'ſt the Channels bring
The purple Currents back, and form the vital Ring.
Black. Creat.

BLUSH.

A crimſon Bluſh her beauteous Face o'er-ſpread,
Varying her Cheeks by Turns with White and Red:
The driving Colours, never at a Stay,
Run here and there, and flush, and fade away.
Delightful Change! thus *Indian* Iv'ry ſhows,
Which with the bord'ring Paint of Purple glows:
Or Lillies damaſk'd by the neighb'ring Roſe.
Dryd. Virg.

In riſing Bluſhes ſtill freſh Beauties roſe:
The ſunny Side of Fruit ſuch Bluſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the Moon, when all her ſilver White
Turns in Eclipſes to a ruddy Light. *Add. Ovid.*

BOAR.

And then two Boars with rankling Malice met,
Their goary Sides, freſh bleeding, fiercely fret,
'Till breathleſs both, themſelves aſide retire,
Where forming Wrath their cruel Tuſks they whet,
And trample th' Earth the whiles they may reſpire;
Then back to fight again, new breathed and entire.
[*Spenſ.*

As a Savage Boar, on Mountains bred,
With Foreſt-Maſt, and fat'ning Marſhes fed;
When once he ſees himſelf in Toils inclos'd,
By Huntſmen, and their eager Hounds oppos'd;
He whets his Tuſks, and turns, and dares the War:
Th' Invaders dart their Jav'lins from afar:
All keep aloof, and ſafely ſhout around;
But none preſume to give a nearer Wound:
He frets, and froths, erects his briſtled Hide,
And ſhakes a Grove of Lances from his Side. *Dryd. Virg.*
His Eye-balls glare with Fire, ſuffus'd with Blood.
His Neck ſhoots up a thick-ſet thorny Wood.
His briſtled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
And ſtands erected like a Field of Spears.
Froth fills his Chaps, he ſends a grunting Sound,
And part he churns, and part beſoams the Ground.
For Tuſks, with *Indian* Elephants he ſtrove,
And *Jove*'s own Thunder from his Mouth he drove.
He ſuffers not the Corn its yellow Beards to rear,
But tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the Year.
In vain the Barns expect their promis'd Load,
Nor Barns at Home, nor Ricks are heap'd Abroad.
In vain the Hinds the Threſhing-Floor prepare,
And exerciſe their Arms in empty Air.
With Olives ever green the Ground is ſtrew'd,
And Grapes ungather'd ſhed their gen'rous Blood.
Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep
Their Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls can keep.
[*Dryd. Ovid.*

BOW. *See* Archers *and* Arrow.

She ſaid, and from her Quiver choſe with ſpeed,
The winged Shaft, predeſtin'd for the Deed:
Then to the ſtubborn Eugh her Strength apply'd,
'Till the far-diſtant Horns approach'd on either Side;
The Bow-ſtring touch'd her Breaſt; ſo ſtrong ſhe drew!
Whizzing in Air, the fatal Arrow flew:
At once the twanging Bow, and ſounding Dart,
The Traitor heard, and felt the Point within his Heart.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

BOWER.

A Sylvan Lodge, that like *Pomone*'s Arbour ſmil'd,
With Flowrets deck'd, and fragrant Smells. The Roof
Of thickeſt Covert was inwoven Shade,
Lawrel and Mirtle; and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant Leaf: on either Side,
Acanthus, and each od'rous buſhy Shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant Wall: each beauteous Flower,
Iris, all Hues, Roſes, and Jeſſamin,
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd Heads between, and wrought
Moſaick: under foot the Violet,
Crocus, and Hyacinth, with rich Inlay
Border'd the Ground; more colour'd than with Stone
Of coſtlieſt Emblem. In ſhady Bower,
More ſacred, or ſequeſter'd, tho' but feign'd,
Pan, or *Sylvanus* never ſlept, nor Nymph,
Nor *Faunus* haunted. *Milt.*

BOWER of BLISS.

Thence paſſing forth, they ſhortly do arrive
Whereas the *Bower* of *Bliſs* was ſituate;
A Place pick'd out by Choice of beſt alive,
That Nature's Work by Art can imitate:
In which whatever in this Worldly State
Is ſweet and pleaſing unto living Senſe,
Or that may daintieſt Fantaſie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful Diſpenſe,
And made there to abound with laviſh Affluence.

Goodly

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their enter'd Guests to keep within,
As those unruly Beasts to hold without;
Yet was the Fence thereof but weak and thin:
Nought feared their Force that Fortilage to win,
But Wisdom's Powre and Temperances Might,
By which the mightiest Things efforced bin:
And eke the Gate was wrought of Substance light
Rather for Pleasure than for Battery or Fight.

It framed was of pretious Yvory,
That seem'd a Work of admirable Wit;
And therein all the famous Historie
Of *Jason* and *Medea* was ywrit;
Her mighty Charmes, her furious loving Fit,
His goodly Conquest of the golden Fleece,
His falsed Faith, and Love to lightly flit,
The wondred *Argo*, which invent'rous Peece
First through the *Euxian* Seas bore all the flow'r of *Greece*.

Ye might have seen the frothy Billowes fry
Under the Ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemed Waves were into Yvory,
Or Yvory into the Waves were sent,
And other where the snowy Substance sprent,
With vermell-like the Boyes Blood therein shed:
A pitious Spectacle did represent,
And otherwhiles with Gold besprinkeled;
It seem'd th' enchanted Flame which did *Creusa* wed.

All this and more might in this goodly Gate
Be read; that ever open stood to all
Which thither came; but in the Porch there sate
A comely Personage of Stature tall,
And semblance pleasing more than natural,
That Travellers to him seem'd to entice;
His looser Garments to the Ground did fall,

And flew about his Heels in wanton wiſe,
Not fit for ſpeedy Pace or manly Exerciſe.

The Foe of Life that Good envies to all,
That ſecretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guileful Semblaunce which he makes us ſee.
He of this Gardin had the Governall,
And Pleaſures Porter was devis'd to be,
Holding a Staffe in Hand for more Formalitie.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and ſpatious Plaine on every Side
Strow'd with Pleaſaunce, whoſe faire graſſie ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beatifide
With all the Ornaments of *Floraes* Pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in Scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous Bride
Did deck her, and too laviſhly adorne,
When forth from Virgin bowre ſhe comes th' early Morne.

Thereto the Heavens alwaies Joviall,
Lookt on them lovely, ſtill in ſtedfaſt State,
Ne ſuffred Storme nor Froſt on them to fall,
Their tender Buds or Leaves to violate,
Nor ſcorching Heat, nor Cold intemperate
T'afflict the Creatures which therein did dwell;
But the milde Aire with Seaſon moderate
Gently attempred and diſpos'd ſo well,
That ſtill it breathed forth ſweet Spirit and wholeſome Smell.

More ſweet and wholſome than the pleaſant Hill
Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nymph that bors
A Giant-babe, her ſelf for Griefe did kill;
Or the Theſſalian *Tempe*, where of yore,
Faire *Daphne*, *Phœbus* Heart with Love did gore,
Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
When-ever they their heavenly Bowres forlore;

Of

Of ſweet *Parnaſſe*, the haunt of Muſes faire;
Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* mote compare.

'Till that he came unto another Gate,
No Gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate
Their claſping Armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.
So faſhioned a Porch with rare deviſe,
Archt over head with an embracing Vine,
Whoſe Bunches hanging downe, ſeem'd to entice
All paſſers by to taſte their luſhious Wine,
And did themſelves into their Hands incline,
As freſh Offering to be gathered:
Some deep empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
Some as the Rubine, laughing ſweetly red,
Some like faire Emeraudes not yet ripened.

And them amongſt, ſome were of burniſht Gold,
So made by Art, to beautifie the reſt,
Which did themſelves emongſt the Leaves enfould,
As lurking from the View of covetous Gueſt,
That the weak Boughes, with ſo rich load oppreſt,
Did bow adown as over-burthened.

There the moſt dainty Paradiſe on ground,
It ſelf doth offer to his ſober Eye,
In which all Pleaſures plentiouſly abound,
And none does others Happineſs envie:
The painted Flowres, the Trees upſhooting hie,
The Dales for Shade, the Hills for breathing Place,
The trembling Groves, the cryſtall running by;
And that which all faire Works doth moſt aggrace,
The Art which wrought it all appeared in no Place.

One would have thought (ſo cunningly the rude
And ſcorned Parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for Wantonneſs enſude

Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So ſtriveing each the other to undermine,
Each did the others Worke more beautify;
So differing both in Willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through ſweet diverſitie,
This Garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midſt of all, a Fountaine ſtood,
Of richeſt Subſtance that on Earth might be,
So pure and ſhiny, that the ſilver Flood
Through't every Channell running, one might ſee;
Moſt goodly it with pure Imageree
Was over-wrought, and Shapes of naked Boyes,
Of which ſome ſeem'd with lively Jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton Toyes,
Whiles others did themſelves embay in liquid Joyes.

And over all, of pureſt gold, was ſpred
A sayle of Ivie in his native hew:
For the rich Metall was ſo coloured,
That Wight that did not well adviſed view,
Would ſurely deem it to be Ivie true:
Lowe his laſcivious Armes adowne did creep,
That themſelves dipping in the ſilver Dew,
Their fleecie Flowres they tenderly did ſteepe,
Which Drops cryſtall ſeem'd for Wantonneſs to weepe.

Infinite Streames continually did well
Out of this Fountaine, ſweet and faire to ſee,
The which into an ample Laver fell,
And ſhortly grew to ſo great quantitie,
That like a little Lake it ſeem'd to bee;
Whoſe depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the Waves one might the Bottom ſee,
All pav'd beneath with Jaſper ſhining bright,
That ſeem'd the Fountaine in that Sea did ſayle upright.

And

And all the Margent round about was set
With shady Lawrell Trees, thence to defend
The sunny Beames, which on the Billows bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend. *Spen.*

BOWER of PROTEUS.

His Bowre is in the Bottom of the Maine,
Under a mighty Rock, 'gainst which doe rave
The roring Billoes in their proud disdaine;
That with the angry working of the Wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow Cave,
That seems rough Mason's Hand with Engine keen,
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his wonne, ne living Wight was seen,
Save an old Nymph, hight *Panope*, to keep it clean.
[*Spenser.*

BOXING.

Thus often at the *Temple-Stairs* we've seen
Two *Tritons* of a rough Athletick Mien,
Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood;
But at the first Appearance of a Fare,
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair. *Gar.*

BRIDEGROOM.

Thus the chast Bridegroom when the Priest draws nigh,
Beholds the Blessing with a trembling Eye,
Feels doubtless Passions throb in ev'ry Vein,
And in his Cheeks are mingled Joy and Pain;
Lest still some intervening Chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the glorious Prize,
Inflame his Woe, by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the Crisis of his Fate.

BRUTES.

While the blest Brutes, tho' form'd of coarser Mould,
Are not expos'd to Famine or to Cold;

Leſs Miſeries attend th' ignoble Birth,
Tho' their dull Souls bend down their Looks to Earth,
They, by unerring Inſtinct, all are taught
Ills to be ſhunn'd and Pleaſures to be ſought.
No outward Force the fearleſs Savage harms,
Bold with his Strength, and fenc'd with native Arms.
On ev'ry Hide thick ſhaggy Ringlets grow,
That dare the Club, and mock the coming Blow.
The vigorous Bull the fierce Aſſailant ſcorns,
And paws the Ground, and ſets his bending Horns.
The ſcaly Fiſh ſport in their native Sea,
And thus ſecur'd they force the liquid Way.
The Birds, on Wings well-pois'd, with emulous Pride,
Race thro' th' aerial Tracks, and cut the yielding Void.
The pregnant Earth each worthleſs Inſect treats
With ready Viands, and unlabour'd Meats. *Rowe's Call.*

BULL.

As ſalvage Bull, whom two fierce Maſtives bait,
When Rancour doth with Rage him once begore,
Forgets with warie Ward them to await,
But with his dreadful Horns them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the flore,
Breathing out Wrath, and bellowing out Diſdaine,
That all the Foreſt quakes to hear him rore.

As two fierce Bulls, that ſtrive the Rule to get
Of all the Herd, meet with ſo hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the Plaine:
So theſe two Champions to the Ground were feld.

Like a wild Bull, that being at a Bay,
Is baited of a Maſtiff and a Hound,
And a curre-dog that do him ſharp aſſay
On every Side, and beat about him round;
But moſt the curre, barking with bitter ſound,
And creeping ſtill behind, doth him incomber,

That

That in his chauffe he digs the trampled Ground,
And threats his Horns, and bellows like the thunder.
(*Spenſer.*

So fares the Bull in his lov'd Female's Sight,
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the Fight:
He tries his goring Horns againſt a Tree,
And meditates his abſent Enemy:
He puſhes at the Winds, he digs the Strand
With his black Hoofs, and ſpurns the yellow Sand.

As when two Bulls for their fair Female fight,
In *Sila*'s Shades, or on *Taburnus* Height:
With Horns adverſe they meet; the Keeper flies:
Mute ſtands the Herd: the Heifers rowl their Eyes,
And wait th' Event, which Victor they ſhall bear,
And who ſhall be the Lord, to rule the luſty Year.
With Rage of Love the jealous Rivals burn,
And Puſh for Puſh, and Wound for Wound return.
Their Dewlaps gor'd, their Sides are lav'd in Blood;
Loud Cries and roaring Sounds rebellow thro' the Wood.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

BUSINESS.

The Tide of Buſineſs, like the running Stream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet Ebb, or a tempeſtuous Flow,
And always in Extream.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle Courſe,
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous Force:
And Trunks of Trees come rouling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown,
Both Houſe and Homeſted into Seas are born,
And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,
And Woods, made thin with Winds, their ſcatter'd
Honours mourn. (*Dryd. Hor.*

CALUMNY.

It is a Monſter bred of helliſh Race,
Then anſwer'd he, which often had annoy'd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many elſe deſtroy'd.

Of *Cerberus* whylome he was begot,
And fell *Chimera* in her darkſome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot,
Where he was foſtred long in *Stygian* Fen,
'Till he to perfect Ripeneſs grew, and then
Into this wicked World he forth was ſent,
To be the Plague and Scourge of wretched Men:
Whom with vile Tongue and venomous Intent
Ill ſore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

[*Spenſer.*

CAMPS.

But ah! in Camps a thouſand Vices reign,
And blaſt their Lawrels, and their Glories ſtain.
Falſe Honour juſtifies the bravely Lewd,
And Men are infamous who dare be good.
Juſt Right, and Pow'r in War are all the ſame,
The longeſt Sword decides the doubtful Claim.
Hence martial Fire degenerates into Rage,
And oft to Murders, or to Rapes engage.
Ah! let the Muſe the moving Camp attend,
The virtuous Muſe, that beſt and kindeſt Friend.

CANCER.

Ah! how unlike do *Cancer*'s Beams ſucceed!
How ſhoot they adverſe, and corrupt the Breed!
The foul *Aſelli* in his Sphere he draws,
And fierce unclenches his extended Claws;
By him the Limbs miſhap'd, the Strain is croſt,
The Eyes are almoſt in their Sockets loſt;
The Teeth diſcolour'd with a loathſom Jett,
Or widely gaping, or uneven ſet;

Tumou

Tumours appear, the Back-Bone bow'd within,
Upheaves the Cheſt to meet the hanging Chin;
The huddled Piece to Pigmy-Size is ty'd,
And the lank Arms hang dangling by the Side.
(*Rowe's Call.*

CANNON.

As when the deviliſh Iron Engine wrought
In deepeſt Hell, and fram'd by *Furies* Skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with Bullet round ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth Fire, the Heavens it doth fill
With thund'ring Noiſe, and all the Aire doth choke,
That none can breathe, nor ſee, nor hear at will,
Thro' ſmouldry Cloud of duſkiſh ſtinking Smoke
That th' only Breath him daunts who hath eſcapt
(his ſtroke. *Spen.*

CARVER.

Mean time the Chizel with the Pencil vies;
The Siſter-Arts diſpute the doubtful Prize.
Are human Limbs, ev'n in their vital State,
More juſt and ſtrong, more free and delicate,
Than *Bonnorotas'* curious Tools create?
He to the Rock can vital Inſtincts give,
Which thus transform'd, can rage, rejoyce, or grieve.
His ſkillful Hand does marble Veins inſpire
Now with the Lover's, now with the Hero's Fire.
So well th' imagin'd Actors play their Part,
The ſilent Hypocrites ſuch Pow'r exert,
That Paſſions, which they feel not, they beſtow,
Affright us with their Fear, and melt us with their Woe.
There *Niobe* leans weeping on her Arm,
How her ſad Looks and beauteous Sorrow charm?
See, here a *Venus* ſoft, in *Parian* Stone,
A *Pallas* there, to ancient Tables known;
That from the Rock aroſe, not from the Main,
This not from *Jove's*, but from the Sculptor's Brain.

Admire the Carver's fertile Energy,
With raviſh'd Eyes his happy Off-ſpring ſee.
What beauteous Figures by th' unrivall'd Art
Of *Britiſh Gibbon*'s from the Cedar ſtart?
He makes that Tree unactive Charms aſſume,
Uſurp gay Honours, and another's Bloom.
The various Fruits, which diff'rent Climates bear,
And all the Pride the Fields and Gardens wear:
While from unjuicy Limbs without a Root
New Buds deviſ'd, and leafy Branches ſhoot.

CAVE.

Where was a Cave wrought by wond'rous Art,
Deep, dark, uneaſy, doleful, comfortleſs,
In which ſad *Aeſculapius* far apart
Empriſon'd was in Chains remedileſs,
For that *Hippolitus* real Corſe he did redreſs.

CAVE *of Deſpair.*

E're long they come, where that ſame wicked Wight
His Dwelling has, low in an hollow Cave,
Far underneath a craggy Clift ypright,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy Grave,
That ſtill for carrion Carcaſſes doth crave:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghaſtly Owle,
Skrieking his baleful Note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearful Fowle;
And all about it wand'ring Ghoſts did wand'ring (howle.
And all about, old Stocks and Stubs of Trees,
Whereon nor Fruit nor Leafe was ever ſeen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky Knees,
On which had many Wretches hanged been,
Whoſe Carcaſſes were ſcattered on the Green,
And thrown about the Clifts. *Spen.*

The CENTAUR

The *Centaur* ſcatters not ſo much Diſgrace,
Nor will ſo ſure the forming Limbs debaſe;

Chiron,

Chiron, who once the great *Achilles* ſway'd,
The Tutor nodded, and the Youth obey'd;
But now that Heav'n he graces, which before
He taught unknowing Mortals to adore:
For if above the parting Waves he ſhow
His Head, or Shoulders, or his *Cretan* Bow,
The happy Star agreeing Traces leaves,
And bleſſes ev'ry Womb which then conceives:
But if he drag the *Horſe's Tail* behind, (*Call.*
The brutal Part prevails, and proves unkind. *Rowe's*

Like Cloud-born *Centaurs*, from the Mountain's
With rapid Courſe deſcending to the Fight, (Height,
They ruſh along: The rattling Woods give Way,
The Branches bend before their ſweepy Sway. *Dryd. Virg.*

The *Centaur* CYLLARUS.

Nor could thy Form, O *Cyllarus*, foreſlow
Thy Fate, (if Form to Monſters we allow)
Juſt bloom'd thy Beard, thy Beard of golden Hue;
Thy Locks in golden Waves about thy Shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy Look: Thy Shapes in ev'ry Part
So clean, as might inſtruct the Sculptor's Art,
As far as Man extended; where began
The Beaſt, the Beaſt was equal to the Man.
Add but a Horſe's Head and Neck, and he
O *Caſtor*, was a Courſer worthy thee.
So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat;
So roſe his brawny Cheſt; ſo ſwiftly mov'd his Feet:
Cole-black his Colour, but like Jet it ſhone:
His Legs and flowing Tail were white alone. *Dryd. Ovid.*

CERBERUS.

In his Den they found
The triple Porter of the *Stygian* Sound:
Grim *Cerberus*; who ſoon began to rear
His creſted Snakes, and arm'd his briſtling Hair;
Op'ning his greedy grinning Jaws, he gapes
With three enormous Mouths. *Dryd. Virg.*

CHANCE.

Could Chance ſuch juſt and prudent Meaſures take?
To frame a World, ſuch Diſtribution make?
Did of themſelves th' aſſembled Seeds arrive,
And without Art this artful Frame contrive?
To build the Earth did Chance Materials chuſe,
And thro' the Parts cementing Glew diffuſe?
Adjuſt the Frontier of the Sea and Soil,
Balance and hang in Air the finiſh'd Pile?
Ye tow'ring Hills, whoſe Snowy Peaks ariſe
Above the Clouds, and winter in the Skies;
Ye Rocks which on the Shores your Heads advance,
Are you the Labour and the Care of Chance?
Did Chance the Compaſs take, and in the Dark
The wide Dimenſions of the Ocean mark?
To dig the ample Cave, and ſtretch the Shores,
Whoſe winding Arms confine the liquid Stores,
Which guſhing from the Mountain of the Main
Thro' verdant Vallies draw their humid Train?
Did Chymic-Chance the Furnaces prepare,
Raiſe all the Labour-Houſes of the Air,
And lay crude Vapours in Digeſtion there?
Where Nature is employ'd with wondrous Skill
To draw her Spirits, and her Drops diſtil:
Meteors for various Purpoſes to form,
To breeze, to cheer, to terrify, to ſtorm.
Did ſhe extend the gloomy Clouds on high,
Where all th' amazing Fire works of the Sky,
In unconcocted Seeds fomenting lie?
'Till the impriſon'd Flames are ripe for Birth,
And ruddy Bolts exploded wound the Earth.
What curious Loom does Chance by Ev'ning ſpread?
With what fine Shuttle weave the Virgin's Thread,
Which, like the Spider's Nett, hangs on the graſſy Mead.
Let us to Moulds to faſhion Meteors know
How theſe produce the Hail, and thoſe the Snow?
What gave the Exhalations Wings to riſe,
To leave their Centre, and poſſeſs the Skies. *Black. Creat.*

CHANGE.

CHANGE.

What Man that ſees the ever-whirling Wheel
Of *Change*, the which all mortal Things doth ſway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How *Mutability* in them doth play
Her cruel Sports to many Men's decay? *Spen.*

CHAOS.

The Womb of Nature, and, perhaps, her Grave!
Gloomy Deep! dreary Plain! forlorn and wild!
The Seat of Deſolation! void of Light,
Save what the glimm'ring of Hell's livid Flames
Caſts pale and dreadful. *Milt.*

Rude, undigeſted Maſs!
A lifeleſs Lump, unfaſhion'd and unfram'd,
Of jarring Seeds, and juſtly *Chaos* nam'd. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Before their Eyes in ſudden View appear
The Secrets of the hoary Deep; a dark
Illimitable Ocean without Bound, (Height,
Without Dimenſion; where Length, Breadth, and
And Time and Place are loſt: Where eldeſt *Night*,
And *Chaos*, Anceſtors of Nature, hold
Eternal Anarchy, amidſt the Noiſe
Of endleſs Wars, and by Confuſion ſtand.
For Hot, Cold, Moiſt, and Dry, four Champions fierce,
Strive here for Maſt'ry, and to Battle bring
Their Embryon Atoms: They around the Flag
Of each his Faction, in their ſeveral Clans,
Light-arm'd, or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift, or ſlow,
Swarm populous: Unnumber'd as the Sands
Of *Barca*, or *Cyrene*'s torrid Soil,
Levy'd to ſide with warring Winds, and poiſe
Their lighter Wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere,
He rules a Moment: *Chaos* Umpire ſits,
And by Deciſion more embroils the Fray,
By which he reigns: Next him high Arbiter,
Chance governs all. *Milt.*

And now the Goddeſs with her Charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one chearful Glimpſe their Steps befriends.
Here his forſaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps,
And, undiſturb'd by Form, in Silence ſleeps;
A griſly Wight, and hideous to the Eye,
An aukward Lump of ſhapeleſs Anarchy:
With ſordid Age his Features are defac'd,
His Lands unpeopled, and his Countries waſte:
Upon a Couch of Jet, in theſe Abodes,
Dull *Night*, his melancholy Conſort, nods.
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ,
But their dark Hours they waſte in barren Joy. *Gar.*

SATAN's Paſſage thro' *Chaos*.

The wary Fiend ſtood on the brink of Hell,
And look'd a while into this wild Abyſs,
Pond'ring his Voyage: for no narrow Frith
He had to croſs: Nor was his Ear leſs peal'd
With Noiſes loud and ruinous, (to compare
Great Things with ſmall) than when *Bellona* ſtorms,
With all her batt'ring Engines, bent to raſe
Some capital City; or leſs than if this Frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and theſe Elements
In Mutiny had from her Axle torn
The ſtedfaſt Earth. At laſt his Sail-broad Vans
He ſpreads for Flight, and in the ſurging Smoke
Uplifted ſpurns the Ground, thence many a League,
As in a cloudy Chair aſcending, rides
Audacious, but that Seat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt Vacuity: all unawares,
Flutt'ring his Penons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand Fathom deep, and to this Hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill Chance,
The ſtrong Rebuff of ſome tumultuous Cloud,
Inſtinct with Fire and Nitre, hurry'd him
As many Miles aloft: that Fury ſtaid,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis; neither Sea,
Nor good dry Land: Nigh founder'd, on he fares,
Treading the crude Conſiſtence; half on foot,

Half

Half flying: behoves him now both Oar and Sail.
As when a Gryphon, thro' the Wilderneſs,
With winged Courſe o'er Hill or moary Dale,
Perſues the *Arimaſpian*, who by Stealth
Had from his wakeful Cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the Fiend
O'er Bog, or Steep, thro' ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rare,
With Head, Hands, Wings, or Feet, perſues his Way.
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a univerſal Hubbub wild
Of ſtunning Sounds, and Voices all confus'd,
Borne thro' the hollow Dark, aſſaults his Ear
With loudeſt Vehemence. When ſtrait behold the Throne
Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful Deep: with him Enthron'd
Sate ſable-veſted *Night*, eldeſt of Things,
The Conſort of his Reign: and by them ſtood
Orchus and *Ades*, and the dreaded Name
Of *Demogorgon*: Rumour next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confuſion all embroil'd,
And Diſcord, with a thouſand various Mouths.
Satan thence
Springs upward like a Pyramid of Fire,
Into the wild Expanſe: and thro' the Shock
Of fighting Elements, on all Sides round
Environ'd, wins his Way.
At laſt the ſacred Influence
Of Light appears, and from the Walls of Heav'n
Shoots far into the Boſom of dim Night
A glimm'ring Dawn: Here Nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt Verge, and *Chaos* to retire,
As from her outmoſt Works, a broken Foe,
With Tumult leſs, and with leſs hoſtile Din;
That *Satan* with leſs Toil, and now with Eaſe
Wafts on the calmer Wave by dubious Light:
And, like a Weather-beaten Veſſel, holds
Gladly the Port, tho' Shrowds and Tackle torn. *Milt.*

CHARICLÆA.

And now let *Chariclæa*'s Birth be ſung,
Who from an *Æthiopian* Mother ſprung.
Her *ſooty Sire* was ſtounded at the Sight,
With all his ſwarthy Lords, in deep affright,
To ſee the new-born Babe *deform'd* with milky White.
For as *Perſina* cheriſh'd in her Womb
The glowing *Fetus*; in the Royal Room
The Picture of *Andromeda* was ſeen,
Painted with Snowy Brow, and comely Mien.
Which while the Mother, with a greedy View
Intent devour'd, white Images ſhe drew.
From whence a Birth of unknown Whiteneſs came,
A Colour, devious from the Royal Stem. *Rowe's Call.*

CHARIOT.

Bold *Erichthonius* was the firſt that joyn'd
Four Horſes for the rapid Race deſign'd,
And o'er the duſty Wheels preſiding ſate:
The *Lapithæ* to Chariots add the State
Of Bits and Bridles; taught the Steed to bound,
To run the Ring, and trace the mazy Ground:
To ſtop, to fly, the Rules of War to know,
T' obey the Rider, and to dare the Foe.
Haſt thou beheld when from the Goal they part;
The youthful Charioteers with heaving Heart,
Ruſh to the Race, and panting ſcarcely bear
Th' Extreams of fev'riſh Hope, and chilling Fear,
Stoop to the Reins, and laſh with all their Force;
The flying Chariots kindle in the Courſe.
And now alow, and now aloft they fly,
As borne thro' Air, and ſeem to touch the Sky:
No Stop, no Stay; but Clouds of Sand ariſe,
Spurn'd, and caſt backward on the Foll'wers Eyes:
The hindmoſt blows the Foam upon the firſt,
Such is the Love of Praiſe, an honourable Thirſt.
[*Dryd. Virg.*

CHA-

CHARITY.

She was a Woman in her freſheſt Age,
Of wondrous Beauty, and of Bountie rare,
With goodly Grace and comely Perſonage,
That was on Earth not eaſy to compare;
Full of great Love, but Cupid's wanton ſnare
As Hell ſhe hated, chaſt in Work and Will;
Her Neck and Breaſts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her Babes might ſuck their fill;
The reſt was all in yellow Robes arraied ſtill.

A Multitude of Babes about her hang,
Plying their Sports, that joy'd her to behold,
Whom ſtill ſhe fed, whilſt they were weak and young,
But ſhruft them forth ſtill, as they waxed old:
And on her Head ſhe wore a Tire of Gold,
Adorn'd with Gemmes and Owches wondrous fair,
Whoſe paſſing Price uneath was to be told;
And by her Side there ſate a gentle Pair
Of Turtle Doves, ſhe ſitting in an Ivory Chaire.

[*Spen.*

CHARON.

Upon the gloomy Planks of *Acheron*,
Whoſe crooked Eddies, thick with Ooze and Clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in *Cocytus* loſt,
Old *Charon* ſtands, who rules the dreary Coaſt.
A ſordid God! Down from his hoary Chin
A Length of Beard deſcends, unkemb'd, unclean:
His Eyes, like hollow Furnaces on fire;
A Girdle foul with Greaſe, binds his obſcene Attire.
He ſpreads his Canvas; with his Pole he ſteers;
The Freights of ſitting Ghoſts in his thin Bottom bears.
He look'd in Years: Yet in his Years were ſeen
A youthful Vigour, and autumnal Green. [*Dryd. Virg.*

CHAST WOMAN.

The third a Damzell was of lowe Degree,
Whome I in Country Cottage found by chance;

Full

Full weened I, that Chaſtitie
Had Lodging in ſo mean a Maintenance:
Yet was ſhe fair, and in her Countinance
Did ſimple Truth in ſeemly faſhion.
Long thus I woo'd her with dew Obſervance,
In hope unto my Pleaſure to have wonne;
But was as farre at laſt as when I firſt begonne.

Save her I never Woman found,
That Chaſtitie did for it ſelf embrace,
But were for other Cauſes firme and ſound;
Either for want of handſome Time and Place,
Or elſe for fear of Shame and foule Diſgrace.
But all my daies am like to waſt in vaine
Seeking to match the chaſt with th' unchaſte Ladies Traine. *Spen.*

CHEARFULNESS.

And her againſt, ſweet *Cheerfulneſs* was placed,
Whoes Eyes like twinkling Stars in Evening cleare,
Were deckt with Smiles, that all ſad humours chaced,
And darted forth Delights, the which her goodly graced.
[*Spenſer.*

CHEAT.

For the dull World moſt Honour pay to thoſe,
Who on their Underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt Man creates, and then he fears the Elf:
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf.
He loaths the Subſtance, and he loves the Show,
You'l ne'er convince a Fool, himſelf is ſo.
He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
And ſtill the only Pleaſure's the Deceit,
So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye,
Which no Exiſtence has but in the Eye.
At diſtance Proſpects pleaſe us, but when near,
We find but defart Rocks and fleeting Air:
From Stratagem to Stratagem we run,
And he knows moſt, who lateſt is undone. *Garth.*

CHILD.

CHILD.

Like as a wayward Child, whoes ſounder ſleep
Is broken with ſome fearful Dreames affright,
With forward Ill doth ſet him ſelf to weep;
Ne can be ſtil'd for all his Nurſes might,
But kicks, and ſquals, and ſhriekes for fell deſpight:
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe Locks miſuſing;
Now ſeeking Darkneſs, and now ſeeking Light;
Then craving Suck, and then the Suck refuſing.
[*Spen.*

CHIRON.

When *Phillyra* had fir'd old *Saturn*'s Blood,
And his chill'd Veins ſwell'd with a warmer Flood:
A ſecond Youth return'd; th' impatient Sire
Goaded with Luſt, and raving with deſire,
For the bright Virgin ſpreads each ſubtle Snare;
Tries ev'ry Art to win the tender Fair:
Her, with the blue-ey'd *Nereids* in her Train,
By chance diſporting on her native Plain,
The *Heav'nly Lecher* ſeiz'd, and bore away,
To loneſome, ſhady Groves, the beauteous Prey.
What Sighs! What Groans ſhe ſent! What Tears ſhe ſhed,
For her Fame loſt, and ſpotleſs Honour fled;
With piercing Shrieks ſhe mov'd the neighb'ring Shore,
And ecchoing Rocks around were heard to roar:
While with unequal Strength the Nymph withſtood
The rank Embraces of the ſhaggy God.
But the * *Great Mother* with reſentment ſaw
The faithleſs Breach of Matrimonial-Law;
And from above deſcended to deſtroy
Th' adult'rous Kiſſes, and diſhoneſt Joy.
The *Goatiſh God* his jealous Wife to 'ſcape,
Dropp'd his own Form; and in a Horſe's Shape,
With fearful Voice thro' the thick Foreſt neigh'd:
While to ſad Plaints, beneath ſome Poplar Shade,
Reſign'd the hapleſs and deſerted Maid.

There

* *Cybele.*

There, injur'd, ſhe laments her cruel Doom,
And the loſt Honours of her Virgin Bloom.
Mean Time what beauteous Progeny could riſe
From ſo deform'd a Cauſe, and foul Diſguiſe?
Fancy improves the Object of the Sight,
And takes more ſtrong Impreſſions from a fright.
Now were her thrice three tedious Months expir'd,
And Nature, to diſcharge the full-grown Babe, deſir'd:
When an unhear'd of Prodigy befel;
(How my Heart ſhudders, and recoils to tell!)
Lo! from her Womb a horrid Form appears,
With human Face erect, and ſhaggy Hairs,
With horny Hoofs and Saddle-back, the Half-Beaſt
(Infant ſcarce
The preſent Sorrows, this *prodigious Boy*
Shall largely recompence with future *Joy*.
When at the full Maturity of Age,
His prudent Hand ſhall write Life's manly Page;
Then ſhall his vaſt, ſurprizing *Genius* ſhine,
All Eyes amazing, as his Birth does Thine.
He ſhall the Level of Mankind diſdain,
And ſpeak and think above a human Strain.
His ſearching Mind ſhall Nature's Wealth explore,
Her inmoſt Rooms, and undiſcover'd Store.
Of *Earth* and *Ocean* ſhall the Secrets know,
Of Plants and Herbs, and for what Uſe they grow,
Of Metals, Gems, and all the living World below.
Nor thus contented with a narrow Flight, (Sight,
From the ſcorn'd Globe ſhall ſoar, and leſſ'ning to the
Shall Heav'n's bright Volumes read, and ſcan each
(Starry Light.
Nor ſhall his hairy Hide, and Shape ſo foul,
Diſgrace his lofty and ſagacious Soul.
Thetis, the Seed of *Nereus*, ſhall prepare
Her own *Achilles* for thy Off-ſpring's Care.
His Skill the youthful Hero ſhall inſpire
To rule the fiery Steed, and touch the tuneful Lyre.

His

His *Martial Pupil* ſhall his Youth employ
In Arms, and, when betray'd to War, deſtroy
Dardania's Towers, and *Priam*'s lofty Troy.
Then when thy *Chiron*'s mortal Half ſhall die,
His Soul ſhall mount aloft, and Sparkle in the * Sky.
(Rowe's Caſt.

CLIFF.

Behold a Cliff, whoſe high and bending Head
Looks dreadful down upon the roaring Deep:
How fearful!
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's Eyes ſo low!
The Crows and Choughs that wing the mid-way Air
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as Beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire: dreadful Trade!
The Fiſhermen that walk upon the Beach,
Appear like Mice; and yon tall anch'ring Bark
Seems leſſen'd to her Cock, her Cock a Buoy,
Almoſt too ſmall for Sight. The murm'ring Surge
Cannot be heard ſo high. *Shak. K. Lear.*

CLOUDS.

Like as a gloomy Cloud, the which doth beare
An hedious Storme, is by the Northerne blaſt
Quite over-blowne, yet doth not paſs ſo cleare,
But that it all the Sky doth over-caſt
With Darkneſs drad, and threatens all the World to waſte. *Spen.*

Not one kind Star was kindled in the Sky,
Nor could the Moon her borrow'd Light ſupply:
For miſty Clouds involv'd the Firmament,
The Stars were muffled, and the Moon was pent.
Dryd. Virg.

COCK.

Within this Homeſtead liv'd, without a Peer
For crowing loud, the noble *Chanticleer*.

So

* *Chiron*, after his Death, was made a Conſtellation call'd *Sagittary*.

So hight the Cock, whoſe Singing did ſurpaſs
The merry Notes of Organs at the Maſs.
More certain was the Crowing of this Cock
To number Hours, than is an Abbey-Clock.
And ſooner than the Mattin-Bell was rung,
He clap'd his Wings upon his Rooſt, and ſung:
High was his Comb, and Coral-red withal,
In Dents imbattell'd, like a Caſtle-wall;
His Bill was Raven-black, and ſhone like Jet;
Blue were his Legs, and orient were his Feet;
White were his Nails, like Silver to behold,
His Body glitt'ring like the burniſh'd Gold.

[*Dryd. Cock & the Fox.*

CONCEPTION.

Now the ſure Tokens of Conception heed:
A thrilling Joy attends th' ejected Seed;
Th' impetuous Sally of a pleaſing Pain
Invades the Nerves, and ſtretches ev'ry Vein.
The *Months* retain'd, the Womb begins to cloſe,
And from the ſwelling Breaſts a Milky Fountain flows.

Rowe's Call.

CONCORD.

But lovely Concord, and moſt ſacred Peace,
Doth nouriſh Virtue, and faſt Friendſhip breedes;
Weake ſhe makes ſtrong, and ſtrong Things does increaſe.
'Till it the Pitch of higheſt Praiſe exceeds.
Brave be her Warres, as honourable Deedes,
By which ſhe tryumphs over Ire and Pride,
And winnes an Olive girlond for her meeds. *Spen.*

CONSCIENCE.

Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe,
But to our Thoughts what Edict can give Law?
Ev'n you your ſelf to your own Breaſt ſhall tell
Your Crimes, and your own Conſcience be your Hell.
Repell'd by thoſe, more eager ſhe will grow,
Spring back more ſtrongly like a *Scythian* Bow:

Amidſt

Amidſt your Train this unſeen Judge will wait,
Examine how you came by all your State:
Upbraid your impious Pomp, and in your Ear
Will hollow Rebel, Traitor, Murtherer.
Your ill-got Pow'r wan Looks and Care ſhall bring,
Known but by Diſcontent to be a King:
Of Crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
You'll ſit, and brood your Sorrows on a Throne.
[*Dryd. Auren.*

CONSPIRACY.

O Conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When Evils are moſt free? O then by Day
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough
To maſk thy monſtrous Viſage? Seek for none:
Hide it in Smiles and Affability;
For if thou put thy native Semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it ſelf were dim enough
To hide thee from Prevention. *Shak. Jul. Caſ.*

CONSTANCY.

There's no ſuch Thing as Conſtancy we call;
Faith ties no Heart; 'tis Inclination all:
Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
Firſt Conſtancy in Love a Virtue made:
From Friendſhip they that Land-mark did remove,
And falſely plac'd it on the Bounds of Love.
[*Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

CONTEMPLATION.

There they doe find that godly aged Sire,
With ſnowy Locks adown his Shoulders ſhed,
As hoarie Froſt with Spangles doth attire
The moſſy Branches of an Oak half dead.
Each Bone might through his Body well be read,
And every Sinew ſeen through his long Faſt:
For nought he car'd, his Carcaſſe long unfed;
His Mind was full of ſpiritual repaſt,
And pyn'd his Fleſh, to keep his Body lowe and chaſte. *Spen.*

CON-

CONTENT.

Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind;
And happy he who can that Treasure find:
But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
Broods on his Gold, and griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
Dryd. Wife of Bath's Tale.

CONVERSATION.

But lastly, let your Conversation turn
On what is good, and from the Wisest learn.
If human Nature you desire to know,
And from what secret Springs the Passions flow:
When they are chose and cull'd, for noble Ends,
Some bright Companions, and well-natur'd Friends,
Knowledge and Virtue on a worthy Mind,
Steal silently, and propagate their Kind.

COOK.

As when some skilful Cook, to please each Guest,
Would in one Mixture comprehend a Feast,
With due Proportion, and judicious Care,
He fills his Dish with different Sorts of Fare,
Fishes and Fowl deliciously unite,
To feast at once the Taste, the Smell, and Sight.
Pope's Mistel.

CORN.

As when a sudden Storm of Hail and Rain,
Beats to the Ground the yet unbearded Grain;
Think not the Hopes of Harvest are destroy'd,
On the flat Field, and on the naked Void:
The light unloaded Stem, from Tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful Honours of his Head,
And, soon restor'd by native Vigour, bear
The timely Product of the bounteous Year. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Field
Of *Ceres*, ripe for Harvest, waving bends
Her bearded Grove of Ears, which way the Wind
Sways

vays them; the careful Plowman doubting ſtands
ſt on the threſhing Floor his hopeful Sheaves
ove Chaff. *Milt.*

COUNTRY.

Theſe, were my Breaſt inſpir'd with equal Flame,
ke them in Beauty, ſhould be like in Fame.
re Hills and Vales, the Woodland and the Plain,
re Earth and Water ſeem to ſtrive again;
t *Chaos*-like, together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
t as the World, harmoniouſly confus'd:
re waving Groves a chequer'd Scene diſplay,
d Part admit, and Part exclude the Day;
ſome coy Nymph her Lover's warm Addreſs
r quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs:
ere interſpers'd in Lawns and opening Glades,
in Trees ariſe that ſhun each others Shades:
re in full Light the ruſſet Plains extend;
ere wrapt in Clouds the bluiſh Hills aſcend:
'n the wild Heath diſplays her Purple Dies,
nd 'midſt the Deſart fruitful Fields ariſe,
hat crown'd with tufted Trees and ſpringing Corn,
ike verdant Iſles, the Sable Waſte adorn.
et *India* boaſt her Plants, nor envy we
he weeping Amber, or the balmy Tree,
'hile by our Oaks the precious Loads are born,
nd Realms commanded which thoſe Trees adorn.
or proud *Olympus* yields a nobler Sight,
ho' God's aſſembled Grace his tow'ring Height,
han what more humble Mountains offer here,
'here in their Bleſſings all their Gods appear.
e *Pan* with Flocks, with Fruits *Pomona* crown'd,
ere bluſhing *Flora* paints th' enamell'd Ground;
ere *Ceres'* Gifts in waving Proſpects ſtand,
nd, nodding, tempt the joyful Reaper's Hand;
ich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the Plains,
nd Peace and Plenty tell a *Stuart* reigns.

Pope's Wind. Foreſt.

CUPID.

Like a *Cupido* on *Idean* Hill,
When having laid his cruel Bowe away,
And mortal Arrows, where-with he doth fill
The World with wondrous Spoiles and bloudie Prey:
With his faire Mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly Siſters, *Graces* three;
The Goddeſſe pleaſed with his wanton play,
Suffers her ſelf through Sleep beguil'd to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

Firſt, ſhe him ſought in Court where moſt he uſed
Whylome to haunt, but there ſhe found him not;
But many there ſhe found, which ſore accuſed
His falſhood, and with foule infamous blot,
His cruel Deeds and wicked Wiles did ſpot:
Ladies and Lords ſhe every where mote hear
Complaining, how with his empoyſned Shot
Their woful Hearts he wounded had why leare,
And ſo had left them languiſhing 'twixt Hope and (Feare.

She then the Cities ſought from Gate to Gate,
And every one did aſk, did he him ſee;
And every one her anſwer'd, and too late
He had him ſeen, and felt the crueltie
Of his ſharp Darts, and hot Artillerie;
And every one threw forth Reproaches rife
Of his miſcheivous Deeds, and ſaid, that hee
Was the Diſturber of all civil Life,
The Enemie of Peace, and Author of all Strife.

Then in the Country ſhe abroad him ſought,
And in the rural Cottages enquired;
Where alſo many Plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedleſs Hearts with Love had fired,
And falſe venim thorough their Veines inſpired;
And eke the gentle Shepheard Swaines, which late
Keeping their fleecie Flocks, as they were hired:

Shee ſweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her Sonne had to them doen; yet ſhe did ſmile
(thereat.

And at the upper End of the faire Towne,
There was an Altar built of precious Stone:
Of paſſing Value, and of great Renowne,
On which there ſtood an Image all alone,
Of maſſie gold, which with his own Light ſhone;
And wings it had with ſundry Colours dight;
More ſundry Colours than the proud *Pavone*
Beares in his boaſted Fan, or *Iris* bright,
When her diſcolour'd Bow ſhe ſpreads thro' Heav'n
(bright.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fiſt
A mortal Bow and Arrowes keen did hold,
With which he ſhot at random when he liſt:
Some headed with ſad Lead, ſome with pure Gold;
(Ah! Man beware how thou thoſe Darts behold.)
A wounded Dragon under him did lye,
Whoes hideous Tayle his left Foot did enfold,
And with a Shaft was ſhot through eyther Eye,
That no Man forth could draw, ne no Man remedy.

Next after her, the winged God himſelf
Came riding on a Lyon ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe,
That Man and Beaſt, with Powre imperious
Subdueth to his Kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold Eyes he bad awhile unbind,
That his proud Spoyle of that ſame dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which ſeen he much rejoyceth in his cruel Mind.

Of which full proud, himſelf up rearing hye,
He looked round about with ſterne Diſdaine;
And did ſurvey his goodly Company:
And marſhalling the evil ordered Traine,
With that the Darts which his right Hand did ſtraine,

Full dreadfully he ſhook, that all did quake,
And clapt on high his coloured Wings twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho', blinding him againe, his way he forth did ſtake. *Spen.*

CYBELE.

Like as the Mother of the Gods they ſay,
In her great Iron Charets wonts to ride,
When to *Jove*'s Palace ſhe doth take her Way;
Old *Cybele* array'd with pompous Pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred Turrets, like a Turribant. *Spen.*
Hail thou great Mother of the Deities!
Whoſe tinckling Cymbals charm'd th' *Idean* Woods;
Who ſecret Rites and Ceremonies taught,
And to the Yoke the ſavage Lions brought.
In Pomp ſhe makes the *Phrygian* Round,
With golden Turrets on her Temples crown'd:
A Hundred Gods her ſweeping Train ſupply;
Her Off-ſpring all; and all command the Sky.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

CYCLOPS.

Sacred to *Vulcan*'s Name, an Iſle does lye,
Between *Sicilia*'s Coaſt and *Lapare*
Rais'd high on ſmoaking Rocks, and deep below
In hollow Caves the Fires of *Ætna* glow;
The *Cyclops* here their heavy Hammers deal;
Loud Strokes and Hiſſings of tormented Steel
Are heard around; the boyling Waters roar,
And ſmoaking Flames thro' fuming Tunnels ſoar.
Hither, the Father of the Fire, by Night,
Thro' the brown Air precipitates his Flight.
On their eternal Anvils, here he found
The Brethren bearing, and the Blows go round.
A Load of pointleſs Thunder now there lies
Before their Hands, to ripen for the Skies.
Theſe Darts for angry *Jove* they daily caſt,
Conſum'd on Mortals with prodigious Waſte.

Three

Three Rays of writhen Rain, of Fire three more;
Of winged Southern Winds, and cloudy Store
As many Parts, the dreadful Mixture frame:
And Fears are added, and avenging Flame.
Inferiour Miniſters for *Mars* prepare
His broken Axle-Trees, and blunted War;
And ſend him forth again with furbiſh'd Arms,
To wake the lazy War with Trumpets loud Alarms.
The reſt refreſh the ſcaly Snakes that fold
The Shield of *Pallas*, and renew their Cold:
Full on the Creſt, the *Gorgon*'s Head they place,
With Eyes that roll in Death, and with diſtorted Face.
(Dryd. Virg.

So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils ſweat,
And their ſwoln Sinews echoing Blows repeat:
From the *Vulcane* groſs Eruptions riſe,
And curling Sheets of Smoke obſcure the Skies. *Gar.*

DALE.

Through Woods and Mountaines, 'till they came at laſt,
Into a pleaſant Dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two Hills, whoes high Head over-plac't,
The Valley did with cool Shade over-caſt;
Through midſt thereof a little River rold. *Spen.*

DANGER.

With him went Danger cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of a Beares ſkyn, that him more dreadful made:
Yet his own Face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horror, to deforme his grieſly Shade;
A net in th' one hand, and a ruſty blade
In th' other was: this Miſchiefe, that Miſhap;
With th' one his Foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other his Friends ment to enwrap;
For, whome he could not kill, he practiz'd to entrap.

But in the Porch did ever more abide
An hedious Giant, dredful to behold,

That ſtopt the entrance with his ſpatious ſtride;
And with the terrour of his Countenance bold,
Full many did affray, that elſe faine enter would.

His Name was *Danger*, draded over all,
Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
From fearful Cowards entrance to forſtall,
And Faint-heart-fooles, whom ſhew of Perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire award:
For, oftentimes, faint Hearts at firſt eſpiall
Of his grim Face, were from approaching ſcar'd;
Unworthy they of Grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faires hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty Warriors often tride
In greater Perills to be ſtout and bold,
Durſt not the Sternenes of his Look abide;
But ſoon as they his Countenance behold,
Began to faint, and feel their Courage cold.
Again, ſome other, that in hard aſſaies
Were Cowards known, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or ſuch like waies,
Crept in by ſtooping lowe, or ſtealing of the kaies.

(*Spenſer.*

DAY-BREAK.

By this, the northern Wagoner had ſet
His ſeven-fold teme behind the ſtedfaſt Star,
That was in Ocean Waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and ſendeth Light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandering are:
And chearful Chaunticlere with his note ſhrill
Had warned once, that *Phœbus* fiery carre
In haſt was climbing up the Eaſtern hill;
Full envious that night ſo long his roome did fill.

(*Spenſer.*

DEATH.

And in his Hand a bended bow was ſeene,
And many Arrowes under his right ſide,

All

All deadly dangerous, all cruel keene,
Headed with Flint, and Feathers bloudie dide,
Such as the *Indians* in their Quivers hide:
Thoſe could he well direct, and ſtraite as line,
And bid them ſtrike the marke which he had eyde;
Ne was there Salve, ne was there Medicine,
That mote recure their Wounds; ſo inly they did (tine.

As pale and wan as Aſhes was his Look,
His Body lean and meagre as a rake,
And Skin all withered like a dried Rook,
Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
That ſeem'd to tremble evermore, and quake;
All in a Canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a Belt of twiſted brake,
Upon his Head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead Man's Scull, that ſeem'd a gaſtly (ſight. *Spen.*

But oh! how ſoon wou'd you who thus complain,
And Nature's Cauſe of Cruelty arraign,
By Reaſon's Standard this Miſtake correct,
And ceaſe to murmur, did you once reflect
That Death removes us only to our Seat,
Does not extinguiſh Life, but change its State.
Then are diſplay'd, O raviſhing Surprize!
Fair Scenes of Bliſs, and Triumphs in the Skies:
To which admitted, each ſuperior Mind,
By Virtue's vital Energy refin'd,
Shines forth with more than ſolar Glory bright,
And cloath'd with Robes of beatific Light;
His Hours in heav'nly Tranſports does employ,
Young with immortal Bloom from living Streams of (Joy.

Death's a black Veil, cov'ring a beauteous Face,
Fear'd afar off
By erring Nature: a miſtaken Phantom!
A harmleſs lambent Fire! She kiſſes cold,
But kind and ſoft, and ſweet as my *Cleora! Dryd.Cleom.*

If ſhe be like my Love,
She is not dreadful ſure. *Dryd. All for Love.*
Ah! could we know
What Joy ſhe brings, at leaſt what reſt from Grief,
How ſhould we preſs into her friendly Arms,
And be pleas'd not to be, or, to be happy. *Dryd. Cleom.*
Death ends our Woes, *Spa. Fry.*
And the kind Grave ſhuts up the mournful Scene. *Dryd.*
When Honour's loſt, 'tis a Relief to dye;
Death's but a ſure Retreat from Infamy.
'Tis to the Vulgar Death too harſh appears;
The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.
To dye is landing on ſome ſilent Shore,
Where Billows never break, nor Tempſts rear;
E'er well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er.
The Wiſe thro' Thought th' Inſults of Death defy,
The Fools thro' bleſt Inſenſibility.
'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave,
Sought by the Wretch, and vanquiſh'd by the Brave:
It eaſes Lovers, ſets the Captives free,
And tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty. *Gar.*
Aye, but to dye, and go we know not where,
To lye in cold Obſtruction, and to rot:
This ſenſible warm Motion to become
A kneaded Clod: and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reſide
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice:
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs Winds,
Or blown with reſtleſs Violence about
The pendant World; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe that lawleſs and uncertain Thought
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly Life,
That Pain, Age, Penury and Impriſonment
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradiſe
To what we fear of Death. *Shak. Meaſ. for Meaſ.*
Even in Sleep, the Body, wrapt in Eaſe,

Sur

Supinely lies, as in the peaceful Grave,
And wanting Nothing, Nothing can it crave:
Were that found Sleep eternal, it were Death;
Yet the firſt Atoms, then the Seeds of breath.
Then Death to us, and Death's Anxiety
Is leſs than Nothing, if a leſs could be:
For then our Atoms, which in Order lay,
Are ſcatter'd from their Heap, and puff'd away,
And never can return into their Place,
When once the Pauſe of Life has left an empty Space.
And laſt, ſuppoſe great Nature's Voice ſhould call
To thee, or me, or any of us all;
What do'ſt thou mean, ungrateful Wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal Thing, thus idly to complain.
And ſigh and ſob, that thou ſhalt be no more?
For if thy Life were pleaſant heretofore,
If all the bounteous Bleſſings I could give,
Thou haſt enjoy'd, if thou haſt known to live,
And Pleaſure not leak'd thro' thee like a Sieve,
Why do'ſt thou not give Thanks as at a plenteous Feaſt,
Cramm'd to the Throat with Life, and riſe, and take thy Reſt?
But if my Bleſſings thou haſt thrown away,
If indigeſted Joys paſs'd thro', and would not ſtay,
Why doſt thou wiſh for more to ſquander ſtill?
If Life be grown a Load, a real Ill,
And I would all thy Cares and Labours end,
Lay down thy Burden, Fool, and know thy Friend.
To pleaſe thee I have empty'd all my Store
I can invent, and can ſupply no more,
But run the round again, the Round I ran before.
Suppoſe thou art not broken yet with Years,
Yet ſtill the ſelf-ſame Scene of Things appears,
And would be ever, could'ſt thou ever live;
For Life is ſtill but Life, there's Nothing new to give.
But if a Wretch, a Man oppreſs'd by Fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his Date,
She ſpeaks aloud to him with more Diſdain;
Be ſtill thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of Pain.

But if an old decrepid Sot lament;
What thou, ſhe cries, who haſt out-liv'd Content?
Doſt thou complain, who haſt enjoy'd my Store?
But this is ſtill th' Effect of wiſhing more.
Now leave thoſe Joys, unſuiting to thy Age,
To a freſh Comer, and reſign the Stage.
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus ſhe chide?
No ſure; for 'tis her Buſ'neſs to provide.
What can we plead againſt ſo juſt a Bill?
We ſtand convicted, and our Cauſe goes ill.
For Life is not confin'd to him or thee;
'Tis given to all for Uſe, to none for Property.
Therefore when Thoughts of Death diſturb thy Head,
Conſider, *Aneas*, great and good, is dead;
Aneas, thy better far was born to dye;
And thou, doſt thou bewail Mortality?
So many Monarchs, with their mighty State,
Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.
The Founders of invented Arts are loſt,
And Wits, who made Eternity their Boaſt.
Where now is *Homer*, who poſſeſs'd the Throne?
Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.
And thou, doſt thou diſdain to yield thy Breath,
Whoſe very Life is little more than Death?
More than one Half by lazy Sleep poſſeſs'd,
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at beſt,
Day-Dreams and ſickly Thoughts revolving in thy Breaſt. *Dryd. Lucret.*

Temple of Death.

In thoſe cold Climates, where the Sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tears;
A dreadful Vale lies in a deſart Iſle;
On which indulgent Heav'n did never ſmile.
There a thick Grove of aged Cypreſs-Trees,
Which none without an awful Horror ſees,
Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
Whole Flocks of ill-preſaging Birds receives:
Poiſons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,
And Winter is the only Seaſon there. Millions

Millions of Graves cover the ſpacious Field,
And Springs of Blood a thouſand Rivers yield,
Whoſe Streams, oppreſs'd with Carcaſſes and Bones,
Inſtead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.
Within this Vale a famous Temple ſtands,
Old as the World it ſelf, which it commands:
Round is its Figure, and four Iron Gates
Divide Mankind. By order of the Fates,
There come in Crouds, doom'd to one common Grave,
The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
Old Age and Pains, which Mankind moſt deplores,
Are faithful Keepers of thoſe ſacred Doors;
All clad in mournful Black, which alſo lead
The ſacred Walls of this obſcure Abode;
And Tapers of a pitchy Subſtance made,
With Clouds of Smoak, encreaſe the diſmal Shade.
A Monſter void of Reaſon, and of Sight,
The Goddeſs is who ſways this Realm of Night.
Her Power extends o'er all Things that have Breath,
A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*. *D. of Buck.*

DYING.

Thrice *Dido* try'd to raiſe her drooping Head,
And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the Bed:
Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and ſought the Light,
And having found it, ſicken'd at the Sight;
And cloſ'd her Lids at laſt in endleſs Night.
The ſtruggling Soul was loos'd, and Life diſſolv'd in Air.
His ſnowy Neck reclines upon his Breaſt,
Like a fair Flow'r by the keen Share oppreſs'd:
Like a white Poppy ſinking on the Plain,
Whoſe heavy Head is over-charg'd with Rain.
(Dryd. Virg.

DECEIT.

Then bowing down her aged back, ſhe kiſt
The wicked Witch, ſaying, in that fair Face,
Falſe reſemblance of Deceit, I wiſt,

Did closely lurk; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discerne, tho' I the Mother be
Of Falshood, and root of *Duessaes* race.
O welcome Child, whom I have long'd to see,
And now have seen unwares. Lo now I go with thee. *Spen.*

DEFAMATION.

Him in a narrow Place he overtook,
And fierce assailing, forc't him turn againe:
Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strooke
With his sharp Steele, and ran at him amaine
With open Mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good Peck within the utmost brim,
All set with iron Teeth with ranges twaine,
That terrified his Foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the Mouth of *Orcus*, grisly grim.

And therein were a thousand Tongues empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality;
Some were of Dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of Cats, that wrawling still did cry:
And some of Bears, that groynd continually;
And some of Tygers that did seem to gren
And snar at all, that ever passed by:
But most of them were Tongues of mortal Men,
That spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.
And them amongst were mingled here and there,
The Tongues of Serpents, with three forked Stings,
That spat out Poison, and bore bloudy gere
At all that came within his ravenings,
And spake licentious Words, and hateful Things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Cesars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with Infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful Teeth of Injury. *Spen.*

DE-

DEFORMITY.

Why, Love renounc'd me in my Mother's Womb,
And for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft Laws,
He did corrupt frail Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſhrink my Arm thus like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an envious Mountain on my back,
Where ſits Deformity to mock my Body;
To ſhape my Legs of an unequal Size,
To diſproportion me in every Part,
Like to a *Chaos*, or unlick'd Bear's Whelp,
That carries no Impreſſion like the Dam. *Shak. Hen. 6.*

Nature herſelf ſtart back when thou wert born,
And cry'd the Work's not mine.
The Midwife ſtood agaſt; and when ſhe ſaw
Thy Mountain-Back, and thy diſtorted Legs,
Thy Face it ſelf
Half minted with the royal Stamp of Man,
And half o'ercome with Beaſt, ſhe doubted long
Whoſe Right in thee were more.
And knew not, if to burn thee in the Flames
Were not the holier Work. *Shak.*

DEGENERATE.

Time ſenſibly all Things impairs,
Our Fathers have been worſe than theirs,
And we than ours; next Age will ſee
A Race more profligate, than we,
With all the Pains we take, have Skill enough to be.
(Roſc. Hor.

DELAY.

On the other ſate *Delay*,
Behind the Gate, that none might her eſpy;
Whoes Manner was all Paſſengers to ſtay,
And entertaine with her Occaſions ſly;
Through which ſome loſt great Hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might againe;
And others quite excluded forth, did ly

Long

Long languiſhing there in unpitied paine,
And ſeeking often entrance, afterwards in vaine.
(*Spe*

DELUGE.

Mean while the South-Wind roſe, and with black
Wide-hov'ring, all the Clouds together drove (Wing
From under Heav'n: The Hills, to their Supply,
Vapour and Exhalation dark and moiſt
Sent up amain: and now the thicken'd Sky,
Like a dark Cieling, ſtood: Down-ruſh'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd 'till the Earth
No more was ſeen: The floating Veſſel ſwam
Up-lifted; and ſecure, with beaked Prow,
Rode tilting o'er the Waves: All Dwellings elſe
Flood overwhelm'd, and them, with all their Pomp
Deep under Water rowl'd: Sea cover'd Sea:
Sea without Shore! and in their Palaces,
Where Luxury lately reign'd, Sea-Monſters whelp'd
And ſtabled: Of Mankind, ſo num'rous late,
All left, in one ſmall Bottom ſwam imbark'd. *Mi*

Th' expanded Waters gathen on the Plain,
They float the Fields, and overtop the Grain:
Then, ruſhing onwards, with a ſweepy Sway,
Bear Flocks, and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away:
Nor ſafe their Dwellings were: for, ſapp'd by Floo
Their Houſes fell upon their Houſhold Gods.
The ſolid Piles, too ſtrongly built to fall,
High o'er their Heads, behold a watry Wall.
Now Seas and Earth were in Confuſion loſt:
A World of Waters, and without a Coaſt.
One climbs a Cliff, one in his Boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he ſow'd his Corn.
Others o'er Chimney-Tops, and Turrets row,
And drop their Anchors on the Meads below:
Or downward driven, bruiſe the tender Vine;
Or toſt aloft, are knock'd againſt a Pine.
And where of late the Kids had crop't the Graſs,
The Monſters of the Deep now take their Place.

Inſulti

Insulting *Nereids* on the Cities ride,
And wond'ring Dolphins o'er the Palace glide:
On Leaves and Masts of mighty Oaks they browze,
And their broad Fins entangle in the Boughs.
The frighted Wolf now swims among the Sheep,
The yellow Lion wanders in the Deep:
His rapid Force no longer helps the Boar,
The Stag swims faster than he ran before:
The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in vain,
Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.
Now Hills and Vales no more Distinction know,
And level'd Nature lies oppress'd below. *Dryd. Ovid.*

DESIRE.

And him beside marcht amorous *Desire*,
who seem'd of riper Years than th' other Swaine;
Yet was that other Swaine the elder Syre,
And gave him being, commen to them twaine:
His Garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embriodered Bonet sate awry;
'Twixt both his Hands flew Sparkes he close did strain,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soon they Life conceiv'd, and forth in Flames did fly. *Spen.*

DESPAIR.

That darksome Cave they enter, where they find
The cursed Man, low sitting on the Ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen Mind;
His greasy Locks long growen, and unbound,
Disordred hung about his Shoulders round,
And hid his Face, thro' which his hollow eyn
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone Cheeks thro' penury and pine,
Were sunk into his Jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,

The

The which his naked Sides he wrapt about ;
And him beſide there lay upon the graſs
A drearie corſe, whoes life away did paſs,
All wallow'd in his own yet luke-warme bloud,
That from his Wound yet welled freſh alas ;
In which a ruſty knife faſt fixed ſtood,
And made an open Paſſage for the guſhing flood.
(*Spen.*

He rav'd with all the Madneſs of Deſpair,
He roar'd, he beat his Breaſt, he tore his Hair ;
Dry Sorrow in his ſtupid Eyes appears,
For, wanting Nouriſhment, he wanted Tears.
His Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets ſink,
Bereft of Sleep, he loaths his Meat and Drink ;
He withers at the Heart, and looks as wan
As the pale Spectre of a murder'd Man.
That Pale turns Yellow, and his Face receives
The faded Hue of ſapleſs boxen Leaves.
In ſolitary Groves he makes his Moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone :
Nor mix'd in Mirth, in youthful Pleaſures ſhares ;
But ſighs, when Songs and Inſtruments he hears.
His Spirits are ſo low, his Voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a Swound :
Like the deaf Murmurs of a diſtant Sound.
Uncomb'd his Locks, and ſqualid his Attire ;
Unlike the Trim of Love, or gay Deſire.
But full of muſeful Mopings, which preſage
The Loſs of Reaſon, and conclude in Rage.
(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature,
Of all forſaken, and forſaking all :
Live in a ſhady Foreſt's Sylvan Scene ;
Stretch'd at my Length beneath ſome blaſted Oak,
I lean my Head upon the moſſy Bark,
And look juſt of a Piece, as I grew from it.
My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Miſletoe,

Hang

Hang o'er my hoary Face: The Herd come jumping by
And fearleſs quench their Thirſt while I look on, (me,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.
(*Dryd. All for Love.*

But furious *Dido*, with dark Thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty Miſchief ſhe reſolv'd:
With livid Spots diſtinguiſh'd was her Face;
Red were her rouling Eyes, and diſcompos'd her Pace:
Ghaſtly ſhe gaz'd, with Pain ſhe drew her Breath,
And Nature ſhiver'd at approaching Death. *Dryd. Virg.*

DETRACTION.

The other nothing better was than ſhe;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,
But in bad manner they did diſagree:
For, what ſo *Envie* good or bad did find,
She did conceale and murder her own Mind;
But this, what-ever evil ſhe conceaved,
Did ſpread abroad, and throw in th' open Wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all ſhe ſought was Mens good names to have.
(bereaved.

For whatſoever good by any ſaid,
Or done, ſhe heard, ſhe would ſtrait-waies invent
How to deprave, or ſlanderouſly upbraid,
Or to miſconſtrue of a Man's intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore ſhe uſed often to reſort
To common haunts, and companys frequent,
To hark what any one did good report,
To bot the ſame with blame, or wreſt in wicked ſort

And if that any ill ſhe heard of any,
She would it eke, and make it worſe by telling,
And take great Joy to publiſh it to many,
That every matter worſe was for her melling:
Her Name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
Was near to *Envy*, even her Neighbour next;

A wicked Hagg, and *Envy*'s ſelf excelling
In Miſchiefe: for, her ſelf ſhe only vext:
But this ſame, both her ſelf and others eke perplext.

Her Face was ugly, and her Mouth diſtort,
Foming with Poyſon round about her gills,
In which her curſed Tongue (full ſharp and ſhort)
Apear'd like Aſpis Sting, that cloſely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom-ſo ſhe wills:
A Diſtaffe in her other hand ſhe had,
Upon the which ſhe little ſpinnes, but ſpils,
And faines to weave falſe Tales and Leaſings bad,
To throw among the Good, which others had diſprad.
(*Spen.*

DEVOTION.

Devotion is the Love we pay to Heav'n. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Devotion! that oft binds th' Almighty's Arms,
And with her Pray'rs and Tears, her pow'rful Charms,
Of all its Thunder his Right Hand diſarms.
She paſſes quick Heav'n's lofty cryſtal Walls,
And the high Gates fly open when ſhe calls:
Her Pow'r can ſentenc'd Criminals reprieve,
Judgment arreſt, and bid the Rebel live.
Her Voice did once the Sun's ſwift Chariot ſtay;
And on the Verge of Heav'n, held back the falling Day.
She makes contentious Winds forget their Strife,
And calls back to the Dead departed Life.
Charm'd by her Voice, Rivers have ſtopt their Courſe,
And the chill'd Fire laid down its burning Force. *Blac.*

DIANA.

Such on *Eurotas*'s Banks, or *Cynthus* Height,
Diana ſeems, and ſo ſhe charms the Sight,
When in the Dance the graceful Goddeſs leads
The Quire of Nymphs, and overtops their Heads.
Known by her Quiver and her lofty Mien,
She walks majeſtick, and ſhe looks their Queen:

Latona

Latona ſees her ſhine above the reſt,
And feeds with ſecret Joy her ſilent Breaſt. *Dryd. Virg.*

The graceful Goddeſs was array'd in Green;
About her Feet were little Beagles ſeen;
That watch'd, with upward Eyes, the Motions of (their Queen.

Her Legs were buſkin'd, and the Left before,
In act to ſhoot: a ſilver Bow ſhe bore,
And at her Back, a painted Quiver wore.
She trod a wexing Moon, that ſoon would wane,
And drinking borrow'd Light, be fill'd again.
With down-caſt Eyes, as ſeeming to ſurvey
The dark Dominions, her alternate Sway.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

O Goddeſs, Haunter of the Woodland Green,
To whom both Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas are ſeen;
Queen of the nether Skies, where half the Year
Thy ſilver Beams deſcend, and light the gloomy Sphere;
Goddeſs of Maids, and conſcious of our Hearts:
Thy Vot'reſs from my tender Years I am,
And love, like thee, the Woods and *Sylvan* Game.
Thou, Goddeſs, by thy triple Shape art ſeen
In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a Queen.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

DISCORD.

Fireband of Hell, firſt tin'd in *Phlegeton*,
By thouſand Furies, and from thence out-thrown
Into this World, to work Confuſion,
And ſett it all on Fire, (by Force unknown)
Is wicked Diſcord, whoes ſmall ſparks once blowne,
None but a God, or god-like Man can ſlake;
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when ſtrife was grown
Amongſt thoſe famous Impes of *Greece*, did take
His ſilver Harp in Hand, and ſhortly Friends them (make *Spen.*

Diſcord ever haunts with hideous Mien,
Thoſe dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been. *Gay.*

DIS-

DISCORD's HOUSE.

Hard by the Gates of Hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all Plagues and Harmes abound,
Which puniſh wicked Men, that walk amiſs:
It is a darkſome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
That none the ſame way may out-win;
Yet many Wayes to enter may be found,
But none to iſſue forth when one is in;
For Diſcord hardeſt is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven Walles were hung
With ragged Monuments of times fore-paſt,
Of which, the ſad effects of Diſcord ſung:
There were rent Robes, and broken Scepters plac't,
Altars defil'd, and holy Things defac't,
Diſhevered Speares, and Shields ytorne in twaine,
Great Cittys ranſackt, and ſtrong Caſtles ras't,
Nations captived, and huge Armies ſlaine:
Of all which ruines there ſome reliques did remain

There was the Signe of antique *Babylon*,
Of fatal *Thebes*, of *Rome* that raigned long,
Of ſacred *Salem*, and ſad *Ilion*,
For memory of which, on high there hong
The golden Apple (cauſe of all their wrong)
For which the three faire Goddeſſes did ſtrive:
There alſo was the Name of *Nimrod* ſtrong,
Of *Alexander*. and his Princes five,
Which ſhar'd to them the Spoiles which he had g
(aliv

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which amongſt the *Lapithees* befell,
And of the bloody Feaſt, which ſent away
So many *Centaures* drunken Soules to Hell,
That under great *Alcides* furie fell:
And of the dreadful Diſcord, which did drive
The noble *Argonauts* to out-rage fell,

Th

That each of Life ſought other to deprive,
All mindleſs of the Golden-fleece which made them (ſtrive.

And eke of private Perſons many moe,
That were too long a Worke to count them all;
Some of ſworne Friends, that did their Faith forgoe;
Some of borne Brethren, prov'd unnatural;
Some of deare Lovers, foes perpetual;
Witneſs their broken Bands there to be ſeen,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres diſpoiled all;
The Monuments whereof there byding been,
As plaine as at the firſt, when they were freſh and (green.

Such was the Houſe within; but all without
The barren Ground was full of wicked Weeds,
Which ſhe her ſelf had ſowen all about,
Now growen great, at firſt of little Seedes,
The Seedes of evil Words, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripeneſs due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increaſe, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious Jarre,
The which moſt often end in blood-ſhed and in warre.

And thoſe ſame curſed Seedes do alſo ſerve
To her for bread, and yield her living food:
For Life it is to her, when others ſterve
Through miſchievous debate, and deadly feood,
That ſhe may ſuck their Life, and drink their blood,
With which ſhe from her Childhood had been fed,
For ſhe at firſt was born of helliſh brood,
And by infernal Furies nouriſhed,
That by her monſtrous Shape might eaſily be read.

Her Face moſt foule and filthy was to ſee,
With ſquinted Eyes contrary waies entended,
And loathly Mouth, unmeet a Mouth to be;
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked Words that God and Man offended:

Her

Her lying Tongue was in two Parts divided,
And both the Parts did ſpeak, and both contended;
And as her Tongue, ſo was her heart decided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly ſtill was (guided.

As ſhe double ſpeake, ſo heard ſhe double,
With matchleſs Eares deformed and diſtort,
Fil'd with falſe rumors, and ſeditious trouble,
Bred in Aſſemblies of the vulgar ſort,
That ſtill are led with every light report.
And as her eares, ſo eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other ſhort,
And both miſplac't; that when th' one forward gode,
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

Likewiſe unequal were her handes twaine;
That one did reach, the other puſht away;
The own did make, the other mard againe,
And ſought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered many a day,
She in ſhort ſpace did often bring to nought,
And their Poſſeſſours often did diſmay.
For all her ſtudy was, and all her thought
How ſhe might overthrowe the thing that Concord (wrought.

So much her Mallice did her Might ſurpaſs,
That even th' Almighty ſelf ſhe did maligne,
Becauſe to Man ſo merciful he was,
And unto all his Creatures ſo benigne,
Sith ſhe her ſelf was of his Grace indigne:
For all this World's faire Workmanſhip ſhe tride,
Unto his laſt Confuſion to bring,
And that great golden Chain quite to divide,
With which it bleſſed Concord hath together tide.

(*Spenſ.*

DISDAIN.

A ſturdy Villaine, ſtrideing ſtiffe and bold,
As if the Higheſt Foe defie he would;

In

In his right Hand an Iron Club he held,
But he himſelf was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and ſenſe, and well could weld
That curſed weapon, when his cruel Foes he queld.

Diſdaine he called was, and did diſdaine
To be ſo call'd, and who ſo did him call:
Sterne was to look, and full of Stomack vaine,
His Portance terrible, and his Stature tall,
Far paſſing th' height of Men terreſtiall;
Like an huge Giant of the *Titan*'s race,
That made him ſcorn all Creatures great and ſmall,
And with his Pride all other's Power deface:
More fit amongſt black Fiends than Men to have a Place.

For he was ſterne, and terrible by nature,
And eeke of Perſon huge and hedeous,
Exceeding much the meaſure of Man's ſtature,
And rather like a Giant monſtruous:
For ſooth he was deſcended of the Houſe
Of the old Giants, which did Warres darraine
Againſt the Heaven in order battailous,
And ſib to great *Orgolio*, which was ſlaine
By *Arthur*, when as *Una*'s Knight he did maintaine.

His looks were dreadful, and his firey Eyes
(Like two great Beacons) glared bright and wide,
Glaunсing aſkew, as if his enimies
He ſcorned in his overweening Pride;
And ſtalking ſtately, like a Crane, did ſtride
At every ſtep upon the tip-toes hie:
And all the way he went on every ſide
He gaz'd about, and ſtared horribly,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

He wore no Armour, ne for none did care,
And no whit dreading any liveing wight;
But in a Jacket quilted richly rare,

Upon

Upon Cheeklaton, he was ſtrangly dight,
And on his Head a roll of Linnen plight,
Like to the Moores of *Malabar*, he wore,
With which his Locks, as black as pitchy Night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his Hand a mighty iron Club he bore. *Spen.*
Diſdainfully ſhe look'd, then turning round,
She fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground;
And what he ſays and ſwears, regards no more
Than the deaf Rocks when the loud Billows roar:
But whirl'd away to ſhun his hateful Sight. *Dryd. Virg.*

DISEASES.

Nigh the Receſs of *Chaos* and dull *Night*,
Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway,
In the cloſe Covert of a cypreſs Grove,
Where Goblins friſk, and airy Spectres rove;
Yawns a dark Cave moſt formidably wide,
And there the Monarch's Triumphs are deſcry'd.
Confus'd and wildly huddled to the Eye,
The Beggars Pouch, and Princes Purple lye:
Dim Lamps with ſickly Rays ſcarce ſeem to glow,
Sighs heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'erflow.
Old mould'ring Urns, pale Fear, and dark Diſtreſs
Make up the frightful Horrour of the Place.
Within its dreadful Jaws thoſe Furies wait,
Which execute the harſh Decrees of Fate.
Febris is firſt; the Hag relentleſs hears
The Virgin's Sighs, and ſees the Infant's Tears.
In her parch'd Eyeballs fiery Meteors reign;
And reſtleſs Ferments revel in each Vein.
Then *Hydrops* next appears amongſt the Throng,
Bloated and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along:
But, like a Miſer, in Exceſs ſhe's poor.
And pines for Thirſt amidſt her wat'ry Store.
Now loathſom *Lepra*, that offenſive Spright,
With foul Eruptions ſtain'd, offends the Sight:

She's

She's deaf to Beauty's ſoft perſwading Pow'r,
Nor can bright *Hebe*'s Charms her Bloom ſecure.
Whilſt meagre *Phthiſis* gives a ſilent Blow:
Her Strokes are ſure, but her Advances ſlow:
No loud Alarms, nor fierce Aſſaults are ſhown;
She ſtarves the Fortreſs firſt, then takes the Town.
Behind ſtood Crowds of more inferiour Fame,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name.
The Vaſſals of their Monarch's Tyranny,
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly. *Garth.*

When raging Fevers boil the Blood,
The ſtanding Lake ſoon floats into a Flood:
And ev'ry hoſtile Humour, which before (*Achit.*
Slept quiet in its Channel, bubbles o'er. *Dryd. Abſ. &*

Diſeaſe, thou ever moſt propitious Pow'r,
Whoſe kind Indulgences we taſte each Hour;
Thou well canſt boaſt thy num'rous Pedigree,
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded Palaces thy Prowess reigns,
But flies the humble Shades of Cottage Swains.
To you ſuch Might and Energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the ſtrong.
The purple Conqueror in Chains you bind,
And are to us Phyſicians only kind.
And in return all Diligence we pay,
To fix your Empire, and confirm your Sway. *Gar.*

DISSIMULATION.

And after them *Diſſemblance* and *Suſpect*
Marcht in one rank, yet not an equal paire,
For ſhe was gentle, and of mild Aſpect,
Courteous to all, and ſeeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but painted and purloin'd,
And her bright brows were deckt with borrowed haire,
For deeds were forged, and her words falſe coyn'd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of Silk ſhe
(twind. *Spen.*

DISSENTION.

Diſſentions like ſmall Streams, at firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run :
So Lines, that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they ſtill disjoyn. *Gar.*

DOGS.

Like as a ſort of hungry Dogs ymet
About ſome Carcaſe by the common way,
Doe fall together, ſtriveing each to get
The greateſt Portion of the greedy prey ;
All on confuſed heaps themſelves aſſay,
And ſnatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and teare ;
That who them ſees, would wonder at their fray ;
And who ſees not would be affraid to heare. *Spen.*

DOLPHIN.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
In the wide Champian of the Ocean Plaine,
With cruel chauſe their courages they whet,
The Maſterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull Battaile 'twixt them do darraine : (rore.
They ſnuff, they ſnort, they bounce, they rage, they
That all the Sea (diſturbed with their traine)
Doth frie with ſome above the Surges hore,
Such was betwixt theſe two the trouble ſome uprore.
(*Spen.*

DOUBT.

Next after him went *Doubt*, yclad
In a diſcolour'd Cote of ſtrange diſguiſe,
That at his back a brode Cappuccio had,
And Sleeves dependant *Albaneſe* wiſe :
He lookt aſkew with his miſtruſtful eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to ſhrinke he did aviſe,
And on a broken reed he ſtill did ſtay
His feeble ſteps, which ſhrunke, when hard thereon
(he lay.

That

That was to weet, the Porter of the Place,
Unto whoes truſt the charge thereof was lent:
His name was *Doubt*, he had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, and th' other backward bent;
Therein reſembling *Janus* auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his Eyes about him went,
As if ſome proved perill he did feare,
Or did miſdoubt ſome ill, whoes cauſe did not appeare. *Spen.*

Doubt's the worſt Tyrant of a gen'rous Mind,
The Coward's Ill, who dares not meet his Fate,
And ever doubting to be fortunate,
Falls to the Wretchedneſs his Fears create. *Behn.*

Floating in a Flood of Care,
This Way and that he turns his anxious Mind,
Thinks, and rejects the Counſel he deſign'd:
Explores himſelf in vain in ev'ry Part,
And gives no Reſt to his diſtracted Heart. *Dryd. Virg.*

DOVE.

As when a Dove her rocky Hold forſakes:
Rouz'd in a Fright, her ſounding Wings ſhe ſhakes:
The Cavern rings with Clatt'ring: out ſhe flies,
And leaves her callow Care, and cleaves the Skies;
At firſt ſhe flutters, but at length ſhe ſprings
To ſmoother Flight, and ſhoots upon her Wings.
(Dryd. Virg.

DREAMS.

Dreams are but Interludes which Fancy makes,
When Monarch Reaſon ſleeps, this Mimick wakes:
Compounds a Medley of diſjointed Things,
A Mob of Coblers, and a Court of Kings:
Light Fumes are merry, groſſer Fumes are ſad;
Both are the reaſonable Soul run mad:
And many monſtrous Forms in Sleep we ſee,
That never were, nor are, nor e'er can be.

Sometimes forgotten Things, long cast behind,
Rush forward in the Brain, and come to Mind;
The Nurses Legends are for Truths receiv'd,
And the Man dreams but what the Boy believ'd.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former Play,
The Night restores our Actions done by Day:
As Hounds in Sleep will open for their Prey.
In short, the Farce of Dreams is of a Piece;
Chimera's all, and more absurd or less.

All Dreams
Are from Repletion, and Complexion bred,
From rising Fumes of indigested Food,
And noxious Humours that infect the Blood.
When Choler overflows, then Dreams are bred
Of Flames, and all the Family of Red:
Red Dragons, and red Beasts in Sleep we view,
For Humours are distinguish'd by their Hue.
From hence we dream of War and warlike Things:
And Wasps and Hornets with their double Wings.
Choler adust congeals our Blood with Fear,
Then black Bulls toss us, and black Devils tear.
In sanguin airy Dreams, aloft we bound:
With Rheums oppress'd, we sink in Rivers drown'd.
The dominating Humour makes the Dream.

(*Dryd. The Cock and the Fox.*

When heavy Sleep has clos'd the Sight,
And sickly Fancy labours in the Night,
We seem to run, and destitute of Force,
Our sinking Limbs forsake us in the Course;
In vain we heave for Breath, in vain we cry,
The Nerves unbrac'd their usual Strength deny,
And on the Tongue the fault'ring Accents die.

(*Dryd. Virg.*

As one, who in some frightful Dream would shun
His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run:
And his own Slowness in his Sleep bemoans,
With thick short Sighs, weak Cries, and tender Groans.

(*Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

As

As he, who in a Dream with Drought is curs'd,
And finds no real Drink to quench his Thirſt,
Runs to imagin'd Lakes his Heat to ſteep,
And vainly ſwills, and labours in his Sleep. *Dryd. Lucr.*

A Dream o'ertook me at my waking Hour
This Morn; and Dreams they ſay are then divine,
When all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd,
And ſome o'erpow'ring God continues Sleep.
(Dryd. Don. Seb.

DRINKING.

A thirſty Soul!
He took the Challenge and embrac'd the Bowl;
With Pleaſure ſwill'd the Gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
'Till he the Bottom of the Brimmer ſaw. *Dryd. Virg.*

He crown'd a Bowl, unbid;
The laughing *Nectar* over-look'd the Lid,
The Reconciler-Bowl went round the Board,
Which empty'd, the rude Skinker ſtill reſtor'd.
The Feaſt continu'd 'till declining Light,
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd; and then 'twas (Night.
Drunken at laſt, and drowſie they depart,
Each to his Houſe. *Dryd. Hom.*

DUEL.

Now at the Time, and in th' appointed Place,
The Challenger and Challeng'd, Face to Face,
Approach: each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their Hatred chang'd their Hue.
So ſtands the *Thracian* Herdſman with his Spear,
Full in the Gap; and hopes the hunted Bear;
And hears him ruſtling in the Wood, and ſees
His Courſe at Diſtance by the bending Trees:
And thinks, Here comes my mortal Enemy;
And either he muſt fall in Fight, or I.
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his Dart;
A gen'rous Chillneſs ſeizes ev'ry Part;
The Veins pour back the Blood, and fortify the Heart.
Thus pale they meet; their Eyes with Fury burn;
None greets, for none the Greeting will return:

But in dumb Surlineſs, each arm'd with Care,
His Foe profeſs'd, as Brother of the War.
Then both, no Moment loſt, at once advance
Againſt each other, arm'd with Sword and Lance:
They laſh, they foin, they paſs, they ſtrive to bore
Their Corſlets, and the thinneſt Parts explore.
Thus two long Hours in equal Arms they ſtood;
And wounded, wound, 'till both were bath'd in Blood
And not a Foot of Ground had either got,
As if the World depended on that Spot.
Fell *Arcite* like an angry Tyger far'd,
And, like a Lyon, *Palamon* appear'd:
Or as two Boars, whom Love to Battel draws,
With riſing Briſtles, and with frothy Jaws,
Their adverſe Breaſts with Tuſks oblique they wound
With Grunts and Groans the Foreſt rings around:
So fought the Knights.
In mortal Battel redoubling Blow on Blow;
Like Light'ning flam'd their Fauchions to and fro,
And ſhot a dreadful Gleam: So ſtrong they ſtrook,
There ſeem'd leſs Force requir'd to fell an Oak.
(Dryd. Pal. & A

Now in clos'd Field, each other from afar
They view, and ruſhing on begin the War:
They launch their Spears; then hand to hand they m
The trembling Soil reſounds beneath their Feet.
Their Bucklers claſh, thick Blows deſcend from h
And Flakes of Fire from their hard Helmets fly.
Such was the Combat in the lifted Ground;
So claſh their Swords, and ſo their Shields reſou
Rais'd on the Stretch, young *Turnus* aims a Blow
Full on the Helm of his unguarded Foe;
But all in Pieces flies the Traytor Sword,
And, in the middle ſtruck, deſerts its Lord.
The mortal-temper'd Steel deceiv'd his Hand,
The ſhiver'd Fragments ſhone amid the Sand.
Surpriz'd with Fear, he fled along the Field,
And now forthright, and now in Orbits whe

Ten Times already round the liſted Place,
One Chief had fled, and t' other giv'n the Chaſe.
Once more erect the rival Chiefs advance,
One truſts the Sword, and one the pointed Lance,
And both reſolv'd alike to try their fatal Chance.
Turnus then trembling view'd the thund'ring Chief
And brandiſhing aloft the deadly Lance: (Advance,
Arm'd he cow'rs beneath his conqu'ring Foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming Blow.
Aſtoniſh'd while he ſtands, and fix'd with Fear,
Aim'd at his Shield he ſees th' impending Spear.
The Heroe meaſur'd firſt with narrow View,
The deſtin'd Mark; and riſing as he threw,
With its full Swing the fatal Weapon flew.
Not with leſs rage the rattling Thunder falls,
Or Stones from batt'ring Engines break the Walls.
Swift as a Whirlwind, from an Arm ſo ſtrong,
The Lance drove on, and bore the Death along.
Nought could his ſev'n-fold Shield the Prince avail,
Nor ought beneath his Arms the Coat of Mail;
It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grieſly Wound
Transfix'd his Thigh, and doubled him to Ground.
Thus low on Earth the lofty Chief is laid;
With Eyes caſt upward, and with Arms diſplay'd.
(Dryd. Virg.

DUNGEON.

Deep in the Bottom of an huge great rocke
The Dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron Barrs, nor brazen lock
Did need to guard from force, or ſecret theft
Of all her Lovers, which would her have reft.
For wald it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the clift in pieces would have cleft:
Beſides, ten thouſand Monſters, foule abhor'd,
Did waite about it, gaping grieſly, all begor'd. *Spen.*

EAGLE.

Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide Empire,
To weather his broad fayles; by chance hath ſpide
A Goſhaulk, which hath ſeized for her ſhare
Upon ſome fowle, that ſhould her feaſt prepare;
With dreadful force he flies at her belive,
That with his ſouce, which none endureu dare,
Her from the Quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping Pounce the greedy Prey doth (rive.
As when *Jove*'s harneſs-bearing Bird from high
Stoupes at a flying Heron with proud diſdaine,
The ſtone-dead quarrey fals ſo forcibly,
That it rebounds againſt the lowlie Plaine,
A ſecond fall redoubling back againe. *Spen.*

Doſt thou inſtruct the Eagle how to fly?
To ſcorn the lower Air, and tow'r in the Sky?
On ſounding Pinions borne, he mounts, and ſhrouds
His proud aſpiring Head among the Clouds.
Strong pounc'd and fierce, he darts upon his Prey,
He ſoars in Triumph thro' th' imperial Way,
Bears on the Sun, and baſks in open Day.
In the fiery Tracts above,
Appears in Pomp th' imperial Bird of *Jove*:
A Plump of Fowl he ſpies, that ſwim the Lakes,
And o'er their Heads his ſounding Pinions ſhakes:
Then, ſtooping on the faireſt of the Train,
In his ſtrong Talons truſs'd a ſilver Swan:
But while he lags, and labours in his Flight,
Behold the daſtard Fowl return anew,
And with united Force the Foe purſue:
Clam'rous around the royal Hawk they fly,
And, thick'ning in a Cloud, o'er-ſhade the Sky:
They cuff, they ſcratch, they croſs his airy Courſe,
Nor can th' incumber'd Bird ſuſtain their Force.

But

But, vex'd, not vanquiſh'd, drops the pond'rous Prey,
And, lighten'd of his Burthen, wings his Way.
Thus, on ſome ſilver Swan, or tim'rous Hare,
Jove's Bird comes ſouſing down from upper Air;
Her crooked Talons truſs the fearful Prey,
The Priſ'ner hiſſes thro' the liquid Way.
Reſiſts the Royal Hawk, and tho' oppreſs'd,
She fights in Volumes, and erects her Creſt:
Turn'd to her Foe, ſhe ſtiffens ev'ry Scale,
And ſhoots her forky Tongue, and whiſks her threat'ning Tail.
Againſt the Victor all Defence is weak,
Th' Imperial Bird ſtill plies her with his Beak,
He tears her Bowels, and her Breaſt he gores,
Then claps his Pinions, and ſecurely ſoars. *Dryd. Virg.*

EAR.

Mark how the Spirits watchful in the Ear
Seize undulated Sounds, and catch the vocal Air.

EARTHQUAKE.

Earth felt the Wound, and Nature, from her Seat,
Sighing, thro' all her Works gave Signs of Woe. *Milt.*
As when pent Vapours run their hollow Round,
Earthquakes, which are Convulſions of the Ground,
Break beſt'wing forth, and no Confinement brook,
'Till the third ſettles what the former ſhook. *Dryd.*
So the pent Vapours, with a rumbling Sound,
Heave from below, and rend the hollow Ground:
A ſounding Flaw ſucceeds, and from on high
The Gods with Hate behold the nether Sky.
The Ghoſts repine at violated Night,
And curſe th' invading Sun, and ſicken at the Sight.
(Dryd. Virg.

EASE.

And forth iſſewd, as on the ready flore
Of ſome Theatre, a grave Perſonage,
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,

With comely havour and count'nance ſage,
Yclad in coſtly garments, fit for Tragick ſtage.

Proceeding to the midſt, he ſtill did ſtand,
As if in minde he ſomewhat had to ſay;
And to the Vulgar beckning with his hand,
In ſigne of ſilence, as to hear a Play,
By lively Actions he began bewray
Some argument of Matter paſſioned;
Which doen, he back retired ſoft away:
And paſſing by, his name diſcovered,
Eaſe, on his robe in golden letters cyphered. *Sp*

ECHO.

Echo in others Words her Silence breaks;
Speechleſs herſelf, but when another ſpeaks.
She can't begin, but waits for the Rebound
To catch his Voice, and to return the Sound.
Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter Tone,
With mimick Sounds, and Speeches not her own.
(Add. Ov

ECLIPSE.

Shorn of his Beams, the Sun
In dim Eclipſe diſaſtrous Twilight ſheds
On half the Nations, and with Fear of Change
Perplexes Monarchs. *Mi*
Struggling in dark Eclipſe, and ſhooting Day
On either ſide of the black Orb that veil'd him.
Dryd. Don. Se

EDUCATION.

By Education moſt have been miſled;
So they believe, becauſe they ſo were bred:
The Prieſt continues what the Nurſe began, *(Pa*
And ſo the Child impoſes on the Man. *Dryd. Hind.*

ELEMENTS.

For this eternal World is ſaid of old,
But four prolifick Principles to hold;

Fou

Four diff'rent Bodies: Two to Heav'n aſcend,
And other two down to the Centre tend:
Fire firſt with Wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of Weight, and dwells in upper Sky:
Then Air, becauſe unclog'd in empty Space,
Flies after Fire, and claims the ſecond Place:
But weighty Water, as her Nature guides,
Lies on the Lap of Earth, and Mother Earth ſubſides.
All Things are mix'd of theſe which all contain,
And into theſe are all reſolv'd again.
Earth rarifies to Dew, expanded more,
The ſubtil Dew in Air begins to ſoar.
Spreads as ſhe flies, and weary of her Name,
Extenuates ſtill, and changes into Flame.
Thus having by Degrees Perfection won,
Reſtleſs, they ſoon untwiſt the Web they ſpun.
And Fire begins to loſe her radiant Hue,
Mix'd with groſs Air, and Air deſcends to Dew,
And Dew, condenſing, does her Form forego,
And ſinks, a heavy Lump of Earth below.
The Force of Fire aſcended firſt on high;
And took its Dwelling in the vaulted Sky:
Then Air ſucceeds, in Lightneſs next to Fire,
Whoſe Atoms from unactive Earth retire;
Earth ſinks beneath, and draws a num'rous Throng
Of pond'rous, thick, unwieldy Seeds along.
About her Coaſts unruly Waters roar;
And, riſing on a Ridge, inſult the Shoar. *Dryd. Ovid.*

ELYSIUM.

The verdant Fields with thoſe of Heav'n may vie,
With Æther veſted, and a purple Sky.
The bliſsful Seats of happy Souls below:
Stars of their own, and their own Sun they know.
Their airy Limbs in Sports they exerciſe,
And on the Green contend the Wreſtlers Prize:
Some in Heroick Verſe divinely ſing:
Others in artful Meaſures lead the Ring:

The Chiefs behold their Chariots from afar,
Their ſhining Arms, and Courſers train'd to War:
Their Lances fix'd in Earth; their Steeds around,
Free from their Harneſs, graze the flow'ry Ground.
The Love of Horſes, which they had alive,
And Care of Chariots, after Death ſurvive.
Some chearful Souls were feaſting on the Plain:
Some did the Song, and ſome the Choir maintain.
Here Patriots live, who, for their Countries Good,
In fighting Fields were prodigal of Blood.
Prieſts of unblemiſh'd Lives here make Abode;
And Poets worthy their inſpiring God.
And ſearching Wits of more mechanick Parts,
Who grac'd their Age with new invented Arts.
Thoſe, who to Worth their Bounty did extend,
And thoſe, who knew that Bounty to commend:
The Heads of theſe, which holy Fillets bound,
And all their Temples were with Garlands crown'd.
In no fix'd Place the happy Souls reſide;
In Groves they live, and lie on moſſy Beds,
By cryſtal Streams that murmur thro' the Meads.
(Dryd. Virg.

Looſe Breezes on their airy Pinions play,
And with refreſhing Sweets perfume the Way:
Cold Streams thro' Flow'ry Meadows gently glide,
And as they paſs, their painted Banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful Plains no Blights nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.
(Garth.

ELOQUENCE.

When threat'ning Tides of Rage and Anger riſe,
Uſurp the Throne, and Reaſon's Sway deſpiſe,
When in the Seats of Life this Tempeſt reigns,
Beats thro' the Heart, and drives along the Veins,
See, Eloquence with Force perſwaſive binds
The reſtleſs Waves, and charms the warring Winds:
Reſiſtleſs bids tumultuous Uproar ceaſe,
Recals the Calm, and gives the Boſom Peace.

His

His Tongue
Dropt *Manna*, and could make the worſe appear
The better Reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt Counſels: for his Thoughts were low,
To Vice induſtrious, but to nobler Deeds
Tim'rous and ſlothful; yet he pleas'd the Ear. *Milt.*

But here bright Eloquence does always ſmile
In ſuch a choice, yet unaffected Stile,
As does both Knowledge and Delight impart,
The Force of Reaſon with the Flow'rs of Art:
Clear as a beautiful, tranſparent Skin,
Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in.
Like a delicious Stream it ever ran,
As ſmooth as Woman, but as ſtrong as Man. *Norr.*

EMBRACE.

As the luxuriant Tendrils of the Vine
Around the Elm with wanton Windings twine,
My ſpringing Arms flew round, and lock'd in thine.
(*Den. Ovid.*

Venus embracing *Vulcan.*

The Goddeſs ſtraight her Arms of ſnowy Hue
About her unreſolving Huſband threw.
Her ſoft Embraces ſoon infuſe Deſire,
His Veins, his Marrow ſudden Warmth inſpire,
And all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the rattling Thunder flies,
Or Streaks of Lightning flaſh along the Skies.
The Goddeſs proud of her ſucceſsful Wiles,
And conſcious of her Form, in ſecret ſmiles. *Dryd. Virg.*

EMPIRE.

When Empire in its Childhood firſt appears,
A watchful Fate o'erſees its tender Years:
'Till grown more ſtrong, it thruſts, and ſtretches out,
And elbows all the Kingdoms round about:
The Place thus made for its firſt Breathing free,
It moves again for Eaſe and Luxury:

'Till

'Till, ſwelling by Degrees, it has poſſeſs'd
The greater Space, and now crowds up the reſt.
When from behind there ſtarts ſome petty State,
And puſhes on its now unwieldy Fate:
Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,
And ſinks in Minutes, which in Ages roſe.
(*Dryd. Conq. of Gra*

Emperor! Why that's the Style of Victory!
The conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt Wounds,
Salutes his Gen'ral ſo! but never more
Shall that Sound reach my Ears. *Dryd. All for Lov*

Oh! that I had been born ſome happy Swain,
And never known a Life ſo great, ſo vain!
Where I Extreams might not be forc'd to chuſe,
And bleſt with ſome mean Wife, no Crown could loſ
Where the dear Part'ner of my little State,
With all her ſmiling Off-ſpring at the Gate,
Bleſſing my Labours, might my Coming wait;
Where in our humble Beds all ſafe might lie,
And not in curſed Courts for Glory die. *Lee Theo*

ENGLISH.

Yet we muſt do the Sons of *England* right,
Some Stars ſhine thro' the Horror of her Night:
For Navigation, and for Skill renown'd,
In ſailing the terraqueous Globe around.
To them no Shore's untry'd, no Sea's unknown,
Where Waves have murmur'd, and where Winds hav
(blow
Typhis and *Jaſon* who in *Argo* came,
Lay no Pretenſions to ſo juſt a Fame,
As *Ca'ndiſh*, *Willoughby*, and *Drake*'s immortal Name.
(*Rowe*'s *Ca*

ENJOYMENT.

I ſaw 'em kindle to Deſire,
While with ſoft Sighs they blew the Fire;
Saw the Approaches of their Joy,
He grew more fierce, and ſhe leſs coy:

Sa

Saw how they mingled melting Rays,
Exchanging Love a thouſand Ways:
Kind was the Force on either Side,
Her new Deſire ſhe could not hide;
Nor would the Shepherd be deny'd.
The bleſſed Minute he perſu'd,
'Till ſhe, tranſported in his Arms,
Yields to the Conqu'ror all her Charms.
His panting Breaſt to her's now joyn'd,
They feaſt on Raptures unconfin'd:
Vaſt and luxuriant! ſuch as prove
The Immortality of Love!
For who but a Divinity
Could mingle Souls to that Degree?
And melt them into Extacy!
Now, like the Phœnix both expire,
While from the Aſhes of their Fire,
Sprung up a new and ſoft Deſire.
Like Charmers thrice they did invoke,
The God, and thrice new Vigour took, *Behn.*

Thus did this happy Pair their Love diſpenſe,
ith mutual Joys, and gratify'd their Senſe.
ie God of Love was there a bidden Gueſt;
nd preſent at his own myſterious Feaſt.
is azure Mantle underneath he ſpread,
nd ſcatter'd Roſes on the Nuptial Bed:
hile folded in each others Arms they lay,
e blew the Flames, and furniſh'd out the Play,
nd from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy Sweat
(away. *Dryd. Theoc.*

See the Heav'ns in Lightnings break,
Next in Storms of Thunder ſpeak:
Then a kind Show'r from above
Brings a Calm: ſo 'tis in Love.
Flames begin our firſt Addreſs,
Like meeting Thunder we embrace;
Then you know, the Show'rs that fall,
Quench the Fire, and quiet all. *Roch.*

Thus

Thus when the youthful Pair more closely joyn,
When Arms in Arms they lock, and Thighs in Thig
(they twin
Just in the raging Foam of full Desire,
When both press on, both murmur, both expire;
They gripe, they squeeze, their humid Tongues they da
As each would force their way to t' others Heart,
In vain, they only cruise about the Coast;
For Bodies cannot pierce, nor be in Bodies lost.
As sure they strive to be, when both engage
In that tumultuous momentary Rage.
So tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,
'Till Man dissolves in that Excess of Joy.
Then, when the gather'd Bag has burst its Way,
And ebbing Tides the slacken'd Nerves betray,
A Pause ensues; and Nature nods a while,
'Till with recruited Rage new Spirits boil;
And then the same vain Violence returns;
With flames renew'd th' erected Furnace burns.
Again they in each other would be lost;
But still by adamantine Bars are crost. *Dryd. Lucr*

How dear, how sweet his first Embraces were!
With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine!
I thought! oh no! 'tis false, I could not think:
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one:
And sure his Transports were not less than mine:
For by the high-hung Tapers Light,
I could discern his Cheeks were glowing red,
His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,
And sparkled thro' their Casements humid Fires:
He sigh'd, and kiss'd, breath'd short, and would hav
But was too fierce to throw away the Time; (spoke
All he could say was, Love and *Leonora*. *Dryd. Span. Fr*

Her Hand he seiz'd, and to a shady Bank,
Thick over Head with verdant Roof embower'd,
He led her nothing loth: Flow'rs were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth: Earth's freshest, softest Lap:

Ther

There they their Fill of Love, and Love's Diſport
Took largely:
'Till dewy Sleep
Oppreſs'd them, wearied with their am'rous Play. *Milt.*
Unhappy Mortals! whoſe ſublimeſt Joy
Preys on it ſelf, and does it ſelf deſtroy. *Roch.*

ENTHUSIASM.

He comes! Behold the God! Thus while ſhe ſaid,
Her Colour chang'd, her Face was not the ſame,
And hollow Groans from her deep Spirit came:
Her Hair ſtood up; convulſive Rage poſſeſs'd
Her trembling Limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring Breaſt;
Greater than Humane-kind ſhe ſeem'd to look,
And with an Accent, more than mortal, ſpoke:
Her ſtaring Eyes with ſparkling Fury roul,
When all the God came ruſhing on her Soul:
Thus full of Fate ſhe grew, and of the God;
Strugling in vain, impatient of her Load:
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous God.
The more ſhe ſtrove to ſhake him from her Breaſt,
With more, and far ſuperior Force he preſs'd;
Commands his Entrance, and without Controul
Uſurps her Organs, and inſpires her Soul.
At length her Fury fell, her foaming ceas'd;
And, ebbing in her Soul, the God decreas'd. *Dryd. Virg.*
I feel him now,
Like a ſtrong Spirit, charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind.
The rouzed God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, ſtarts and dilates himſelf:
He ſtruggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury; my old Arteries burſt:
My rivell'd Skin,
Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd Fire;
I ſhall be young agen! *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou haſt a Voice, that might have ſav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging *Bacchanals*,

With

With lifted Prongs, to liſten to thy Airs:
O charm this God, this Fury in my Boſom,
Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,
With pow'rful Strains: *Manto*, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly Godhead to be mild. *Lee's Oedipus.*

PUBLICK ENTRIES.

Great *Bullingbrook*
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately Pace, kept on his Courſe;
You would have thought the very Windows ſpoke,
So many greedy Looks of young and old,
Thro' Caſements darted their deſiring Eyes
Upon his Viſage; and that all the Walls,
With painted Imag'ry, had ſaid at once
God ſave thee, *Bullingbrook*.
But as in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious;
Ev'n ſo, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes
Did ſcowle on *Richard*: No Man cry'd, God ſave him:
No joyful Tongue gave him his Welcome home:
But Duſt was thrown upon his ſacred Head,
Which with ſuch gentle Sorrow he ſhook off,
His Face ſtill combating with Tears and Smiles,
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience).
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong Purpoſe, ſteel'd
The Hearts of Men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſm it ſelf have pity'd him. *Shak. Rich.* II.

What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive Bands his Chariot-Wheels?
Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney Tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have ſate
The live-long Day with patient Expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſs the Streets of *Rome*?

And

And when you ſaw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made a univerſal Shout;
That *Tyber* trembled underneath her Banks,
To hear the Replication of your Sounds,
Made in the Concave Shores. *Shak. Jul. Caſ.*

ENVY.

And next to him malicious *Envie* rode,
Upon a ravenous Wolfe, and ſtill did chaw
Between his cankred Teeth a venemous Toad,
That all the Poyſon run about his Jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own Maw
At Neighbours Wealth, that made him ever ſad,
For death it was, when any good he ſaw,
And wept, that cauſe of weeping none he had:
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a Kirtle of diſcolour'd Say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his Boſom ſecretly there lay
An hateful Snake, the which his Taile up ties
In many folds, and mortal Sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnaſht his Teeth, to ſee
Thoſe heaps of Gold with griple covetiſe,
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud *Lucifera*, and his own Company.

He hated all good Works and virtuous Deeds,
And him no leſs, that any like did uſe:
And who with gracious Bread the hungry feeds,
His Almes for want of Faith he doth accuſe:
So every good to bad he doth abuſe:
And eke the Verſe of famous Poet's Wit
He does back-bite, and ſpightful Poyſon ſpues
From leprous Mouth, on all that ever writ:
Such one vile *Envy* was, that firſt in rowe did ſit.

The

The one of them, that Elder did appear,
With her dull Eyes did ſeem to look aſkew,
That her mis-ſhape much helpt; and her foule hair
Hung looſe and loathſomely: thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her Teeth arew
And all her Bones might thro' her Cheeks be read
Her Lips were like raw Leather, pale and blue:
And as ſhe ſpake, there-with ſhe ſlavered;
Yet ſpake ſhe ſeldome, but thought more the leſs ſh
(ſaic
Her Hands were foule and dirty, never waſht
In all her Life, with long Nailes over-raught,
Like Puttocks Clawes, with th' one of which ſh
Her curſed Head, although it itched nought; (ſcratch
The other held a Snake with venime fraught,
On which ſhe fed, and gnawed hungerly,
As that long ſhe had not eaten ought;
That round about her Jawes one might deſcry
The bloudy Gore and Poiſon dropping lothſomly.

Her Name was *Envie*, knowen well thereby;
Whoes Nature is to grieve, and grudge at all
That ever ſhe ſees doen praiſe-worthily:
Whoes ſight to her is greateſt Croſs may fall,
And vexeth ſo, that makes her eat her gall.
For when ſhe wanteth other thing to eat,
She feeds on her own Maw unnatural,
And of her own foule Entrailes makes her meat;
Meat fit for ſuch a Monſter's monſterous diat.

And if ſhe hapt of any good to hear,
That had to any Body happily betid,
Then would ſhe inly fret, and grieve and teare
Her fleſh for felneſt, which ſhe inward hid,
But if ſhe heard of Ill that any did,
Or harm that any had, then would ſhe make
Great Cheare, like one unto a Banquet bid;

An

And in another's loſs great Pleaſure take, (*Spen.*
As ſhe had got thereby, and gained a great Stake.
Why ſhou'd I mention Envy's various Arts?
By what ſniffler Fraud ſhe ſtrikes at Hearts?
By Stabs or Poyſons brings a Monarch's Fate,
And rids him of a Kingdom's ponderous Weight.
Deluded Man! who by a ſilken Thread
Sees the drawn Sword impending o'er his Head;
Who leaps the Precipice he ought to ſhun,
Induſtrious to be wretched and undone. *Dryd.*

The Fury ſtraight
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd ſcarce ſupport her Weight:
A noiſom Rag her penſive Temples bound,
And faintly her parch'd Lips her Accents ſound.
Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Eugh,
That taints the Graſs with ſickly Sweats of Dew:
No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;
In a dark Grot the baleful Haggard lay,
Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day:
Meagre, deform'd, and worn with ſpightful Woes,
When *Accius* has Applauſe, *Dorſennus* ſhows.
The chearful Blood her livid Cheeks forſook,
And Baſiliſks fate brooding in her Look.
A bald and bloated Toad-ſtool rais'd her Head,
And Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed:
From her chapp'd Noſtrils ſcalding Torrents fall,
And her ſunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward Pains,
While Seas of melted Oar lay waſte the Plains.
Around the Fiend in hideous Order ſate
Fowl-bawling *Infamy*, and bold *Debate*:
Gruff *Diſcontent*, thro' Ignorance miſled,
And clam'rous *Faction* at her Party's Head:
Reſtleſs *Sedition*, ſtill diſſembling Fear,
And ſly *Hypocriſy* with pious Leer.
Glouting with ſullen ſpight the Fury ſhook
Her clotter'd Locks, and blaſted with each Look.

Then

Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
Where Fame the Acts of Demi-Gods enrolls.
She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form;
So Lightning gilds the unrelenting Storm. *Gar*

EPICURE.

Sanguine he was, and ſtudy'd Pleaſure moſt;
His Morning's Draught Sack with a Nut-brown Toaſt:
All Delicates that Money could procure
He had; a nice, luxurious Epicure.
With Fiſh and Fowl, with bak'd Meat and with roaſt,
His Table groan'd; he valu'd not the Coſt.
All Rarities the Nation cou'd afford,
Were ſearch'd and brought to fill his ample Board:
In ev'ry Seaſon Delicates appear
Diverſify'd each Quarter of the Year.
Hare, Partridge, Pheaſant ever was at Hand;
Carp, Tench, and Bream as ready at Command;
With poignant Sauces proper for each Diſh:
Woe to the Cook, were any Thing amiſs!
Spacious the Hall, and open was the Door,
Fragments and Marrow-bones beſpread the Floor:
And ready cover'd with all Sorts of Food,
All the long Day, a Table dormant ſtood. *Dry*

ERROR.

This is a wandring Wood, this *Error*'s Den;
A Monſter vile, whom God and Man does hate.

By which he ſaw the ugly Monſter plaine,
Half like a Serpent horribly diſplaide,
But th' other half did Woman's ſhape retaine,
Moſt lothſome, filthy, foul, and full of vile diſda

As ſhe lay upon the durtie Grownd,
Her huge long Taile her Den all over ſpread,
Yet was in knots and many boughs up wound

Po

Pointed with mortal Sting. Of her there bred
A thouſand young ones, and ſhe daily fed,
Sucking upon her poiſonous Dugs each one
Of ſundry Shape, yet all ill-favoured:
Soon as that uncouth Light upon them ſhone,
Into her Mouth they crept, and ſuddain all were
(gone. *Spen.*

EVENING.

But ſith the Sunne now ginnes to ſlake his beames,
In dewy Vapours of the weſterne Maine,
And looſe the Teme out of his weary waine,
Mote not miſlike you alſo to abate
Your zealous haſte, 'till morrow next againe,
Both light of Heav'n, and ſtrength of Sun relate.
(*Spen.*

The Sun
Declin'd, was haſting now, with prone Carreer
To th' Ocean Iſles, and in th' aſcending Scale
Of Heav'n, the Stars that uſher Ev'ning roſe. *Milt.*

See from afar the Hills no longer ſmoke,
The ſweating Steers, unharneſs'd from the Yoke,
Bring, as in Triumph, back the crooked Plough;
The Shadows lengthen, and the Sun grows low:
Cool Breezes now the raging Heats remove. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Ev'ning now with Bluſhes warms the Air,
The Steer reſigns his Yoke, the Hind his Care:
The Clouds aloft with golden Edgings glow,
And falling Dews refreſh the Flow'rs below.
The Bat with ſooty Wings flits thro' the Grove,
The Reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the Aſpine move:
And all the feather'd Race forbear their Lays of Love.
(*Garth.*

When the low Sun is ſinking to the Main,
When riſing *Cynthia* ſheds her ſilver Dews,
And the cool Ev'ning Breeze the Meads renews.
When *Tinnets* fill the Woods with tuneful Sound,
And hollow Shores the *Halcyon*'s Voice rebound.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

As

As when from Mountain-tops the dusky Clouds
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heav'ns chearful Face, the lowring Element
Scowls o'er the darken'd Landskip Snow, or Show'r;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewel sweet
Extend his Evening-Beam, the Fields revive,
The Birds their Notes renew, and bleating Herds
Attest their Joy; that Hill and Valley rings. *Milt.*

EUNUCH.

Pleasure forsook his earliest Infancy;
The Luxury of others robb'd his Cradle,
And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man:
Cast out from Nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind.
(Dryd. All for Love.

EUROPA.

A real Bull seems in the Piece to roar,
And real Billows breaking on the Shore:
In fair *Europa*'s Face appears surprize:
To the retreating Land she turns her Eyes,
And seems to call her Maids, who wond'ring stood,
And with their Tears increas'd the briny Flood;
Her trembling Feet she by Contraction saves
From the rude Insults of the rising Waves.

EXCESS.

But young *Perissa* was of other Mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her Sisters kind;
No Measure in her Mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In Wine and Meats she flow'd above the bank,
And in excess exceeded her own might;
In sumptious Tire she joy'd her self to prank;
But of her Love to lavish, little have she thank.
(Spen.

Under

Under that Porch a comely Dame did reſt,
Clad in faire Weedes, but foule diſordered,
And Garments looſe, that ſeem'd unmeet for Woman-hood.
In her left Hand a Cup of Gold ſhe held,
And with her right the riper fruite did reach,
Whoes ſappy liquor with that fulneſs ſwell'd,
Into her Cup ſhe ſcruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine Fingers, without foule empeach,
That ſo faire wine-preſs made the Wine more ſweet:
Thereof ſhe us'd to give to drink to each,
Whome paſſing by ſhe happened to meet:
It was her guiſe, all Strangers goodly ſo to greet.
(Spen.

EXERCISE.

But well-us'd Exerciſe will chear the Mind,
And free the Spirits which have ſlept confin'd
Beneath a ſluggiſh Heap of miſty Fumes,
'Till the Soul wakes, and all her native Warmth reſumes.

EYE.

Lucretius, next regard the curious Eye,
Can you no Art, no Prudence there deſcry?
By your Mechanic Principles in vain
The Senſe of Sight you labour to explain.
You ſay, from all the Objects of the Eye,
Thin colour'd Shapes uninterrupted fly;
As wand'ring Ghoſts, ſo antient Poets feign,
Skim thro' the Air, and ſweep th' infernal Plain;
So theſe light Figures roam by Day and Night,
But undiſcover'd, 'till betray'd by Light. *Blac. Creat.*

Then only hear her Eyes;
Tho' they are mute, they plead, nay more, command:
For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Pow'r. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

FACTIOUS.

Avoid the politick, the factious Fool,
The buſy, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knave;

The quaint ſmooth Rogue, that ſins againſt his Reaſon,
Calls ſaucy loud Sedition, publick Zeal,
And Mutiny the Dictates of his Spirit. *Otw. Orph.*

FAIR.

Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,
When Flow'rs firſt peep'd, and Trees did Bloſſoms bear,
And Winter had not yet deform'd th' inverted Year.
(Dryd. Auren.

Leſs fair are Orchards in their Autumn Pride,
Adorn'd With Trees, on ſome fair River's Side.
Leſs fair are Valleys, their green Mantles ſpread,
Or Mountains with tall Cedars on their Head. *Cowl.*

FAIRIES.

Like Fairy Elves,
Whoſe midnight Revels, by a Foreſt-ſide,
Or Fountain, ſome belated Peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees, while over Head the Moon
Sits Arbitreſs, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale Courſe; they on their Mirth and Dance
Intent, with jocund Muſick charm his Ear. *Milt.*

In Days of old, when *Arthur* fill'd the Throne,
Whoſe Acts and Fame to foreign Lands were blown,
The King of Elfs, and little Fairy Queen,
Gambol'd on Heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry Green:
And where the jolly Troop had led the Round,
The Graſs unbidden roſe, and mark'd the Ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the ſilver Light
Of *Phœbe* ſerv'd to guide their Steps aright,
And, with their Tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the Night.
Her Beams they follow'd, where at full ſhe play'd,
Nor longer than ſhe ſhed her Horns they ſtaid,
From thence with airy Flight to foreign Lands con-
vey'd.
Above the reſt our *Britain* held they dear,
More ſolemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,
And made more ſpacious Rings, and revel'd half the Year.
(Dryd. Wife of Bath's Tale.

FAITH.

FAITH.

Of which the Eldeſt, that *Fidelia* high,
Like ſunny beames threw from her cryſtall face,
That could have daz'd the raſh beholders ſight,
And round her head did ſhine like Heaven's light.

She was arraid all in Lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With Wine and Water fill'd up to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himſelf enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But ſhe no whit did change her conſtant Mood:
And in her other hand ſhe faſt did hold
A Book that was both ſign'd and ſeal'd with blood,
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be under-
(ſtood. *Spen.*

FALCON.

As a Falcon faire
That once has failed of her ſouſe full neare,
Remounts again into the open Aire,
And unto better Fortune does her ſelf prepare.

As when a Falcon hath with nimble flight
Flown at a fluſh of Ducks, foreby he broke
The trembling Brood diſmaid with dreadful ſight
Of Death, the which them almoſt overtook,
Doe hide themſelves from her aſtonying look,
Amongſt the flags and covert round about.

As when a caſt of Falcons make their flight
At an Herneſhaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whiles they ſtrike at him with heedleſs might,
The warie Fowle his bill doth backward wring;
On which ſhe firſt, whoes force her firſt doth bring
Her ſelf quite through the Body doth engore,
And falleth down to grownd like ſenſeleſs thing;
But th' other not ſo ſwift as ſhe before, (*Spen.*
Fails of her ſouſe, and paſſing by doth hurt no more.

The Falcon from above,
Truſſes in middle Air the trembling Dove:
Them plumes the Prey, in her ſtrong Pounces bound;
The Feathers, foul with blood, come tumbling to the
(Ground. *Dryd. Virg*

FALSHOOD.

Her crafty Head was altogether bald,
And (as in hate of honourable eld)
Was overgrown with ſcurfe and filthy ſcald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gumes were fleld,
And her ſower breath abhominable ſmeld,
Her dryed dugs, like bladders laking wind,
Hung down, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wizled ſkin as rough as maple rinde,
So ſcaby was that would have loath'd all Womankind

Her nether parts, the ſhame of all her kind,
My chaſter Muſe for ſhame doth bluſh to write:
But at her rump ſhe growing had behind
A Foxes taile, with dung all fouly dight,
And eke her feet moſt monſtrous were in ſight;
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talons arm'd to greedy fight,
The other like a Bears uneven paw:
More ugly ſhape yet never living Creature ſaw.
(*Spe*

FAME.

Fame, the great Ill, from ſmall Beginnings grows
Swift from the firſt, and every Moment brings
New Vigour to her Flights, new Pinions to her Wings
Soon grows the Pigmy to gigantick Size:
Her Feet on Earth, her Forehead in the Skies;
Inrag'd againſt the Gods, revengeful *Earth*
Produc'd her laſt of the *Titanian* Birth:
Swift is her Walk, more ſwift her winged Haſte,
A monſtrous Phantom, horrible and vaſt.
As many Plumes as raiſe her lofty Flight,
So many piercing Eyes enlarge her Sight.

Million

Millions of op'ning Mouths to *Fame* belong,
And ev'ry Mouth is furniſh'd with a Tongue,
And round with liſt'ning Ears the flying Plague is hung.

She fills the peaceful Univerſe with Cries,
No Slumbers ever cloſe her wakeful Eyes;
By Day, from lofty Tow'rs her Head ſhe ſhews,
And ſpreads thro' trembling Crowds diſaſtrous News.
With Court-Informers haunts, and Royal Spies;
Things done, relates; not done, ſhefeigns, and mingles Truth with Lies.

Talk is her Buſ'neſs, and her chief Delight
To tell of Prodigies, and cauſe Affright. *Dryd. Virg.*

While *Fame* is young, too weak to fly away,
Envy purſues her, like ſome Bird of Prey:
But once on Wing, then all the Dangers ceaſe;
Envy her ſelf is glad to be at Peace;
Gives over, weary'd with ſo high a Flight,
Above her Reach, and ſcarce within her Sight.
But ſuch the Frailty is of Human Kind,
Men toil for *Fame*, which no Man lives to find.
Long rip'ning under Ground this *China* lies:
Fame bears no Fruit 'till the vain Planter dies. *Norm.*

How much the Thirſt of Honour fires the Blood,
How many would be great, how few be good?
For who would Virtue for her ſelf regard,
Or wed, without the Portion of Reward?
Yet this mad Chace of Fame, by few purſu'd,
Has drawn Deſtruction on the Multitude:
This Avarice of Praiſe in Times to come,
Thoſe long Inſcriptions crowded on the Tomb,
Should ſome wild Fig-tree take her native Bent,
And heave below the gawdy Monument,
Would crack the marble Titles, and diſperſe
The Characters of all the lying Verſe.
For Sepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In Time's Abyſs, the common Grave of all. *Dryd. Juv.*

PALACE of *FAME*.

Full in the midſt of this created Space,
Betwixt Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, there ſtands a Place
Confining on all Three, with triple Bound;
Whence all things, tho' remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating Sound.
The Palace of loud *Fame!* Her Seat of Pow'r;
Plac'd on the Summit of a lofty Tow'r:
A thouſand Crannies in the Walls are made;
Nor Gates, nor Bars exclude the buſy Trade.
'Tis built of Braſs, the better to diffuſe
The ſpreading Sounds, and multiply the News:
Where Ecchoes in repeated Ecchoes play:
A Mart for ever full, and open Night and Day.
Nor Silence is within, nor Voice expreſs,
But a deaf Noiſe of Sounds that never ceaſe:
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow Roar
Of Tides, receding from th' inſulted Shore;
Or like the broken Thunder heard from far,
When *Jove* to diſtance drives the rolling War.
The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din
Of Crowds, or iſſuing forth, or entring in:
A Thorough-fare of News; where ſome deviſe
Things never heard, ſome mingle Truth with Lies:
The troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat;
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error ſits brooding there; with added Train
Of vain *Credulity*; and *Joys* as vain:
Suſpicion, with *Sedition* joyn'd, are near; (*Fear*,
And *Rumours* rais'd, and *Murmurs* mix'd, and Panick
Fame ſits aloft, and ſees the ſubject Ground,
And Seas about, and Skies above; enquiring all around.
(*Dryd. Ovid.*

FAMINE.

This *Famine* has a ſharp and meagre Face:
'Tis Death in an Undreſs of Skin and Bone:
Where Age and Youth, their Land-mark ta'en away,
Look all one common Sorrow. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Famine

Famine ſo fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Uſe,
Ev'n deadly Plants, and Herbs of poys'nous Juice,
Wild Hunger eats; and to prolong our Breath,
We greedily devour our certain Death.
The Soldier, in th' Aſſault of Famine falls,
And Ghoſts, not Men, are watching on the Walls.
(Dryd. Ind. Emp.

He daily dies, by Hours and Moments.
All vital Nouriſhment, but Air, is wanting;
Three riſing Days and two deſcending Nights
Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by Turns;
But brought no kind Viciſſitude to him:
His State is ſtill the ſame, with Hunger pinch'd,
Waiting the ſlow Approaches of his Death,
Which halting onwards, as his Life goes back,
Still gains upon his Ground. *Dryd. Cleom.*

FANCY.

Emongſt them all ſate he which wonned there,
That hight *Phantaſtes* by his Nature trew;
A Man in yeares, yet freſh as mote appeare,
Of ſwarth Complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of Melancholy did ſhew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, ſharp ſtairing Eyes,
That mad or foolish ſeem'd: one by his view
Mote deeme him born with ill-diſpoſed ſkyes,
When oblique *Saturne* ſate in the Houſe of agonies.

The firſt was *Fancy*, like a lovely Boy,
Of rare aſpect, and beauty without peare;
Matchable eyther to that impe of *Troy*,
Whome *Jove* did love, and choſe his cup to beare,
Of that ſame dainty lad, which was ſo deare
To great *Alcides*, that when as he did hide,
He wailed Woman-like, with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wide,
He fill'd with *Hylas* name, the Nymphes eke *Hylas* (cride.

His garment neither was of ſilk nor ſay,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the Sun-burnt *Indian*'s do array
Their tawny Bodies, in their proudeſt plight:
As thoſe ſame plumes, ſo ſeem'd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might eaſily appeare:
For ſtill he far'd as dancing in delight.
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd ſtill here and there.
(Spen.

But as in ſweet repoſe ſhe ſlumb'ring lay,
Fatigu'd with the ſad Buſ'neſs of the Day;
An *airy Nymph* appear'd, whoſe ſplendid Show
Out ſhone the Colours of Heavn's *gaudy Bow*.
Phantaſia hight, who, with laſcivious Pride,
By Twin *Camelion*'s drawn, does gaily ride.
Sometimes her *Pigmy Littleneſs* delights,
And ſometimes her *Gygantic Stature* frights.
Now like the Day ſhe ſhines with ſilver Rays,
Now a black Night deforms her ſooty Face.
Round her all Natures various *Species* ſtand,
And follow her *unlimited* Command. *Rowe's Call.*

There is a Place, which Man moſt high does rear;
The ſmall World's Heav'n, where Reaſon rules the Here in a Robe, which does all Colours ſhow, (Sphere:
Fancy, wild Dame, with much laſcivious Pride,
By Twin-Camelions drawn, does gaily ride.
Her Coach their follows, and throngs round about,
Of Shapes, and airy Forms, an endleſs Rout.
A Sea rowls on with harmleſs Fury here,
Strait 'tis a Field, and Trees and Herbs appear.
Here in a Moment are vaſt Armies made,
And a quick Scene of War and Blood diſplay'd.
Here ſparkling Wines, and brighter Maids come in,
The Bawds for Senſe, and living Baits for Sin.
Here golden Mountains ſwell the covetous Place,
And *Centaurs* ride themſelves a painted Race. *Cowl.*

FAR-

FARMER.

The prudent Farmers, who of Heav'n implore
A plenteous Harveſt, and increaſing Store,
The fineſt of their Wheat for Seed retain,
Nor ſow their Acres with corrupted Grain;
Hence loaded Fields their annual Wealth unfold,
And ſmiling *Ceres* waves in ſheafy Gold. *Rowe's Call.*

FATE.

The Pow'r that miniſters to God's Decrees,
And executes on Earth what he forſees:
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or fatal Sway,
Comes with reſiſtleſs Force, and finds or makes her Way.
Nor Kings, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r,
One Moment can retard th' appointed Hour.
For ſure what e'er we Mortals hate or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above.
They move our Appetites to Good or Ill,
And by Foreſight neceſſitate the Will. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
Man makes his Fate according to his Mind.
The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,
But ſhe's a Drudge when hector'd by the Brave.
If Fate weave common Thread, he'll change the Doom,
And with new Purple ſpread a nobler Loom.
(Dryd. Cong. of Gran.

Heav'n has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky Revolutions of their Fate:
Whoſe Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
(For human Good depends on human Will)
Our Fortune rolls as from a ſmooth Deſcent,
And from the firſt Impreſſion takes the Bent:
But if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like Wind, *(Achit.*
And leaves repenting Folly far behind. *Dryd. Ab. &*

FEAR.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himſelf not ſafe enough thereby,
But fear'd each Shadow moving to and fro:

And his own Armes when glittering he did ſpy,
Or claſhing heard, he faſt away did fly,
As Aſhes pale of hue, and wingy-heel'd;
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
'Gainſt whom he always bent a brazen Shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.
(Spen.

A deadly Fear o'er all his Vitals reigns,
And his chill'd Blood hangs curdled in his Veins. *Blac.*
The pale Aſſiſtants on each other ſtar'd,
With gaping Mouths for iſſuing Words prepar'd:
The ſtill-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring Tongue.
(Dryd. Theod. & Hon.
I feel my Sinews ſlacken'd with the Fright,
And a cold Sweat trills down o'er all my Limbs,
As if I were diſſolving into Water. *Dryd. Temp.*

FEAR *of* DEATH.

Carus, we grant no Man is bleſt but he
Whoſe Mind from anxious Thought of Death is free:
Let Lawrel Wreaths the Victor's Brows adorn,
Sublime thro' gazing Throngs in Triumph's borne:
Let Acclamations ring around the Skies,
While curling Clouds of balmy Incenſe riſe:
Let Spoils immenſe, let Trophies gain'd in War,
And conquer'd Kings attend his rolling Car:
In dread of Death ſtill unſubdu'd remains,
And ſecret o'er the vanquiſh'd Monarch reigns;
Th' illuſtrious Slave in endleſs Thraldom bears
A heavier Chain than his led Captive wears.

FEELING.

But the firſt troupe moſt horrible of hue,
And fierce of force, was dreadful to reporte:
For ſome, like Snailes, ſome did like Spiders ſhew;
And ſome like ugly Urchins thick and ſhort:
They cruely aſſailed that fifth Foe,

Armed

Armed with darts of ſenſuall delight,
With ſtrings of carnall luſt, and ſtrong effort
Of feeling pleaſure, with which day and night
Againſt that ſame fift Bulwark they continued fight.
(*Spen.*

FEMALE.

All Females have Prerogative of Sex:
The She's, ev'n of the Savage Herd, are ſafe;
All, when they ſnarl or bite, have no Return,
But Courtſhip from the Male. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

FIGHTING.

Now they begin the Tragick Play,
And with their ſmoky Cannon baniſh Day.
At the firſt Shock, with Blood and Powder ſtain'd,
Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former Face retain'd.
Fury and Art produce Effects ſo ſtrange,
They trouble Nature, and her Viſage change.
Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confuſion meets,
And in their ſable Arms embrace the Fleets.
Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullets fly,
And of one Wound hundreds together dye:
Born under diff'rent Stars, one Fate they have,
The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave.
The Sea that bluſh'd with Blood. *Wall.*

As th' Elm, which of its Arms the Ax bereaves,
New Strength and Vigour from its Wounds receives;
Their Rage by Loſs of Blood is kindled more;
And with their Guns, like Hurricanes they roar.
Like Hurricanes, the knotted Oaks they tear,
Scourge the vex'd Ocean, and torment the Air.
Whilſt Earth, Air, Sea, in wild Confuſion hurl'd,
With univerſal Wreck and *Chaos* threat the World.
Such would the Noiſe be ſhould this mighty All,
Cruſh'd and confounded, into Atoms fall.
The Ships, which in magnificent Array,
But juſt before did their proud Flags diſplay,
And ſeem'd with warring Deſtiny to play;

Now from our Rage, deſpoil'd of rigging, tow,
Or burn, or up into the Air they blow.
Thus a large Row of Oaks does long remain
The Ornament and Shelter of the Plain:
With their aſpiring Heads they reach the Sky,
Their huge extended Arms the Winds defy:
The Tempeſt ſees their Strength, and ſighs, and paſſes by.
When *Jove* concern'd that they ſo high aſpire,
Amongſt them ſends his own revenging Fire,
Which does with diſmal Havock on 'em fall,
Burns ſome, and tears up ſome, but rends them all;
From their dead Trunks their mangled Arms are torn,
And from their Heads their ſcatter'd Glories born:
Upon the Heath they blaſted ſtand and bare,
And thoſe whom once they ſhelter'd, now they ſcare.
(Denham.

Amid the Main two mighty Fleets engage,
Their brazen Beaks oppos'd with equal Rage;
Moving they fight, with Oars and forky Prows
The Froth is gather'd, and the Water glows:
It ſeems as if the *Cyclades* again
Were rooted up, and joſtled in the Main;
Or floating Mountains floating Mountains meet;
Such is the fierce Encounter of the Fleet:
Fireballs are thrown, and pointed Jav'lins fly:
The Fields of *Neptune* take a purple Dye. *Dryd. Virg.*

FIRE.

Like as a Fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long been under-kept and down ſuppreſt,
With murmurous diſdain doth inly rave,
And grudge in ſo ſtreight Priſon to be preſt,
At laſt breakes forth with furious unreſt,
And ſtrives to mount unto his native Seat;
All that earſt it hinder and moleſt,
It now devoures with flames and ſcorching heat,
And carries into ſmoake with rage and horror great.
(Spen.

As

As when in Summer welcome Winds ariſe,
The watchful Shepherd to the Foreſt flies,
And fires the midmoſt Plants: Contagion ſpreads,
And catching Flames infeſt the neighb'ring Heads.
Around the Foreſt flies the furious Blaſt,
And all the leafy Nation ſinks at laſt,
And *Vulcan* rides in Triumph o'er the Waſte;
The Paſtor pleas'd with his dire Victory,
Beholds the ſatiate Flames in Sheets aſcend the Sky.
For firſt the ſmould'ring Flame the Trunk receives;
Aſcending thence it crackles in the Leaves:
At length victorious to the Top aſpires,
Involving all the Wood in ſmoky Fires;
But moſt, when driv'n by Winds the flaming Storm,
Of the long Files deſtroys the beauteous Form.
The Flame, unſtop'd at firſt, more Fury gains,
And *Vulcan* rides at large with looſen'd Reins;
Triumphant to the painted Sterns he ſoars,
And ſeizes in his way the Banks and crackling Oars.
A Storm of Sparkles and of Flames ariſe.
Nor will the raging Fires their Fury ceaſe,
But lurking in the Seams with ſeeming Peace
Work on their Way amid the ſmould'ring Tow,
Sure in Deſtruction, but in Motion ſlow.
The ſilent Plague thro' the green Timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy Flame by Fits.
Down to the Keels, and upward to the Sails,
The Fire deſcends, or mounts; but ſtill prevails;
Nor Buckets pour'd, nor Strength of human Hand
Can the victorious Element withſtand,
Or ſtop the fiery Peſt. (*Dryd. Virg.*

FIRST AGE.

The antique world, in his firſt flowing youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
But with glad thanks, and unreproved truth,
The gifres of ſoveraigne Bounty did embrace:
Like Angels life was then Man's happy caſe;

But

But later ages pride (like corne-fed Steed)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat ſwoln encreaſe,
To all licentious luſt, and gan exceed
The meaſure of her meane, and natural firſt need.

Then gan a curſed hand the quiet Wombe
Of his great Grandmother with Steele to wound,
And the hid treaſures in her ſacred tombe
With ſacriledge to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of Gold and Silver to abound,
Of which the Matter of his huge deſire
And pompous pride eftſoones he did compound;
Then Avarice gan through his veines to inſpire
His greedy flames, and kendle life-devouring fire.
(*Spen.*

FIRST STATE.

He milk'd the lowing Herd, he preſs'd the Cheeſe,
Folded the Flock, and ſpun the woolly Fleece.
In Urns the Bees delicious Dews he lay'd,
Whoſe kindling Wax invented Day diſplay'd;
Wreſted their Iron Entrails from the Hills,
Then with the Spoils his glowing Forges fills;
And ſhap'd with vig'rous Strokes the ruddy Bar,
To rural Arms, unconſcious yet of War.
He made the Plough-ſhare in the Furrow ſhine,
And learn'd to ſow his Bread, and plant his Vine.
Now verdant Food adorn'd the Garden Beds,
And fruitful Trees ſhot up their branching Heads;
Rich Balm from Groves, and Herbs from graſſy Plains,
His Feaver ſooth'd, or heal'd his wounded Veins.

FISH.

The briny *Fiſhes* laſt compleat the Round,
Thin Humours there, and watry Parts abound;
Small Heads and puny Arms on them depend,
And Shapes which in diſtorted Poſtures bend;
Their Size to dwarfiſh Littleneſs confin'd,
Seems an imperfect Model of Mankind.

FLAT

FLATTERY.

Tropart, fit Man for *Bragadochio*,
To ſerve at Court to view of vaunting eye;
Vaine glorious man, when fluttering wind does blow,
In his light wings, is lifted up to Sky:
The Scorne of Knight-hood and true Chivalrie,
To think without deſert of gentle deed,
And noble worth, to be advanced hie;
Such Praiſe is ſhame; but Honour, Vertues meed,
Doth bear the faireſt Flower in honourable Seed.
(Spen.

No Flattery, Boy! an honeſt Man can't live by't.
It is a little ſneaking Art, which Knaves
Uſe to cajole, and ſoften Fools withall:
If thou haſt Flattery in thy Nature, out with it;
Or ſend it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive. *Otw. Orph.*
'Tis next to Money currant there;
To be ſeen daily in as many Forms
As there are ſorts of Vanities and Men.
The ſuperſtitious Stateſman has his Sneer,
To ſmooth a poor Man off, who cannot bribe him:
The grave dull Fellow of ſmall Buſ'neſs ſooths
The Humouriſt, and will needs admire his Wit.
Who without Spleen could ſee a hot-brain'd Atheiſt
Thanking a ſurly Doctor for his Sermon?
Or a grave Counſellor meet a ſmooth young Lord,
Squeeze him by the Hand, and praiſe his good Com-
(plexion? *Otw. Orph.*

FLIES.

How many Flies in hotteſt Somers day
Do ſeize upon ſome Beaſt, whoes fleſh is bare,
That all the Place with Swarmes doe overlay,
And with their little Stings right felly fare. *Spen.*

FLOOD.

As he that ſtrives to ſtop a ſudein flood,
And in ſtrong Bankes his violence encloſe,
Forceth his ſwell above his wonted mood,

And

And largely overflowe the fruitful Plaine,
That all the Country ſeems to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The woful Husbandman doth loud complaine,
To ſee his whole Yeares labour loſt ſo ſoon,
For which to God he made ſo many an idle boon.
(*Spe*

Thus Deluges, deſcending on the Plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow Year, deſtroy the Pains
Of lab'ring Oxen, and the Peaſant's Gains;
Unroot the Foreſt Oaks, and bear away
Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undiſtinguiſh'd Prey.
The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and ſees from far
The waſtful Ravage of the watry War.
Not with ſo fierce a Rage the foaming Flood
Roars when he finds his rapid Courſe withſtood;
Bears down the Dams with unreſiſted ſway,
And ſweeps the Cattle and the Cots away. *Dryd. Vir*
The fruitful *Nile*
Flow'd e'er the wonted Seaſon, with a Torrent
So unexpected, and ſo wondrous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the Haſte
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it. Men and Beaſts
Were borne upon the Tops of Trees, that grew
On th' utmoſt Margin of the Water-mark:
Then with ſo ſwift an Ebb the Flood drove backwar
It ſlipp'd from underneath the ſcaly Herd;
Here monſtrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore,
Forſaken Dolphins there, with their broad Tails,
Lay laſhing the departing Waves; hard by 'em
Sea-Horſes flound'ring in the ſlimy Mud,
Toſs'd up their Heads, and daſh'd the Ooze about 'em.
(*Dryd. All for Lov*

FLOWERS.

Like as a Flower, whoes ſilken Leaves tho' ſmall,
Long ſhut up in the Bud from Heavens view,
At length breakes forth, and brode diſplaies his ſmilin
(hue. *Spen*
Withi

Within the Chambers of the Globe they ſpy
The Beds, where ſleeping Vegetables lye:
'Till the glad Summons of a genial Ray
Unbind the Glebe, and call them out to Day.
Hence Pancies trick themſelves in various Hue,
And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant Dew:
Hence the Carnation, and the baſhful Roſe,
Their Virgin-bluſhes to the Morn diſcloſe.
Hence the chaſte Lilly riſes to the Light,
Unveils her ſnowy Breaſt, and charms the Sight.
Hence Arbors are with t[illegible]ing Greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade. *Gar.*

FOGS.

So frequent *Fogs* the Face of *Titan* ſhroud,
Veil'd with thick Air, or mantled in a Cloud:
'Till breaking thro' the Vapours of the Night,
He ſhoots his Beams Abroad, a Flood of Light.
To Heav'n and Earth he vindicates his Sway,
And abſolute Prerogative of Day.

Thick Damps and lazy Fogs ariſe,
And with their ſluggiſh Treaſures clog the Skies:
Some from dark Caverns, far remote from Day,
From each embowel'd Mount, and hollow Vault,
Crude Exhalations, and raw Vapours brought.
Some from deep Quagmires, Ponds, and ſedgy Moors,
Drive the dull Reeds, and ſhove the haizy Stores.
To their appointed Station all repair,
And with their heavy Wings encumber all the Air:
The pond'rous Night's impenetrable Streams,
Exclude the Sun, and choke his brighteſt Beams. *Blac.*

FOND.

So the ſoft Mother, tho' the Babe be dead,
Will have the Darling on her Boſom laid;
Will talk, and rave; and with the Nurſes ſtrive,
Fondling it ſtill, as if it were alive:

Knows

Knows it muſt go, yet ſtruggles with the Crowd,
And ſhrieks to ſee them wrap it in the Shrowd.
(*Lee Luc. Jun. Brut.*

FOOL.

Fortune takes Care that Fools ſhould ſtill be ſeen:
She places 'em aloft, o'th'top-moſt Spoke
Of all her Wheel; Fools are the daily Work
Of Nature; her Vocation: if ſhe form
A Man, ſhe loſes by't; 'tis too expenſive,
'Twould make ten Fools: a Man's a Prodigy.
(*Dryd. Oedip.*

He was a Fool thro' Choice, not want of Wit.
His Foppery, without the Help of Senſe,
Could ne'er have ris'n to ſuch an Excellence:
Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,
As a Philoſopher; the very Top,
And Dignity of Folly, we attain
By ſtudious Search, and Labour of the Brain;
By Obſervation, Counſel, and deep Thought;
God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat:
We owe that Name to Induſtry and Arts;
An eminent Fool muſt be a Man of Parts. *Roch.*

FOREST.

There ſtood a Foreſt on a Mountain's Brow,
That overlook'd the ſhaded Plain below:
No ſounding Ax preſum'd thoſe Trees to bite,
Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Black was the Foreſt, thick with Beech it ſtood,
Horrid with Fern, and intricate with Thorn:
Few Paths of human Feet, or Tracks of Beaſts were
(worn. *Dryd. Virg.*

FORTITUDE.

Reſign'd in ev'ry State,
With Patience bear, with Prudence puſh your Fate:
By ſuff'ring well, our Fortune we ſubdue;
Fly when ſhe frowns, and when ſhe calls, perſue.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

De-

Dejected! No, it never ſhall be ſaid,
That Fate had Pow'r upon a *Spartan* Soul:
My Mind on its own Centre ſtands unmov'd,
And ſtable, as the Fabrick of the World,
Propt on it ſelf. Still I am *Cleomenes*.
I fought the Battel bravely, which I loſt;
And loſt it but to *Macedonians*;
The Succeſſors of thoſe who conquer'd *Aſia*.
'Twas for a Cauſe too! ſuch a Cauſe I fought!
Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword.
Greece, like a lovely Heifer, ſtood in View,
To ſee the Rival Bulls each other gore,
But wiſh'd the Conqueſt mine.
I fled; and yet I langniſh not in Exile,
But here in *Egypt* whet my blunted Horns,
And meditate new Fights, and chew my Loſs.
(*Dryd. Cleom.*

In ſtruggling with Misfortunes
Lyes the true Proof of Virtue: on ſmooth Seas
How many bawble Boats dare ſet their Sails,
And make an equal Way with firmer Veſſels?
But let the Tempeſt once enrage the Sea,
And then behold the ſtrong-ribb'd *Argoſie*,
Bounding between the Ocean and the Air,
Like *Perſeus* mounted on his *Pegaſus*:
Then where are thoſe weak Rivals of the Main?
Or to avoid the Tempeſt fled to Port,
Or made a Prey to *Neptune*: even thus
Do empty Show, and true priz'd Worth divide
In Storms of Fortune. *Shak. & Dryd. Troil. & Creſ.*

Thou haſt been
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing:
A Man, who Fortune's Buffets and Rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal Thanks: And bleſt are they
Whoſe Blood and Judgment mingled are ſo well,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger,
To ſound what Stop ſhe pleaſe. *Shak. Haml.*

Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,

I have

I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield,
Can take in all; and Verge enough for more.
Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's.
Souls know no Conquerors. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

FORTUNE.

On high, where no hoarſe Winds nor Clouds reſort,
The hood-wink'd Goddeſs keeps her partial Court.
Upon a Wheel of Amethiſt ſhe ſits;
Gives, and reſumes; and ſmiles, and frowns by Fits.
In this ſtill Labyrinth around her lye
Spells, Philtres, Globes, and Schemes of Palmeſtry.
A Sigil in this Hand the Gypſie bears;
In t'other a prophetick Sieve and Shears.
Where Nature has deny'd, her Favours flow:
'Tis ſhe that gives, ſo mighty is her Pow'r!
Faith to the *Jew*, Complexion to the *Moor*.
She is the Wretches Wish, the Rook's Pretence,
The Sluggard's Eaſe, the Coxcomb's Providence:
Souls Heav'nly born her faithleſs Boons defy;
The Brave is to himſelf a Deity. *Gar.*

Fortune! made up of Toys and Impudence,
Thou common Jade, that haſt not common Senſe!
But, fond of Buſ'neſs, inſolently dares
Pretend to rule, and ſpoil the World's Affairs!
She flutt'ring up and down her Favours throws
On the next met, not minding what ſhe does,
Nor why, nor whom ſhe helps or injures, knows.
Sometimes ſhe ſmiles, then like a Fury raves,
And ſeldom truly loves, but Fools, or Knaves.
Let her love whom ſhe pleaſe, I ſcorn to wooe her;
While ſhe ſtays with me, I'll be civil ſo her:
But if ſhe offer once to move her Wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gewgaw Things;
And, arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious ſtand
Than if the Bitch ſtill bow'd at my Command.
I'll marry Honeſty tho' ne'er ſo poor,
Rather than follow ſuch a blind dull Whore. *Buck*

Pleaſur

Pleaſure has been the Buſ'neſs of my Life,
And every Change of Fortune eaſy to me,
Becauſe I ſtill was eaſy to my ſelf. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Fate's dark Receſſes we can never find,
But *Fortune*, at ſome Hours, to all is kind.
The lucky have whole Days, which ſtill they chooſe;
Th' unlucky have but Hours, and thoſe they looſe.
(Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Who knows what changeful *Fortune* may produce.
(Dryd. Virg.

FOWL.

So ſpread upon a Lake, with upward Eye
A Plump of Fowl behold their Foe on high:
They cloſe their trembling Troop, and all attend
On whom the ſouſing Eagle will deſcend.
(Dryd. Theod. & Hon.

See, over-head a Flock of new-ſprung Fowl
Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul;
Dark'ning the Sky they hover o'er, and ſhrow'd
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd Cloud. *Wall.*

FRANCE.

Such equal Tempers happy *Gallia* knows,
Such are the Forms our kinder Heav'n beſtows,
Far from the Clime where ſultry Suns ariſe,
Far from the Wintry *North*'s inclement Skies,
In the *Mid ſpace* the Queen of Nations lies;
With ſofteſt Airs, with ſweeteſt is ſhe bleſt,
And gentle Heats brood on her balmy Breaſt.

FRENCH.

The *French* in Language pure, in Senſe polite,
The willing Reader to the Taſk invite. *Rowe's Caſt.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Ne certes can that Friendſhip long endure,
However gay and goodly be the Stile,
That doth ill cauſe or evill end endure:
For vertue is the band that bindeth hearts moſt ſure.

Hard

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And doe diſpart the Heart with Powre extreame,
Whether ſhall weigh the ballance down; to weet
The deare affection unto kindred ſweet,
Or raging Fire of love to womankind,
Or Zeale of Friends combin'd with vertues meet:
But of them all, the band of vertuous mind
Me ſeems the gentle Heart ſhould moſt aſſured bin

For natural Affection ſoon doth ceaſe,
And quenched is with *Cupid*'s greater flame:
But faithful Friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſs,
And them with maiſtring dicipline doth tame,
Through thoughts inſpiring to eternal Fame.
For as the Soul doth rule the earthly Maſs,
And all the Service of the Body frame;
So love of Soul doth love of Body paſs
No leſs than perfect gold ſurmounts the mean
(braſs. *Sp*

I had a Friend that lov'd me:
I was his Soul: he liv'd not but in me:
We were ſo clos'd within each others Breaſts,
The Rivets were not found that join'd us firſt.
That does not reach us yet: we were ſo mix'd,
As meeting Streams; both to our ſelves were loſt.
We were one Maſs, we could not give or take.
But from the ſame: for he was I; I, He:
Return my better Half, and give me all my ſelf,
For thou art all!
If I have any Joy when thou art abſent,
I grudge it to my ſelf: Methinks I rob
Thee of thy Part. *Dryd. All for Lov*

Thus from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life in Love together:
One Bed has held us; and the ſame Deſires,
The ſame Averſions, ſtill imploy'd our Thoughts.
Whene'er had I a Friend that was not *Polydor*'s,
Or *Polydor* a Foe that was not mine? Neithe

Neither has any Thing he calls his own,
But of each others Joys as Griefs partaking,
So very honeſtly, ſo well they love,
As they were only for each other born. *Otw. Orph.*

Then *Theſeus* join'd with bold *Perithous* came,
A ſingle Concord in a double Name. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Their Love in early Infancy began,
And roſe as Childhood ripen'd into Man:
Companions of the War; and lov'd ſo well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient Stories tell,
His Fellow to redeem him, went to Hell.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

The Friends thou haſt, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel.
(Shak. Haml.

Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſes an inforced Ceremony:
There are no Tricks in plain and ſimple Faith;
But hollow Men, like Horſes hot at Hand,
Make gallant Shew and Promiſe of their Mettle;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Creſt, and like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Tryal. *Shak. Jul. Caſ.*

Proteſtations of Friendſhip.

No Fate my vow'd Affection ſhall divide
From thee, Heroick Youth! Be wholly mine!
Take full Poſſeſſion: All my Soul is thine!
One Faith, one Fame, one Fate ſhall both attend;
My Life's Companion, and my Boſom-Friend!
But if ſome Chance, as many Chances are,
And doubtful Hazards in the Deeds of War;
If one ſhould reach my Head, there let it fall,
And ſpare thy Life; I would not periſh All. *Dryd. Virg.*

FROST. *See* Winter.

Swift Rivers are with ſuddain Ice conſtrain'd;

And

The topmoſt Part his glitt'ring Arms adorn;
Warm Waters then, in brazen Cauldrons born,
Are pour'd to waſh the Body Joint by Joint,
And fragrant Oyls the ſtiffen'd Limbs anoint.
With Groans and Cries *Miſenus* they deplore:
Then on a Bier, with Purple cover'd o'er,
The breathleſs Body, thus bewail'd, they lay;
And fire the Pile, their Faces turn'd away;
Such rev'rend Rites their Fathers us'd to pay.
Pure Oyl and Incenſe on the Fire they throw,
And Fat of Victims which his Friends beſtow.
Theſe Gifts the greedy Flames to Duſt devour,
Then, on the living Coals, red Wine they pour.
And laſt, the Relicks by themſelves diſpoſe,
Which in a brazen Urn the Prieſts incloſe.
Old *Chorineus* compaſs'd thrice the Crew,
And dipp'd an Olive-Branch in holy Dew;
Which thrice he ſprinkl'd round, and thrice aloud
Invok'd the Dead, and then diſmiſs'd the Croud.

(*Dryd. Vir*

FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Of Oaken Twigs they twiſt an eaſy Bier;
Then on their Shoulders the ſad Burthen rear.
The Body on this rural Herſe is borne;
Strew'd Leaves and Funeral-Greens the Bier adorn.
Then two fair Veſts of wond'rous Work and Coſt,
Of Purple woven, and with Gold emboſs'd,
For Ornament the *Trojan* Hero brought;
One Veſt array'd the Corps, and one they ſpread
O'er his clos'd Eyes, and wrapp'd around his Head:
That when the yellow Hair in Flame ſhould fall,
The catching Fire might burn the golden Caul.
Beſides, the Spoils of Foes in Battel ſlain,
Arms, Trappings, Horſes, by the Herſe are led
In long Array, (th' Atchievements of the Dead.)
Then, pinion'd with their Hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy Captives, marching in the Rear:

Ap

Appointed Offrings in the Victor's Name,
To ſprinkle with their Blood the funr'al Flame.
Inferior Trophies by the Chiefs are borne,
Gauntlets and Helms their loaded Hands adorn:
And fair Inſcriptions fix'd, and Titles read,
Of *Latian* Leaders conquer'd by the Dead.
Acætes on his Pupil's Corps attends,
With feeble Steps, ſupported by his Friends:
Pauſing at ev'ry Pace.
The Champion's Chariot next is ſeen to roul,
Beſmear'd with hoſtile Blood, and honourably foul.
To cloſe the Pomp, *Æthon*, the Steed of State,
Is led, the Fun'rals of his Lord to wait:
Stript of his Trappings, with a ſullen Pace (Face.
He walks; and the big Tears run rouling down his
The Lance of *Pallas*, and the crimſon Creſt
Are borne behind; the Victor ſeiz'd the reſt.
The March begins: the Trumpets hoarſly ſound;
The Pikes and Lances trail along the Ground.
In long Proceſſion rank'd, they thus direct their Courſe.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

The Peaſants were enjoyn'd
Sere-Wood, and Firs, and dodder'd Oaks to find.
With ſounding Axes to the Grove they go,
Fell, ſplit, and lay the Fewel on a Row;
Vulcanian Food: A Bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeleſs Body ſhould be rear'd,
Cover'd with Cloth of Gold, on which was laid
The Corps of *Arcite* in like Robes array'd.
White Gloves were on his Hands, and on his Head
A Wreath of Lawrel, mixt with Myrtle, ſpread.
A Sword keen-edg'd within his Right he held,
The warlike Emblem of the conquer'd Field:
Bare was his manly Viſage on the Bier;
Menac'd his Count'nance, ev'n in Death ſevere.
Then to the Palace-Hall they bore the Knight
To lie in ſolemn State, a publick Sight;

Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the crowded Place,
And unaffected Sorrow ſate on ev'ry Face.
Sad *Palamon* above the reſt appears,
In ſable Garments, dew'd with guſhing Tears:
His auborn Locks on either Shoulder flow'd,
Which to the Fun'ral of his Friend he vow'd.
But *Emily*, as Chief, was next his Side,
A Virgin Widow, and a Mourning Bride.
The Steed that bore him living to the Fight,
Was trapp'd with poliſh'd Steel, all ſhining bright,
And cover'd with th' Atchievments of the Knight.
The Riders rode abreaſt, and one his Shield,
His Lance of Cornel-Wood another held;
The third his Bow: and glorious to behold,
The coſtly Quiver all of burniſh'd Gold.
The nobleſt of the *Grecians* next appear,
And weeping, on their Shoulders bore the Bier;
With ſober Pace they march'd, and often ſtay'd,
And thro' the Maſter-ſtreet the Corps convey'd.
The Houſes to their Tops with Black were ſpread,
And ev'n the Pavements were with Mourning hid.
The right Side of the Pall old *Egeus* kept,
And on the left the Royal *Theſeus* wept:
Each bore a golden Bowl of Work divine, (Win
With Honey fill'd, and Milk; and mixt with rudd
Then *Palamon*, the Kinſman of the Slain,
And after him appear'd th' illuſtrious Train.
To grace the Pomp came *Emily* the bright,
With cover'd Fire, the fun'ral Pile to light.
So lofty was the Pile, a *Parthian* Bow,
With Vigour drawn, muſt ſend the Shaft below.
The Bottom was full twenty Fathom broad, (ſtrow'
With crackling Straw beneath in due Proportic
The Fabrick ſeem'd a Wood of riſing Green,
With Sulphur and Bitumen caſt between,
To feed the Flames: the Trees were unctuous Fir,
And Mountain Aſh the Mother of the Spear,
The Mourner Eugh, and Builder Oak were there.

Th

The Beech, the ſwimming Alder, and the Plane,
Hard Box, and Linden of a ſofter Grain;
And Laurel, which the Gods for conqu'ring Chiefs (ordain.

The Straw was laid below;
Of Chips and Sere-Wood was the ſecond Row;
The third of Greens, and Timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high Stage the fragrant Odours held,
And Pearls, and precious Stones, and rich Array;
In midſt of which, embalm'd, the Body lay.
The Service ſung, the Maid with mourning Eyes
The Stubble fir'd; the ſmouldring Flames ariſe.
While the devouring Fire was burning faſt,
Rich Jewels in the Flame the Wealthy caſt;
And ſome their Shields, and ſome their Lances threw,
And gave the Warriour's Ghoſt a Warriour's Due.
Full Bowls of Wine, of Honey, Milk, and Blood,
Were pour'd upon the Pile of burning Wood,
And hiſſing Flames receive, and hungry lick the Food.
Then thrice the mounted Squadrons ride around
The Fire, and *Arcite*'s Name they thrice reſound:
Hail, and Farewel, they ſhouted thrice amain:
Thrice facing to the Left, and thrice they turn'd again.
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring Shields,
The Women mix their Cries, and Clamour fills the Fields.
(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

FURY.

But Fury was full ill apparelled
In rags, that naked nigh ſhe did appeare,
With ghaſtfull looks and dreadfull drery Head;
For from her back her garments ſhe did teare,
And from her head oft rent her ſnarled Haire:
In her right hand a fire-brand ſhe did toſſe
About her head, ſtill roaming here and there;
As a diſmayed Deere in chace emboſt,
Forgetful of his ſafety hath his right way loſt.
(*Spen.*

The Fury heard, while on *Cocytus'* Brink,
Her Snakes unty'd, Sulphureous Waters drink;
But at the Summons, roll'd her Eyes around,
And ſnatch'd the ſtarting Serpents from the Ground.
A hundred Snakes her gloomy Viſage ſhade,
A hundred Serpents guard her horrid Head,
In her ſunk Eye-balls, dreadful Meteors glow,
Such Light does *Phœbe*'s bloody Orb beſtow, (high.
When lab'ring with ſtrong Charms, ſhe ſhoots from
A fiery Gleam, and reddens all the Sky.
Blood ſtain'd her Cheeks, and from her Mouth there
(came
Blue ſtreaming Poyſons, and a length of Flame;
From ev'ry Blaſt of her contagious Breath,
Famine and Drought proceed, and Plagues and Death.
A Robe obſcene was o'er her Shoulders thrown,
A Dreſs by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toſt her meagre Arms; her better Hand
In waving Circles whirl'd a Fun'ral Brand:
A curling Serpent from her left did rear
His flaming Creſt, and laſh'd the yielding Air.

FURIES.

Deep in the diſmal Regions void of Light,
Three Daughters at a Birth were born to *Night*.
Theſe their brown Mother, brooding on her Care,
Indu'd with windy Wings to flit in Air, (Hair.
With Serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hiſſing
In Heav'n the *Diræ* call'd; and ſtill at hand,
Before the Throne of angry *Jove* they ſtand;
His Miniſters of Wrath! and ready ſtill
The Minds of mortal Men with Fears to fill;
Whene'er the moody Sire, to wreak his Hate,
On Realms or Towns, deſerving of their Fate,
Hurls down Diſeaſes, Death, and deadly Care,
And terrifies the guilty World with War. *Dryd. Virg.*

FU-

FUTURITY.

Diſtruſt and Darkneſs of a future State,
Make poor Mankind ſo fearful of their Fate.
Death in it ſelf is nothing, but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.
(Dryd. Aurenz.

To be or not to be! that is the Queſtion!
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to ſuffer
The Slings and Arrows of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Arms againſt a Sea of Troubles,
And by oppoſing, end them? To die! to ſleep
No more! and by a Sleep to ſay we end
The Heart-ach, and the thouſand nat'ral Shocks
That Fleſh is Heir to! 'Tis a Conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die! to ſleep!
To ſleep, perchance to dream! Aye, there's the Rub,
For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffl'd off this mortal Coyle,
Muſt give us Pauſe. There's the Reſpect
That makes Calamity of ſo long Life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
Th' Oppreſſor's Wrong, the poor Man's Contumely,
The Pangs of deſpis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
The Inſolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient Merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin. Who would Fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary Life,
But that the Dread of ſomething after Death,
The undiſcover'd Country, from whoſe Bourne
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of! *Shak. Ham.*

Divines but peep on undiſcover'd Worlds,
And draw the diſtant Landſkip as they pleaſe;
But who has e'er return'd from thoſe bright Regions,
To tell their Manners and relate their Laws?
(Dryd. Don. Seb.

GARDEN.

It was a choſen plot of fertile land,
Emongſt wide waves ſet like a little Neſt,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand,
Been choiſely picked out from all the reſt,
And layd forth for enſample of the beſt:
No dainty flowre or hearb that growes on ground,
No Arboret with painted Bloſſoms dreſt,
And ſmelling ſweet, but there it might be found
To but out faire, and her ſweet ſmels throwe all around.
No tree whoes branches did not bravely ſpring;
No branch whereon a fine bird did not ſit:
No bird, but did her ſhrill notes ſweetly ſing;
No ſong but did containe a lovely dit:
Trees, branches, birds, and ſongs were framed fit
For to allure fraile mindes to careleſs eaſe:
Careleſs the man ſoon wax, and his weake wit
Was overcome of thing that did him pleaſe;
So pleaſed, did his wrathful purpoſe faire appeaſe.
(Spen.

Bear me, ſome God, to *Baia*'s gentle Seats,
Or cover me in *Umbria*'s green Retreats,
Where ev'n rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
And trodden Weeds ſend out a rich Perfume.
Where Weſtern Gales eternally reſide,
And all the Seaſons laviſh all their Pride:
Bloſſoms, and Fruits, and Flow'rs together riſe,
And the whole Year in gay Confuſion lies. *Add.*

GENERAL.

He in the Shock of charging Hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt Confuſion, Horrour, and Deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War:
In peaceful Thought the Field of Death ſurvey'd,
To fainting Squadrons ſent the timely Aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd Batallions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage.

So

So when an Angel by divine Command,
With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land;
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious Blaſt:
And pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.
(*Add. Camp.*

GERMANS.

Then if you viſit the *Germanic* Soil,
You'll find it worth your Travel and your Toil.
The martial People's Arms once kept in Awe
Old *Rome*, which gave the World Imperial Law.
Of fiery Viſage, and uncommon Size,
They flaſh'd in her undaunted Eagles Eyes.
Their honeſt Hearts abhor the leaſt Degree
Of winding Craft, and tricking Knavery.
They ſcorn all Maſks of Prudence, all Diſguiſe,
And Politicians ſerpentinely wiſe.
Whether, that born beneath a cold thick Air,
Wit ſeldom falls to the dull *German*'s Share;
Or frequent Fudling does their Spirits drain,
And *Bacchus* ſtupify their foggy Brain:
For there they gage the Largeneſs of their Soul
By Bumpers, and the Bigneſs of their Bowl.
With them a ſwelling Paunch, and ſtudded Face,
Is always reckon'd a becoming Grace;
And he who can the twentieth Bottle ſtand,
Is the beſt Heroe of the *Drinking-Land*.
Nay, Father *Bacchus* all their Councils guides,
Dictates at Treaties, and at Leagues preſides;
No mutual Friendſhip for ſincere will paſs
Without the Pleaſure of a plenteous Glaſs;
It then grows ſtrongeſt, when moſt Healths they toaſt,
And he's the trueſt Heart, who drinks the moſt.
(*Rowe's Call.*

GHOST.

Forms without Body, and impaſſive Air,
The ſquallid Spectres, that in dead of Night (*Virg.*
Break my ſhort Sleep, and ſkim before my Sight *Dryd.*

It faded at the Crowing of the Cock,
And ſtarted like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful Summons. *Shak. Hamlet.*

GIANT.

His monſtrous enemy
With ſturdy ſteps came ſtalking in his ſight
An hideous Giant, horrible and hie,
That with his talneſs ſeem'd to threat the Sky;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed;
His living like ſaw never living eye,
Ne durſt behold; his ſtature did exceed
The hight of three the talleſt Sons of mortal Seed.
(Spen.

GLUTTONY.

And by his ſide rode loathſome *Gluttony*,
Deformed Creature, on a filthy Swine,
His Belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatneſs ſwollen were his eyne:
And like a Crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he ſwallowed up exceſſive feaſt,
For want whereof poor People oft did pine;
And all the way moſt like a brutiſh beaſt,
He ſpewed up his gorge, that all did him deteaſt.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an Ivy girlond had,
From under which faſt trickled down the ſweat:
Still as he rode he ſomewhat did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing Cann,
On which he ſupt ſo oft, that on his Seat
His drunken Corſe he ſcarſe upholden can,
In ſhape and life more like a Monſter than a Man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to ſtirre or go,
Not meet to be a councel to a King,

Whoes Minde in meat and drink was drowned ſo ;
Full of diſeaſes was his Carcaſſe blue,
And a dry dropſie thro' his fleſh did flow ;
Which by miſdiet daily greater grew :
Such one was *Gluttony* the ſecond of that crew. *Spen.*

GOAT.

Too well the ſhaggy *Goat*'s dull Flame is known,
Whom griſly *Saturn*'s dire Dominions own :
The Child ſhall prove beneath their Aſpects got,
From Head to Foot one univerſal Blot. *Rowe's Call.*

GOBLETS.

The Banquet done, the Monarch gives the Sign
To fill the Goblet high with ſparkling Wine,
which *Danus* us'd in ſacred Rites of old,
With Sculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing Gold.
Here to the Clouds victorious *Perſeus* flies ;
Meduſa ſeems to move her languid Eyes,
And, ev'n in Gold, turns pale as ſhe dies.
There from the Chace *Jove*'s tow'ring Eagle bears
On golden Wings, the *Phrygian* to the Stars ;
Still as he riſes to th' Ætherial Height,
His native Mountain leſſens to the Sight.
While all his ſad Companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious Scene in wild Amaze,
And the ſwift Hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the Shade, and bark againſt the Skies. *Pope.*

GOD.

Then from his bright *Aëreal* Abode,
On Storms and Whirlwinds down th' Almighty rode,
And the loud Voice of Thunder ſpoke the God.
He ſtretch'd his dark Pavilion o'er the Floods,
Harneſs'd the Winds, and rein'd the duſky Clouds.
Then from his awful Gloom the Godhead ſpoke,
And at his Voice affrighted Nature ſhook.

Thus nought without the firſt great Cauſe affects,
Tho' he moves all, and ev'ry Spring directs;
Did not his Care the ſteddy Frame preſerve,
Things would all claſh, and from their Order ſwerve.
Nought can eternal Happineſs remove,
Infinites neither leſſen or improve.
Myriads of Ages, e'er the World was made,
Or th' Arches turn'd, or the Foundations laid,
The Deity unchang'd, was fully bleſt,
Nor with Creation was his Joy encreaſt.
Full of himſelf th' Almighty is the ſame,
Tho' he diſſolve the univerſal Frame,
And Time and Motion have no more a Name.
Black. Creat.

When in a glorious terrible Array
From lofty *Paran* th' Almighty took his Way;
Born on a Cherub's Wings he rode,
Intolerable Day proclaim'd the God;
No Earthly Cloud
Could his effulgent Brightneſs ſhroud;
Glory, and Majeſty, and Pow'r,
March'd in a dreadful Pomp before,
Behind a grim and meagre Train,
Pining Sickneſs, frantick Pain
Stalk'd wildly on! with all the diſmal Band
Which Heav'n in Anger ſends to ſcourge a guilty Land
With Terror cloath'd he ſtood,
And all the rebel Nations view'd,
The Rebel Nations were afraid,
And at his Preſence fled;
And when he ſpoke,
The everlaſting Hills from their Foundations ſhook.
The trembling Mountains by a lowly Nod,
With Rev'rence ſtruck, confeſs'd the God.
He dealt Affliction from his Van,
And wild Confuſion from his Rear:
They thro' the Tents of *Cuſhan* ran;
The Tents of *Cuſhan* quak'd with Fear,

And

And *Midian* trembled with Deſpair.
I ſee his Sword wave naked in the Air;
It ſheds around a baleful Ray;
The Rains pour down, the Light'nings play,
And on their Wings vindictive Thunder bear. *Broom.*

Synod of GODS.

A Synod of thoſe *Gods* he calls, whoſe Care
Preſides peculiar o'er the wedded Pair.
Firſt *Juno*, Regent of the Marriage Flame,
Borne on the Wings of painted *Peacock*'s came;
The Queen of *Love* her bridled Turtles drew
Thro' the wide *Azure*, billing as they flew.
Next did the *Planter* of the *Vine* appear,
And *Ceres*, Mother of the Golden Ear!
(For who, unaided by their kindly Heat,
Can Love with Rapture and with Force repeat?)
Apollo, for eternal Bloom ador'd,
Laſt took his Place, and crown'd the ſacred Board.
Rowe's Call.

GOLD.

Gold! yellow, glittering, precious Gold! (right:
Gold! that will make black, white: foul, fair; wrong,
Baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant!
Ha! you Gods! why this
Will lug your Prieſts and Servants from your Sides,
Pluck ſtout Mens Pillows from below their Heads!
This yellow Slave
Will knit and break Religions: bleſs th' accurs'd:
Make the hoary Leproſy ador'd: place Thieves,
And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation,
With Senators on the Bench. *Shak. Tim. of Ath.*

Gold makes a Patrician of a Slave;
A Dwarf an *Atlas*; a *Therſites* brave;
It cancels all Defects.
It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind:
No Bankrupt ever found a Fair one kind. *Gar.*

GOLDEN

GOLDEN AGE.

No wicked Iron Age, as yet controll'd,
The Luſtre of the pure primæval Gold:
Around Heav'ns Azure Arch, ſerenely bright,
Unſullied ſhone the ſparkling Gems of Light:
No Fogs did then, no lazy Vapours riſe,
Nor with their dull Pollution ſtain the Skies;
Thro' Heav'ns bright Plains the glorious God of Day
Prince of the Stars, unclouded held his Way:
While in her Turn the ſilver Queen of Night,
Succeſſive roll'd her limpid Orb of Light.
The Mother Earth adorn'd by what ſhe bred,
With Rocks, Hills, Trees, with Fruits and Flow'rs (was ſpread,
And every living Thing on her green Boſom fed.
The well-digeſted Maſs untainted yet,
Did no rank Steams nor pois'nous Damp emit,
But healthy Spirits breathing from the Ground,
Diffus'd their wholſome Fragrancies around.
'Twas then, in thoſe good Times for ever bleſt,
That happy Man his Innocence poſſeſs'd:
When yet he had not learn'd in Reaſon's ſpight,
Perverſe to turn, and wander from the right,
Forſaking Heavn's reveal'd, and Nature's inborn Light.
Then holy Arts and Prieſtcraft were unknown,
Religion then was ſimple, plain, and one.
Luſt had not kindl'd then her guilty Flame,
Ambition had not cheated Fools with Fame,
Nor vex'd th World with Honours angry Name.
Nor was the Form of Man beneath his Soul,
But equal proper Beauties grac'd the Whole.
Then *Temperance*, juſt Goddeſs, did prevail,
And rightly held creating Nature's Scale,
Diſpos'd the ſev'ral Parts with prudent Care,
And form'd with niceſt Symmetry the Fair.
Then was the Reign of Beauty in Mankind,
Then univerſal Empreſs, well ſhe joyn'd (*Call.*
The faultleſs Body and the blameleſs Mind. *Rowe's*

GOL

GOLDSMITH.

As guileful Goldſmith, that by ſecret ſkill,
With golden foyle doth finely over-ſpred
Some baſer Mettal, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good Gold inſted,
He much more goodly gloſſe thereon doth ſhed,
To hide his falſhood, than if it were true. *Spen.*

GOOD HUMOUR.

Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs Charms,
Thoſe, Age or Sickneſs, ſoon or late, diſarms;
Good Humour only teaches Charms to laſt,
Still makes new Conqueſts, and maintains the paſt:
Love rais'd on Beauty will like that decay,
Our Hearts may bear its ſlender Chain a Day,
As flow'ry Bands in Wantonneſs are worn;
A Morning's Pleaſure, and at Evening torn;
This binds in Ties more eaſy yet more ſtrong
The willing Heart, and only holds it long. *Pope's Miſc.*

GOUT.

Remember how once *Bacchus*, fluſter'd, came,
And, hot with Wine, compreſt the *Cyprian* Dame;
Folding the Goddeſs in his drunken Arms,
Glowing he kiſs'd, and rioted in Charms.
The crude warm Seed thus immaturely wrought,
A foul, obſcene, diſfigur'd Daughter brought;
The *Gout* her Name; of pale and ſquallid Face;
Limping ſhe walk'd, and hobbled in her Pace.
(Rowe's Call.

GRAIN.

So the Grain ſcatter'd by the careleſs Clown,
While frequent Show'rs the moiſten'd Furrows drown,
Will no Increaſe, no Golden Harveſt yield,
To load the Barn, and beautify the Field. *Rowe's Call.*

GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Inſect! What can be
In Happineſs *compar'd* with thee? Fed

Fed with Nouriſhment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle Wine.
Nature waits upon thee ſtill,
And thy verdant Cup does fill:
All the Fields which thou doſt ſee,
All the Plants belong to thee,
All that Summer Hours produce,
Fertile made with early Juice.
Man for thee does ſow and plough;
Farmer he, and Landlord thou:
Thee Country Hinds with Gladneſs hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd Year!
To thee, of all Things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy Mirth.
Happy Inſect! happy thou,
Doſt neither Age nor Winter know;
But when thou'ſt drunk, and danc'd, and ſung
Thy Fill, the flow'ry Leaves among,
Voluptuous, and Wiſe withal,
Epicurean Animal;
Sated with thy Summer's Feaſt,
Thou retir'ſt to endleſs Reſt. *Cowl.*

GREATNESS.

Farewel, a long Farewel to all my Greatneſs
This is the State of Man; to Day he puts forth
The tender Leaſs of Hopes; to morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing Honours thick upon him:
The third Day comes a Froſt, a killing Froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy Man, full ſurely,
His Greatneſs is a rip'ning, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton Boys that ſwim on Bladders,
This many a Summer in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my Depth: My high blown Pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with Service, to the Mercy (*Hen.* 8.
Of a rude Stream, that muſt for ever hide me. *Shak.*

I now begin to loath all human Greatneſs;
I'll fly all Courts, and Love ſhall be my Guide:
Love, that's more worth than all the World beſide.
Princes are barr'd the Liberty to roam;
The fetter'd Mind ſtill languiſhes at Home;
In golden Bands ſhe treads the thoughtful Round,
Buſ'neſs and Cares eternally abound;
And when for Air the Goddeſs would unbind,
She's clogg'd with Sceptres, and to Crowns confin'd.
For I diſdain
All Pomp when thou art by: far be the Noiſe
Of Kings and Courts from us, whoſe gentle Souls
Our kinder Stars have ſteer'd another Way.
Free as the Foreſt Birds we'll pair together,
Without remembring who our Fathers were;
Fly to the Arbours, Grots, and flow'ry Meads,
And in ſoft Murmurs interchange our Souls:
Together drink the Chryſtal of the Stream,
Or taſte the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields;
And when the golden Evening calls us Home,
Wing to our downy Beds, and ſleep 'till Morn.
(Lee Theod.

GREEDINESS.

That is the *Gulfe of Greedineſs* they ſay,
That deep engorgeth all this World's prey:
Which having ſwallowed up exceſſively,
He ſoon in vomit up again doth lay,
And belcheth forth his ſuperfluitie,
That all the Seas for fear doe ſeem away to fly. *Spen.*

GRIEF.

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Griefe, all in ſable ſorrow fully clad,
Down-hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more then ſeemly ſad:
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinced People to the heart,
That from thence forth a wretched Life they had,

In

In wilful langour and conſuming ſmart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.
(Spen.

'Tis not alone my inky Cloak,
Nor cuſtomary Suits of ſolemn Black,
Nor windy Suſpiration of forc'd Breath,
No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
Together with all Forms, Moods, Shews of Grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed ſeem,
For they are Actions that a Man might play;
But I have that within which paſſes Show,
Theſe but the Trappings and the Suits of Woe.
(Shak. Haml.

Alas! I have no Words to tell my Grief;
To vent my Sorrow would be ſome Relief:
Light Suff'rings give us Leiſure to complain;
We groan, but cannot ſpeak in greater Pain.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Of Comfort no Man ſpeak;
Let's talk of Graves, and Worms, and Epitaphs!
Make Duſt our Paper, and with rainy Eyes,
Write Sorrow in the Boſom of the Earth. *Shak. Rich. 2.*

I have been in ſuch a diſmal Place,
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er chears;
Bound in with Darkneſs, over-ſpread with Damps:
Where I have ſeen, (if I could ſay I ſaw)
The good old King, Majeſtick in his Bonds,
And 'midſt his Griefs moſt venerably great,
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapours: he lay ſtretch'd along
Upon th' unwholſom Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward,
And ever and anon a ſilent Tear
Stole down, and trickled from his hoary Beard:
My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
As early Bloſſoms are with Eaſtern Blaſts:
He ſent for me, and while I rais'd his Head,
He threw his aged Arms about my Neck;
And feeeing that I wept, he preſs'd me cloſe:

So

So leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.
(*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

No farther Voice her mighty Grief affords;
For Sighs came ruſhing in betwixt her Words,
And ſtopt her Tongue: but what her Tongue deny'd,
Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Complaints ſupply'd.
(*Dryd. Ov.*

In Sorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their Arms he ſinks upon the Ground:
Where, groy'ling while he lies, in deep Deſpair,
He beats his Breaſt, and rends his hoary Hair.
Forgetful of his State he runs along
With a diſtracted Pace, and cleaves the Throng:
Falls on the Corps, and groaning there he lies,
With ſilent Grief, that ſpeaks but at his Eyes.
Short Sighs and Sobs ſucceed, 'till Sorrow breaks
A Paſſage, and at once he weeps and ſpeaks. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus long my Grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a Lethargy in mighty Woe;
Tears ſtand congeal'd, and cannot flow:
Tears for a Stroke unſeen, afford Relief,
But unprovided for a ſudden Blow,
Like *Niobe*, we marble grow,
And petrify with Grief. *Dryd.*

GRIFFON.

As when a *Griffon* ſeized on his prey,
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight:
Thro' wildeſt Ayre making his idle way,
That would his rightful ravine rend away;
With hideous horrour both together ſmight,
And fouce ſo ſore, that they the Heavens affray.
The wiſe Soothſayer ſeeing ſo ſad a Sight,
The amazed vulgar tells of Warres and mortal Fight.
(*Spen.*

GROVE.

Into that Forreſt farre they thence him led,
Where

Where was their dwelling, in a pleaſant glade
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley ſhade,
And like a ſtately Theatre it made,
Spreading it ſelf into a ſpatious plaine.
And in the midſt a little River plaid
Emongſt the pumy ſtones, which ſeem'd to plaine
With gentle Murmur that his courſe they did re-
(ſtraine.
Enforc't to ſeek ſome covert nigh at hand,
A ſhady Grove not farre away they ſpide,
That promis'd ayde the tempeſt to withſtand:
Whoes lofty trees, yclad with Summers pride,
Did ſpread ſo broad, that Heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any Starre:
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour, that them ſeemes; ſo in they entred
(are. *Spen.*

And now my Muſe, what moſt delights her, ſees,
A living Gallery of aged Trees:
Bold Sons of Earth! that thruſt their Arms ſo high,
As if once more they would invade the Sky.
In ſuch green Palaces the firſt Kings reign'd,
Slept in their Shades, and Angels entertain'd:
With ſuch wiſe Councellors they did adviſe,
And by frequenting ſacred Groves grew wiſe. *Wall.*

Strait as a Line, in beauteous Order ſtood,
Of Oaks unſhorn a venerable Wood.
Freſh was the Graſs beneath, and ev'ry Tree
At diſtance planted in a due Degree.
Their branching Arms in Air, with equal Space,
Stretch'd to their Neighbours with a long Embrace.
And the new Leaves on ev'ry Bough were ſeen;
Some ruddy-colour'd, ſome of lighter Green.
The painted Birds, Companions of the Spring,
Hopping from Spray to Spray, were heard to ſing.

Both

Both Ears and Eyes receiv'd a like Delight,
Enchanting Muſick, and a charming Sight.
(*Dryd. The Flower & the Leaf.*

HAG.

In a cloſe Lane, as I perſu'd my Journey,
I ſpy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double;
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her ſelf.
Her Eyes with ſcalding Rheum were gall'd and red,
Cold Palſie ſhook her Head; her Hands ſeem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked Shoulders had ſhe wrap'd
The tatter'd Remnants of an old ſtrip'd Hanging,
Which ſerv'd to keep her Carcaſs from the Cold:
So there was nothing of a Piece about her.
Her lower Weeds were all o'er courſly patch'd
With diff'rent-colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And ſeem'd to ſpeak Variety of Wretchedneſs.
(*Otw. Orph.*

HAIL.

The patt'ring Hail comes pouring on the Main,
When *Jupiter* deſcends in harden'd Rain:
The bellowing Clouds burſt with a ſtormy Sound,
And with an armed Winter ſtrew the Ground.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

Thus when ſome Storm its cryſtal Quarry rends,
And *Jove* in rattling Show'rs of Ice deſcends,
Mount *Athos* ſhakes the Foreſt on his Brow,
While down his wounded Sides freſh Torrents flow,
And Leaves, and Limbs of Trees o'erſpread the Vale
(below. *Gar.*

As when thick Hail comes rattling in the Wind,
The Ploughman, Paſſenger, and lab'ring Hind,
For Shelter, to the neighb'ring Coverts fly,
Or hous'd, or ſafe in hollow Caverns lie;
But that o'erblown, when Heav'n above them ſmiles,
Return to Travel, and renew their Toils. *Dryd. Virg.*

HAP.

HAPPINESS.

All Happineſs is ſeated in Content. *Otw. C. Mari*
In wiſhing nothing we enjoy ſtill moſt:
For ev'n our Wiſh is in Poſſeſſion loſt:
Reſtleſs we wander to a new Deſire,
And burn our ſelves by blowing up the Fire:
We toſs, and turn about our Feav'riſh Will,
When all our Eaſe muſt come by lying ſtill:
For all the Happineſs Mankind can gain,
Is not in Pleaſure, but in Reſt from Pain. *Dryd. Ind. Em*
No Happineſs can be, where is no Reſt,
Th' unknown, untalk'd-of Man is only bleſt.
He, as in ſome ſafe Cliff, his Cell does keep,
From thence he views the Labours of the Deep:
The Gold-fraught Veſſel which mad Tempeſts beat,
He ſees now vainly make to his Retreat:
And when from far, the tenth Wave does appear,
Shrinks up in ſilent Joy that he's not there.
(*Dryd. Tyr. Love*

HARE.

The Hare in Paſtures, or in Plains is found,
Emblem of human Life! who runs the Round,
And after all his wandring Ways are done,
His Circle fills, and ends where he began,
Juſt as the ſetting meets the riſing Sun. *Dryd.*

HARMONY.

Eftſoones they heard a moſt melodious ſound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradiſe, be heard elſe where:
Right hard it was for wight that did it heare,
To read what manner muſick that mote bee:
For all that pleaſing is to living eare,
Was there conſorted in one harmonie,
Birds, voices, inſtruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The

The joyous Birds, ſhrouded in chearful ſhade,
Their notes unto the voyce attempted ſweet;
The Angel call ſoft treambling voyces made
To the inſtruments divine reſpondence meet:
The ſilver ſounding Inſtruments did meet
With the baſe murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference diſcreet,
Now ſoft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling Wind lowe anſwering to all.
(Spen.

HARPIES.

Monſters more fierce offended Heav'n ne'er ſent
From Hell's Abyſs for human Puniſhment:
With Virgin-Faces, but with Wombs obſcene,
Foul Paunches, and with Ordure ſtill unclean,
With Claws for Hands, and Looks for ever lean.
With hideous Cry,
And clatt'ring Wings the hungry *Harpies* fly:
Their fated Skin is proof to Wounds,
And from their Plumes the ſhining Swords rebounds.
(Dryd. Virg.

HAVEN.

Within a long Receſs there lies a Bay;
An Iſland ſhades it from the rolling Sea;
And forms a Port ſecure for Ships to ride;
Broke by the jutting Land on either ſide,
In double Streams the briny Waters glide,
Between two Rows of Rocks: a Sylvan Scene
Appears above, and Groves for ever green.
A Grot is form'd beneath with moſſy Seats,
To reſt the *Nereids*, and exclude the Heats.
Down thro' the Crannies of the living Walls;
The cryſtal Streams deſcend in murm'ring Falls;
No Haulſers need to bind the Veſſels here,
Nor bearded Anchors: for no Storms they fear.
(Dryd. Virg.

The Land lies open to the raging Eaſt,
Then bending like a Bow, with Rocks compreſs'd,
Shuts

Shuts out the Storms: the Winds and waves complain,
And vent their Malice on the Cliffs in vain.
The Port lies hid within: on either Side
Two tow'ring Rocks the narrow Mouth divide.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

HAWK.

As haggar Hauk, presuming to contend
With hardie fowle, above his able might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the prey too heavie for his flight;
Which coming down to ground does free itself by fight.
(*Spen.*

HEALTH.

Auspicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephir*'s Wings;
She seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.
Hail blooming Goddess! thou propitious Pow'r,
Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore;
With so much Lustre your bright Looks endear,
That Cottages are Courts when those appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Find Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown. *Gar.*

HEARING.

The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* sense,
'Gainst which the second troupe assignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in strange difference,
Some having heads like Harts; some like to snakes,
Some like wild Bores late rous'd out of the breakes,
Slaundrous reproches, and foule infamies,
Leasings, backbitings, and vain-glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries,
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.
(*Spen.*

HEART.

The beating Heart demanding first the Use,
Is the first Muscle Nature does produce.

By this impulsive Engine's constant Aid
The tepid Floods are ev'ry way convey'd:
And did not Nature's Care at first provide
The active Heart to push the circling Tide,
All Progress to her Work would be deny'd.
The salient Point, so first is call'd the Heart,
Shap'd and suspended with amazing Art,
By turns dilated, and by turns compress;
Expels, and entertains the purple Guest:
It sends from out its left contracted Side
Into th' Arterial Tube its vital Pride. *Black.*

HELENE.

Faire *Helene*, the flowre of beauty excellent,
And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,
That madest many Ladies deare lament
The heavy loss of their brave Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from *Trojan* towres,
And saw the fields of faire *Seamander* strowne
With carcasses of noble warriours;
Whoes fruitless lives were under farrow sowne,
And *Xanthus* sandy bankes with blood all over-flowne. *Spen.*

HELL.

By that same way the direful Dames do drive
Their mournful Chariot, fill'd with rusty bloud,
And down to *Pluto*'s house are come belive:
Which passing thro', on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernal flock't on every side
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the night durst ride.

They pass the bitter waves of *Acheron*,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,

Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shrieks doe bootless cry,
Cursing high *Jove*, the which them thither sent.
The house of endless paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures eternally torment.

Before the threshold, dreadful *Cerberus*
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand Adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to rear his bristles strong.
And felly gnaree, until days enimy
Did him appease, then down his tail he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly:
For she in Hell and Heaven had power equally. *Spen.*
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
To mortal Men, he with his horrid Crew
Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulph;
Confounded, tho' immortal: But his Doom
Reserv'd him to more Wrath; for now the Thought
Both of lost Happiness and lasting Pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful Eyes,
That witness'd huge Affliction and Dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate Pride, and stedfast Hate:
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal Situation, waste and wild;
A Dungeon horrible, on all Sides round,
As one great Furnace, flam'd; yet from those Flames
No Light, but rather darkness visible,
Serv'd only to discover Sights of Woe,
Regions of Sorrows, doleful Shades, where Peace
And Rest can never dwell, Hope never comes,
That comes to all: but Torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd.
There the Companions of his Fall, o'erwhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous Fire,

He ſoon diſcern'd, lie weltering about him:
His Head up-lift above the Wave, his Eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other Parts beſides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a Rood: in Bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monſtrous Size,
Briareus, or *Typhon*, whom the Den
By antient *Tarſus* held:
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning Lake.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature: On each Hand the Flames
Driv'n backward, ſlope their pointed Spires, and rowl'd
In Billows; leave i'th' midſt a horrid Vale:
Then with expanded Wings he ſteers his Flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky Air,
That felt unuſual Weight, 'till on dry Land
He lights, if it be Land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the Lake with liquid Fire.
He walk'd
Over the burning Marle, the torrid Clime
Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with Fire.
Another Part in Squadrons and groſs Bands,
On bold Adventure, to diſcover wide
That diſmal World, bend
Four Ways their flying March, along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers, that diſgorge
Into the burning Lake their baleful Streams.
Abhorred *Styx*, the Flood of deadly Hate:
Sad *Acheron*, of Sorrow black and deep:
Cocytus, nam'd of Lamentation loud
Heard on the ruful Stream: Fierce *Phlegeton*,
Whoſe Waves of torrent Fire enflame with Rage;
Far off from theſe a ſlow and ſilent Stream,
Lethe, the River of Oblivion rowls
Her watry Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former State and Being forgets,
Forgets both Joy and Grief, Pleaſure and Pain.

Beyond this Flood a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual Storms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm Land
Thaws not, but gathers Heap, and Ruin ſeems
Of antient Pile: all elſe deep Snow and Ice.
The parching Air
Burns frore, and Cold performs th' Effect of Fire.
Thither by Harpy-footed Furies hall'd,
At certain Revolutions, all the Damn'd
Are brought, and feel by Turns the bitter Change
Of fierce Extreams, Extreams by Change more fierce:
From Beds of raging Fire to ſtarve in Ice
Their ſoft ethereal Warmth, and their to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of Time; thence hurry'd back to Fire.
They ferry over this *Lethæan* Sound
Both to and fro, their Sorrow to augment;
And wiſh, and ſtruggle, as they paſs to reach
The tempting Stream, with one ſmall Drop to loſe
In ſweet Forgetfulneſs, all Pain and Woe;
But Fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' Attempt
Meduſa with *Gorgonian* Terrour guards
The Ford, and of it ſelf the Water flies
All Taſte of living Wight, as once it fled
The Lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on,
In confus'd March, forlorn, th' advent'rous Bands
With ſhudd'ring Horror pale, and Eyes aghaſt,
View'd firſt their lamentable Lot, and found
No Reſt: thro' many a dark and dreary Vale
They paſs'd, and many a Region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery *Alp*,
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and Shades of Death
A Univerſe of Death,
Where all Life dies, Death lives; and Nature breeds
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious Things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd;
Gorgons, and *Hydras*, and *Chimeras* dire. *Milt.*

Obſcure

Obſcure they went thro' dreary Shades that led
Along the waſte Dominions of the Dead.
Thus wander Travellers in Woods by Night,
By the Moon's doubtful and malignant Light;
When *Jove* in duſky Clouds involves the Skies,
And the faint Creſcent ſhoots by Fits before their Eyes.
Juſt in the Gates, and in the Jaws of Hell,
Revengeful Cares, and ſullen Sorrows dwell;
And pale Diſeaſes, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unreſiſted Rage:
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half Brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their Centry keep;
With anxious Pleaſures of a guilty Mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind:
The Furies iron Beds, and Strife, that ſhakes
Her hiſſing Treſſes, and unfolds her Snakes.
Full in the midſt of this infernal Road,
An Elm diſplays her duſky Arms abroad:
The God of Sleep there hides his heavy Head,
And empty Dreams on ev'ry Leaf are ſpread:
Of various Forms unnumber'd Spectres more,
Centaurs and double Shapes beſiege the Door;
Before the Paſſage horrid *Hydra* ſtands,
Briareus with all his hundred Hands,
Gorgons, *Geryon* with his triple Frame,
And vain *Chimæra* vomits empty Flame.
Before the Gates the Cries of Babes new-born,
Whom Fate had from their tender Mothers torn,
Aſſault his Ears: then thoſe whom Form of Laws
Condemn'd to die, when Traitors judg'd their Cauſe;
Nor want they Lots, nor Judges to review
The wrongful Sentence, and award a new:
Minos, the ſtrict Inquiſitor appears,
And Lives, and Crimes, with his Aſſeſſors, hears:
Round in his Urn the blended Balls he rolls,
Abſolves the juſt, and dooms the guilty Souls.
The next in Place and Puniſhment are they,
Who prodigally threw their Souls away:

Fools, who, repining at their wretched State,
And loathing anxious Life, ſuborn'd their Fate.
With late Repentance now they would retrieve
The Bodies they forſook, and wiſh to live:
Their Pains and Poverty deſire to bear,
To view the Light of Heav'n, and breathe the vital Air.
But Fate forbids: the *Stygian* Pools oppoſe,
And, with nine circling Streams, the captive Souls
(incloſe. *Dryd. Virg.*

They haſten'd onward to the penſive Grove,
The ſilent Manſion of diſaſtrous Love.
Here *Jealouſy* with Jaundice Looks appears,
And broken Slumbers, and fantaſtick Tears.
The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,
And to the Woods in mournful Numbers ſings.
No Winds but Sighs are there; no Floods but Tears:
Each conſcious Tree a tragick Signal bears;
Their wounded Barks record ſome broken Vow,
And Willow-Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough. *Gar.*

Not far from thence the mournful Fields appear,
So call'd from Lovers that inhabit there:
The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In ſecret Solitude, and Myrtle Shades,
Make endleſs Moans, and pining with Deſire,
Lament too late their unextinguiſh'd Fire.
The Heroe looking on the left, eſpy'd
A lofty Tow'r, and ſtrong on ev'ry Side
With treble Walls, which *Phlegeton* ſurrounds,
Whoſe fiery Flood the burning Empire bounds:
And preſs'd betwixt the Rocks, the bellowing Noiſe
(reſounds.
Wide is the fronting Gate, and rais'd on high,
With adamantine Columns threats the Sky.
Vain is the Force of Man, and Heav'ns as vain,
To cruſh the Pillars which the Pile ſuſtain:
Sublime on theſe a Tow'r of Steel is rear'd,
And dire *Tiſiphone* there keeps the Ward;

Girt

Girt in her ſanguin Gown by Night and Day,
Obſervant of the Souls that paſs the downward Way:
From hence are heard the Groans of Ghoſts, the Pains
Of ſounding Laſhes, and of dragging Chains:
And loud Laments that rend the liquid Air.
These dire Abodes
Contain the Tortures of th' avenging Gods:
These are the Realms of unrelenting Fate,
And awful *Radamanthus* rules the State:
He hears and judges each committed Crime,
Enquires into the Manner, Place, and Time:
The conſcious Wretch muſt all his Acts reveal,
Loath to confeſs, unable to conceal,
From the firſt Moment of his vital Breath,
To his laſt Hour of unrepenting Death.
Strait o'er the guilty Ghoſts the Fury ſhakes
The ſounding Whip, and brandiſhes her Snakes,
And the pale Sinner, with her Siſters, takes.
High o'er their Heads a mould'ring Rock is plac'd,
That promiſes a Fall, and ſhakes at ev'ry Blaſt.
They lie below on golden Beds diſplay'd,
And genial Feaſts with regal Pomp are made:
The Queen of Furies by their Sides is ſet,
And ſnatches from their Mouths th' untaſted Meat;
Which if they touch, her hiſſing Snakes ſhe rears,
Toſſing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.
Then they, who Brothers better Claim diſown,
Expel their Parents, and uſurp the Throne;
Defraud their Clients, and, to Lucre ſold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable Gold;
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuſe to lend
To their poor Kindred, or a wanting Friend.
Vaſt is the Throng of theſe; nor leſs the Train
Of luſtful Youths for foul Adult'ry ſlain:
Hoſts of Deſerters, who their Honour ſold,
And baſely broke their Faith for Bribes of Gold.
All theſe within the Dungeon's Depth remain,
Deſpairing Pardon, and expecting Pain.

Some roul a weighty Stone; ſome laid along,
And bound with burning Wires, on Spokes of Wheel (are hung
To Tyrants others have their Country ſold,
Impoſing foreign Lords for foreign Gold.
Some have old Laws repeal'd, new Statutes made,
Not as the People pleas'd, but as they pay'd.
With Inceſt ſome their Daughter's Bed prophan'd;
All dar'd the worſt of Ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.
Had I a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,
And Throats of Braſs, inſpir'd with Iron Lungs,
I could not half thoſe horrid Crimes repeat,
Nor half the Puniſhments thoſe Crimes have met.
(Dryd. Virg.

HERMITAGE.

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Down in a Dale hard by a Foreſt ſide,
Farre from reſort of People, that did paſs
In travell to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy Chappell edified,
Wherein the Hermit duly went to ſay
His holy things each morn and even tide:
Thereby a cryſtal Streame did gently play,
Which from a ſacred Fountaine welled forth away.

He thence led me into his Hermitage,
Letting his Steeds to graze upon the green:
Small was his Houſe, and like a little Cage,
For his own turne, yet inly neat and clean,
Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay be ſeene:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
Not with ſuch forged Showes, as fitter beene
For courting fools, that courtiſies would faine,
But with entire affection, and appearance plaine.
(Spen.

HIND.

Like as an Hind forth ſingled from the herd,
That hath eſcaped from a ravenous Beaſt,

Ye

Yet flyes away of her own feet afraid,
And every leafe, that ſhaketh with the leaſt
Murmure of wind, her terror hath increaſt. *Spen.*

HIPPOLYTUS.

Hippolytus a jolly Huntſman was,
That wont in Charot chace the foaming Boar;
He all his Peers in Beauty did ſurpaſs,
But Ladys love, as loſs of time forbore;
His wanton Stepdame loved him the more,
But when ſhe ſaw her offer'd ſweet refuſed,
Her love ſhe turn'd to hate, and him before
His Father fierce, of Treaſon falſe accuſed,
And with her jealous termes his open ears abuſed.

Who all in rage his Sea-god Sire beſought
Some curſed vengeance on his Son to caſt;
From ſurging-gulf two monſters ſtraigt were brought,
With dread whereof his chaſing Steeds agaſt,
Both Charot ſwift and Huntſman overcaſt;
His goodly Corps on ragged cliffs yrent
Was quite diſmembred, and his Members chaſt
Scattred on every Mountaine, as he went,
That of *Hippolytus* was left no Monument. *Spen.*

HISTORY.

By a juſt Hiſtory the Mind's improv'd,
For Men are ever by Example mov'd:
It ſhows the World, and to Reflection brings
The Fall of Empires, and the Fate of Kings.
It brings back Time, and paſt Age retrieves,
And here the immortal Chief unenvy'd lives.
Actions thus told Heroic Worth inſpire,
And kindle in the Soul an active Fire,
And ſtir the Breaſt with emulous Deſire.

HONOUR.

Whoſo in pompe of proude eſtate (quoth ſhe)

Does ſwim, and bathes himſelf in courtly bliſs,
Does waſt his daies in darke obſcurity,
And in oblivion ever buried is:
Where eaſe abounds, it's each to doe amiſs;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot ſo eaſie miſs,
Abroad in Armes, at home in ſtudious kind,
Who ſeekes with painefull toile, ſhall Honour ſooneſt (find.
In woods, in waves, in warres ſhe wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happy manſion attaine:
Before her gate high God did ſweat ordaine,
And wakeful watches ever to abide:
But eaſie is the way, and paſſage plaine
To pleaſures palace; it may ſoon be ſpide
And day and night her dores to all ſtand open wide.
(Spen.

'TisPride's Original, but Nature's Grave,
Scorn'd by the baſe, 'tis courted by the Brave;
The Heroes Tyrant, and the Cowards Slave.
Born in the noiſy Camp, it lives on Air,
And both exiſts by Hope, and by Deſpair;
Angry whene'er a Moment's Eaſe we gain;
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives when in Death's Arms the Hero lies,
But if his Safety he conſults, it dies.
Bigotted to this Idol we diſclaim
Reſt, Health, and Eaſe, for nothing but a Name. *Gay*

Not all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
A Prince's Whiſper, or a Tyrant's Frown,
Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
Of him, who to ſtrict Honour is inclin'd.
Tho' all the Pomp and Pleaſure that does wait
On publick Places, and Affairs of State,
Should fondly court him to be baſe and great;

With

With even Paſſions, and with ſettled Face,
He would remove the Harlot's falſe Embrace.
Tho' all the Storms and Tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That Church-Magicians in their Cells deviſe,
And from their ſettled Baſis Nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear:
Secure in Innocence, contemn them all,
And, decently array'd in Honour, fall.
Honour, that Spark of the celeſtial Fire,
That above Nature makes Mankind aſpire,
Ennobles the rude Paſſions of our Frame,
With Thirſt of Glory, and Deſire of Fame;
The richeſt Treaſure of a gen'rous Breaſt,
That gives the Stamp and Stander'd to the reſt.
Wit, Strength, and Courage are wild dang'rous Force,
Unleſs this ſoften and direct their Courſe.
Of Honour, Men at firſt, like Women nice,
Raiſe Maiden Scruples, at unpractis'd Vice,
Their modeſt Nature curbs the ſtruggling Flame,
And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with Shame:
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taſte forbidden Fruit, and live:
They ſtop not here their Courſe, but ſafely in,
Grow ſtrong, luxuriant, and bold in Sin:
True to no Principles, preſs forward ſtill,
And only bound by Appetite their Will;
Now fawn and flatter while this Tide prevails,
But ſhift, with ev'ry veering Blaſt, their Sails.
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love.
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the Way,
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey. *Hall*

HOPE.

With him went Hope in rank, a handſome mayd,
Of chearful look, and lovely to beheld;
In ſilken ſamile ſhe was light arraid,
And her faire locks were woven up in gold:
She always ſmil'd, and in her hand did hold

An holy water ſprinkle dipt in dewe,
In which ſhe ſprinkled favours manyfold,
And whome ſhe lift, and did great liking ſhewe;
Great likeing unto many, but true love to fewe.

Her younger ſiſter, that *Speranza* hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beſeemed well,
Not all ſo chearful ſeemed ſhe of ſight,
As was her ſiſter; whether dread did dwell;
Or anguiſh in her heart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a ſilver anchor lay,
Whereon ſhe leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to Heaven, as ſhe did pray,
Her ſtedfaſt eyes were bent, ne ſwarved other way.
(*Spen.*

Hope of all Ills that Men endure
The only cheap and univerſal Cure!
Thou Captive's Freedom, and thou ſick Man's Health!
Thou Loſer's Victory, and thou Beggar's Wealth!
Thou Manna which from Heav'n we eat;
To ev'ry Taſte a ſeveral Meat!
Thou ſtrong Retreat! thou ſure-entail'd Eſtate,
Which nought has Pow'r to alienate!
Thou pleaſant honeſt Flatterer; for none
Flatter unhappy Men but thou alone!
Hope, thou firſt Fruits of Happineſs,
Thou gentle Dawning of a bright Succeſs,
Who out of Fortune's Reach doſt ſtand.
And art a Bleſſing ſtill in Hand.
Happineſs it ſelf's all one
In thee, or in Poſſeſſion:
Only the future's thine; the preſent, his;
Thine's the more hard, and noble Bliſs.
Beſt Apprehender of our Joys, which haſt
So long a Reach, and yet canſt hold ſo faſt!
Hope, thou ſad Lovers only Friend!
Thou Way that may'ſt diſpute it with the End!
Men leave Thee by obtaining, and ſtrait flee
Some other Way again to thee. Hope

Hope, whoſe weak Being ruin'd is
Alike, if it ſucceed, and if it miſs!
Whom Good or Ill does equally confound,
And both the Horns of *Fate*'s Dilemma wound!
Vain Shadow, which doſt vaniſh quite,
Both at full Noon, and perfect Night!
Hope, thou bold Taſter of Delight!
Who, while thou ſhould'ſt but taſte, devour'ſt it quite!
Thou bring'ſt us an Eſtate; yet leav'ſt us poor,
By clogging it with Legacies before.
The Joys, which we intire ſhould wed,
Come deflour'd Virgins to our Bed:
Hope, Fortune's cheating Lottery!
Where for one Prize, a hundred Blanks there be!
Fond Archer Hope! who tak'ſt thy Aim ſo far,
That ſtill, or ſhort, or wide, thy Arrows are.
Thin empty Cloud! which th' Eye deceives
With Shapes, that our own Fancy gives:
A Cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But muſt drop preſently in Tears.
Brother of Fear! more gaily clad!
The merrier Fool o' th' two, but quite as mad?
Sire of Repentance! Child of fond Deſire!
Thou blow'ſt the Chymicks and the Lovers Fire!
Leading them ſtill inſenſibly along,
By the ſtrange Witchcraft of Anon!
By thee, the one does changing Nature thro'
Her endleſs Labyrinths perſue:
And th' other chaces Woman, while ſhe goes
More Ways and Turns than hunted Nature knows. *Cowl.*

Hope with a goodly Proſpect feeds the Eye,
Shews, from a riſing Ground, Poſſeſſion nigh:
Shortens the Diſtance, or o'erlooks it quite:
So eaſy 'tis to travel with the Sight. *Dryd. Auren.*

HORSE.

Doſt thou with Thunder arm the generous Horſe,
Add nervous Limbs, or Swiftneſs for the Courſe?

Fleet as the Wind he ſhoots along the Plain,
And knows no Check, nor hears the curbing Rein.
His fiery Eye-balls, formidable bright,
Dart a fierce Glory, and a dreadful Light.
Pleas'd with the Clank of Arms and Trumpets ſound,
He bounds, and, prancing, paws the trembling Ground.
He ſnuffs the promis'd Battel from afar, (War.
Neighs at the Captains Shouts, and Thunderer of the
Rous'd with the noble Din, and martial Sight,
He pants with Tumults of ſevere Delight;
His ſprightly Blood an even Courſe diſdains,
Pours from his Heart, and charges in his Veins.
He braves the Spear, and mocks the twanging Bow,
Demands the Fight, and ruſhes on the Foe. *Gay.*

Upright he walks, on Paſterns firm and ſtrait,
His Motions eaſy, prancing in his Gate;
The firſt to lead the Way, to tempt the Flood, (Wood.
To paſs the Bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling
Dauntleſs at empty Noiſes, lofty neck'd,
Sharp-headed; barrel-belly'd; broadly back'd:
Brawny his Cheſt, and deep; his Colour grey,
For Beauty dappled, or the brighteſt bay:
Faint white and dun will ſcarce the Rearing pay.
The fiery Courſer, when he hears from far
The ſprightly Trumpets, and the Shout of War,
Pricks up his Ears, and trembling with Delight,
Shifts Place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd Fight:
On his right Shoulder his thick Mane reclin'd
Ruffles at ſpeed, and dances in the Wind,
His horny Hoofs are jetty black and round:
His Chine is double: ſtarting with a Bound,
He turns the Turf, and ſhakes the ſolid Ground:
Fire from his Eyes, Clouds from his Noſtrils flow;
He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe.

Freed from his Keepers thus, with broken Reins,
The wanton Courſer prances o'er the Plains;
Or in the Pride of Youth o'er-leaps the Mounds,
And ſnuffs the Females in forbidden Grounds:

Or

Or ſeeks his Wat'ring in the well-known Flood,
To quench his Thirſt, and cool his fiery Blood;
He ſwims luxuriant in the liquid Plain,
And o'er his Shoulder flows his waving Main;
He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his Head on high;
Before his ample Cheſt the frothy Waters fly. *Dryd. Virg.*

HUMAN MIND.

What high Perfections grace the human Mind,
In Fleſh impriſon'd, and to Earth confin'd!
What Vigour has ſhe? What a piercing Sight?
Strong as the Winds, and ſprightly as the Light?
She moves unweary'd as the active Fire,
And, like the Flame, her Sight to Heav'n aſpire.
By Day her Thoughts in never-ceaſing Streams
Flow clear, by Night they ſtrive in troubled Dreams.
She draws ten thouſand Landſcapes in the Brain,
Dreſſes of airy Forms an endleſs Train,
Which all her intellectual Scenes prepare,
Enter by turns the Stage, and diſappear.
To the remoter Regions of the Sky
Her ſwift-wing'd thought can in a Moment fly;
Climb to the heights of Heav'n to be employ'd
In viewing thence th' interminable Void.
Can look beyond the Stream of Time to ſee
The ſtagnant Ocean of Eternity.
Thoughts in an inſtant thro' the Zodiack run,
A Year's long Journey for the lab'ring Sun:
Then down they ſhoot as ſwift as darting Sight,
Nor can oppoſing Clouds retard their Flight:
Thro' Subterranean Vaults with eaſe they ſweep,
And ſearch the hidden Wonders of the Deep. *Black. Creat.*

HUMAN REASON.

But oh! how dark is human Reaſon found,
How vain the Man, with Wit and Learning crown'd!
How feeble all his Strength, when he eſſays
To trace dark Nature, and detect her Ways,

Unleſs

Unleſs he calls its Author to his Aid,
Who ev'ry ſecret Spring of Motion laid;
Who over all his wondrous Works preſides,
And to their uſeful Ends their Cauſes guides?
Theſe Paths in vain are by Enquirers trod:
There's no Philoſophy without a God. *Black, Creat.*

HUNGER.

Famiſh'd with Want, we Wilds and Deſarts tread,
And fainting wander for our needful Bread,
Where Wolves and Tygers round in Ambuſh lye,
And Hoſts with naked Swords ſtand threatning by:
But keener Hunger, more a Beaſt of Prey,
More ſharp than theſe, more ravenous than they,
Thro' Swords, and Wolves, and Tygers, breaks our
(bitter Way. *Southcot's Pray. of Jer.*

HUNTING.

Now *Cancer* glows with *Phœbus'* fiery Car;
The Youth ruſh eager to the Sylvan war;
Swarm o'er the Lawns, the Foreſt-Walks ſurround,
Rowze the fleet Hart, and chear the opening Hound.
Th' impatient Courſer pants in ev'ry Vein,
And pawing ſeems to beat the diſtant Plain,
Hills, Vales, and Floods appear already croſt,
And ere he ſtarts a thouſand Steps are loſt.
See! the bold Youth ſtrain up the threatning Steep,
Ruſh thro' the Thickets, down the Valleys ſweep,
Hang o'er their Courſers Heads with eager ſpeed,
And Earth rolls back beneath the flying Steed.
Let old *Arcadia* boaſt her ſpacious Plain.
Th' immortal Huntreſs, and her Virgin Train;
Nor envy *Windſor!* Since thy Shades have ſeen
As bright a Goddeſs, and as chaſt a Queen;
Whoſe Care like hers, protects the Sylvan Reign,
The Earth's fair Light, and Empreſs of the Main.
Pope's Wind. Foreſt.

So

So the ſtanch Hound the trembling Deer perſues,
And ſmells his Footſteps in the tainted Dews.
The tedious Track unrav'ling by Degrees;
But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,
Fir'd at the near Approach, he ſhoots away
On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey. *Add.*

I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a Wood of *Crete* they bay'd the Boar
With Hounds of *Sparta*. Never did I hear
Such gallant Chiding: for beſides the Groves,
The Skies, the Fountains, ev'ry Region near,
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard
So muſical a Diſcord, ſuch ſweet Thunder!
My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* Kind;
So flu'd, ſo ſanded, and their Heads are hung
With Ears that ſweep away the Morning Dew;
Crook-kneed, and dewlap'd like *Theſſalian* Bulls,
Slow in Perſuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,
Each under each: a Cry more tuneable
Was never hallow'd to, nor cheer'd with Horn.
(Shak. Midſum. Night's Dream.

Th' unexpected Sound
Of Dogs and Men, his wakeful Ears does wound:
Rows'd with the Noiſe he ſcarce believes his Ear,
Willing to think th' Illuſion of his Fear
Had giv'n this falſe Alarm: but ſtrait his View
Confirms that more than all his Fears is true:
Betray'd in all his Strength; the Wood beſet;
All Inſtruments, all Arts of Ruin met;
He calls to Mind his Strength, and then his Speed,
His winged Heels, and then his armed Head;
With thoſe t' avoid, with this his Fate to meet;
But Fear prevails, and bids him truſt his Feet.
So faſt he flies, that his reviewing Eye
Has loſt the Chacers, and his Ears the Cry:
Exulting, 'till he finds their nobler Senſe
Their diſproportion'd Speed does recompenſe:

Tenth

Then curſes his conſpiring Feet, whoſe Scent
Betrays that Safety which their Swiftneſs lent:
Next tries his Friends; among the baſer Herd,
Where he ſo lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His Safety ſeeks: the Herd unkindly wiſe,
Or chaces him from thence, or from him flies:
Like a declining States-man, left forlorn,
To his Friends Pity, and Perſuers Scorn,
With Shame remembers when himſelf was one
Of the ſame Herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Then to the Coverts and the conſcious Groves,
The Scenes of his paſt Triumphs and his Loves,
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own;
And, like a bold Knight-Errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame;
And taught the Woods to echo to the Stream
His dreadful Challenge, and his cloſhing Beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife,
So much his Love was dearer than his Life!
Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath
Preſents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.
Weary'd, forſaken, and perſu'd, at laſt
All Safety in Deſpair of Safety plac'd,
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their Aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wiſhes for the Fight,
That Strength he waſted in ignoble Flight.
But when he ſees the eager Chace renew'd,
Himſelf by Dogs, the Dogs by Men perſu'd,
He ſtrait revokes his bold Reſolve, and more
Repents his Courage, than his Fear before;
Finds that uncertain Ways unſafeſt are,
And Doubt a greater Miſchief than Deſpair:
Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,
Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he ſhapes his Courſe.
Thinks not their Rage ſo deſp'rate to eſſay
An Element more mercileſs than they:

But

But fearleſs they perſue, nor can the Flood
Quench their dire Thirſt: alas! they thirſt for Blood.
So towards a Ship the Oar-finn'd Galleys ply,
Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt Fury of extreme Deſpair.
So fares the Stag among th' enraged Hounds,
Repels their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds.
(*Denh.*

HUSBAND *and* WIFE.

What can be ſweeter than our native Home;
Thither for Eaſe, and ſoft Repoſe we come.
Home is the ſacred Refuge of our Life,
Secur'd from all Appoaches but a Wife:
If thence we fly, the Cauſe admits no Doubt:
None but an inmate Foe could force us out:
Clamours our Privacies uneaſy make;
Birds leave their Neſts diſturb'd, and Beaſts their Haunts
(forſake. *Dryd. Auren.*

HYDRA.

Or like the Hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine,
That great *Aclides* whylome over-threw,
After that he had labour'd long in vaine,
To crop his thouſand Heads, the which ſtill new
Forth budded, and in greater Numbers grew.

Such own it was, as that renowned Snake
Which great *Aclides* in *Stremona* flew,
Long foſter'd in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
Whoſe many heads out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endleſs Labour to ſubdue. *Spen.*

HYPOCRITE.

At lenght they chanc't to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie graie,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he ſeem'd, and very ſagely ſad,

And

And to the ground his eyes very lowly bent,
Simple in ſhewe, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breaſt, as one that did repent.
(*Spen.*

JEALOUSIE.

O hateful helliſh Snake, what Fury firſt
Brought thee from baleful Houſe of *Proſerpine*,
Where in her boſom ſhe thee long had nurſt,
And foſter'd up with bitter milke oftine
Foule Jealouſie that turneſt love divine
To joyleſs dread, and mak'ſt the loving heart
With heatful thoughts to languiſh and to pine,
And feed it ſelf with ſelf-conſuming ſmart?
Of all the paſſions of the mind thou wileſt art. *Spen.*

The greater Care, the higher Paſſion ſhews:
We hold that deareſt we moſt fear to loſe:
Diſtruſt in Lovers is too warm a Sun,
But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone:
And in thoſe Climes which moſt his Scorching know,
He makes the nobleſt Fruits and Metals grow.
(*Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

What Arts can blind a jealous Woman's Eyes?
Love the firſt Motions of the Lover hears,
Quick to preſage, and ev'n in Safety fears. *Dryd. Virg.*

Jealouſie is a noble Crime;
'Tis the high Pulſe of Paſſion in a Feaver;
A ſickly Draught, but ſhews a burning Thirſt.
(*Dryd. Amphit.*

Ah! Why are not the Hearts of Women known?
Falſe Women to new Joys unſeen can move,
There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love:
All Goods beſides by publick Marks are known,
But that we moſt deſire to keep has none.
(*Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 2.*

Think'ſt thou I'll make a Life of Jealouſie,
To follow ſtill the Changes of the Moon
With freſh Surmiſes? No, to be once in Doubt,

Is

's to be reſolv'd. But yet, *Iago*,
I'll ſee before I doubt: when I doubt, prove;
And on the Proof there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love or Jealouſie. *Shak. Othel.*

O plague me, Heav'n, plague me with all the Woes
That Man can ſuffer: Root up my Poſſeſſions,
Ship-wreck my far-ſought Ballaſt in the Haven,
Fire all my Cities, burn my Dukedoms down,
Let midnight Wolves howl in my deſart Chambers,
May the Earth yawn! ſhatter the Frame of Nature!
Let the wreck'd Orbs in Whirl-winds round me move!
But ſave me from the Rage of jealous Love!

(*Lee's Caſ. Borg.*

IDLENESS.

Of which the firſt that all the reſt did guide,
Was ſluggiſh Idleneſs, tho nurſe of Sin;
Upon a ſlothful Aſs he choſe to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like an holy Monk the Servis to begin.

And in his hand a Porteſſe ſtill he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red;
For of Devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in ſleep, and moſt of his days dead;
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head
To looken whether it were night or day.
May ſeem the waine was very evil led,
When ſuch an one had guiding the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or elſe aſtray.

From worldly cares himſelf he did eſloine,
And greatly ſhunned manly exerciſe:
For every work he challenged eſſoine,
For contemplation ſake: yet otherwiſe,
His life he led in lawleſs riotiſe;
By which he grew to grievious maladie;
For in his luſtleſs limbs through evil guiſe

A ſhaking feaver raign'd continually:
Such one was Idleneſs, firſt of this company. *Spen.*

IGNORANCE.

At laſt, with creeping crooked pace, forth came
An old Man, with beard as white as ſnow,
That on a Staffe his feeble ſteps did frame,
And guide his weary Steps both to and fro;
For his eye-ſight him failed long ago:
And on his arme a bunch of keys he bore,
The which, unuſed, ruſt did over-growe:
Thoſe were the keys of every inward dore;
But he could not them uſe, but kept them ſtill in (ſtore.
But wery uncouth ſight was to behold
How he did faſhion his untoward pace:
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward ſtill was turn'd his wrinkled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead;
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foſter-father of the Giant dead,
His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread. *Spen.*

Ignorance, *Diſcord*'s Parent, by her ſtood,
And from her Breaſt ſqueez'd Juice, like blackiſh Blood,
Her hateful Off-ſpring's moſt delicious Food.
A formidable Figure! black as Night!
That does in Shades and Labyrinths delight;
Exceeding fierce; but deſtitute of Sight.
A Crowd of howling Hell-hounds near her ſtay'd,
All hideous Forms! and her Commands obey'd.
Contention, *Zeal*, inexorable *Rage*,
And *Strife*, that wretched Men in Arms engage;
Various *Diviſion*, *Malice*, dead by *Hate*,
That rend a Kingdom, and diſſolve a State. *Blac.*

IN-

INCONSTANCY.

For thoſe ſame Iſlands, ſeeing now and then,
Are not firme land, or any certein wonne,
But ſtraggling plots; which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The *wandring Iſlands*: Therefore do them ſhonne;
For they have oft drawn many a wandring wight
Into moſt deadly danger and diſtreſſed plight.

Yet well they ſeem to him, that farre doth veiw,
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground diſpred
With graſſie green of delectable hew,
And the tall Trees with leaves unparelled,
Are deckt with bleſſomes dyde in white and red,
That more the Paſſengers thereto allure;
But whoſoever once hath faſtened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unſure. *Spen.*

INCONTINENCE.

The wanton Lady with her Lover loſe,
Whoes ſleepy head ſhe in her lap did ſoft diſpoſe.

Upon a bed of roſes ſhe was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleaſant ſin,
And was arraid, or rather diſarraid,
All in a veil of ſilk and ſilver thin,
That had no whit her alabaſter ſkin,
But rather ſhew'd more white if more might be:
More ſubtile web *Arachne* cannot ſpin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven ſee
Of ſcorched dew, doe not in th' aire more lightly flee.

Her ſnowy breaſt was bare to ready ſpoile
Of hungry eyes, which more therewith be fill'd:
And yet through languour of her late ſweet toyle,
Few drops, more clear than Nectar, forth diſtill'd,
The like pure orient Pearles adowne it trill'd:

And

And her faire eyes ſweet ſmyling in delight,
Moyſtened their firie with which ſhe thril'd
Fraile hearts, yet quenched not: like ſtarry night,
Which ſparkling on the ſilent waves, does ſeem more
(bright. *Spen.*

INDIANS.

Thus in the Weſtern World ſo lately found,
Tho' circling Years have paſt their conſtant Round;
Tho' tedious Ages have ſucceſſive roll'd,
No length of Time could this great Truth unfold:
Here all her Pride has bounteous Nature ſhown,
And ſports her ſelf in Forms to us unknown:
But tho' each bluſhing Fruit, or ſmiling Flow'r
Declares a GOD, and ſpeaks his awful Pow'r,
Yet the dark *Indians* never will reflect,
No Deity adore, no Heav'n expect:
Thoughtleſs they live, nor heed an After-ſtate,
Intent on Earth, and careleſs of their Fate.
(*Black. Creat.*

INFIRMARY.

Immediately a Place
Before his Eyes appear'd, ſick, noiſom, dark,
A Lazar-houſe it ſeem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all Diſeas'd, all Maladies.
Dire was the toſſing, deep the Groans; Deſpair
Tended the Sick, buſy from Couch to Couch;
And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, tho' oft invok'd
With Vows, as their chief Good, and final Hope. *Milt.*

INSECTS.

Thus when the *Nile* from *Pharian* Fields is fled,
And ſeeks with ebbing Tides his antient Bed;
The fat Manure with Heav'nly Fire is warm'd,
And cruſted Creatures, as in Wombs, are form'd:
Theſe, when they turn the Glebe, the Peaſants find,
Some rude, and yet unfiniſh'd in their Kind:

Short

Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth,
One half alive, and one of lifeless Earth. *Dryd. Ovid.*

INTEREST.

Interest is the most prevailing Cheat:
The sly Seducer both of Age and Youth,
They study that, and think they study Truth:
Where Int'rest fortifies an Argument,
Weak Reason serves to gain the Will's Assent;
For Souls already warp'd, receive an easy Bent.
(Dryd. Hind. & Panth.

Int'rest, that bold Impoſer on our Fate,
That always to dark Ends misguides our Wills,
And with false Happiness smooths o'er our Ills.
(Otw. Don. Carl.

All seek their Ends, and each would other cheat:
They only seem to hate, and seem to love,
But Int'rest is the Point on which they move:
Their Friends are Foes, and Foes are Friends agen,
And in their Turns, are Knaves and honest Men:
Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold:
'Tis who bids most, for all Men would be sold.
(Dryd. Amphit.

JOVE.

So in *Olympus* once, Adult'rous *Jove*
Left his loath'd *Juno* for a human Love.
In Earth and Heav'n his spurious Off-spring sow'd,
Profusely scatter'd his immortal Blood,
And stock'd the Sky with a promiscuous Brood.
So when Great *Jove* did with the Giants fight,
To Heav'n asserting his undoubted Right,
Œus and vast *Enceladus* he slew,
With Light'ning sing'd the bold conspiring Crew,
And lodg'd them in the Mountains which they threw.
In *Ætna*'s Cave, a Sacrifice to Pride,
They breed new Earthquakes as they shift their Side.
Then the fair Sister of th' *Aonian* Throng
Met the victorious God with lofty Song:

Curſt the Rebellion of Earth's impious Race,
Who durſt with *Jove* diſpute ſuperior Place.
Peals of Applauſe thro' the bright Palace rung,
And the charm'd Stars danc'd as the Muſes ſung:
Gods were with Gods in ſtrict Embraces bound,
Full Bowls of Nectar walk'd the pleaſing Round,
And Mirth, and Joy, and Peace ſincere, the heav'nly
(Banquet crown'd. *Rowe's Call.*

JOUSTS *and* Tournaments.

The Challenger with fierce Defie,
His Trumpet ſounds, the Challeng'd makes Reply;
With Clangor rings the Field, reſounds the vaulted Sky.
Their Vizors clos'd, their Lances in the Reſt,
Or at the Helmet pointed, or the Creſt;
They vaniſh from the Barrier, ſpeed the Race,
And ſpurring ſee decreaſe the middle Space:
A Cloud of Smoak envellops either Hoſt,
And all at once the Combatants are loſt:
Darkling they joyn adverſe, and ſhock unſeen:
Courſers with Courſers juſtling, Men with Men.
As lab'ring in Eclipſe, awhile they ſtay,
'Till the next Blaſt of Wind reſtores the Day.
They look anew: the beauteous Form of Fight
Is chang'd, and War appears a grieſly Sight.
Two Troops in fair Array one Moment ſhow'd,
The next, a Field with fallen Bodies ſtrow'd:
Not half the Number in their Seats are found;
But Men and Steeds lye grov'ling on the Ground.
The Points of Spears are ſtuck within the Shield,
The Steeds without their Riders ſcour the Field.
The Knights unhors'd, on Foot renew the Fight.
The glitt'ring Faulchions caſt a gleaming Light:
Hawberks and Helms are hew'd with many a Wound:
Out ſpins the ſtreaming Blood, and dies the Ground.
The mighty Maces with ſuch Haſte deſcend,
They break the Bones, and make the ſolid Armour bend.

This

ruſts amid the Throng with furious Force;
goes at once the Horſeman and the Horſe:
ourſer ſtumbles on the fallen Steed,
lound'ring, throws the Rider o'er his Head;
lls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes,
ith a broken Truncheon, deals his Blows.
they ceaſe, and leaning on the Lance;
reath awhile; and to new Fight advance,
the Rivals met, and neither ſpar'd
noſt Force, for each forgot to ward:
ead of this was to the Saddle bent,
ther backward to the Crupper ſent.
ere by Turns unhors'd; the jealous Blows
ick and heavy when on Foot they cloſe;
their Faulchions bite, that ev'ry Stroke
to the quick; and equal Wounds they gave and (took.

Far aſunder by the Tides of Men,
damant and Steel, they meet agen.
n a Tyger ſucks the Bullock's Blood,
ſh'd Lion iſſuing from the Wood,
oudly fierce, and challenges the Food.
laims Poſſeſſion, neither will obey,
th their Paws are faſten'd on the Prey.
ite, they tear, and while in vain they ſtrive,
rains come arm'd between, and both to Diſtance (drive. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

ld the noble Youths of Form divine,
he Plain advancing in a Line;
iders grace the Steeds; the Steeds with Glory (ſhine.

s marching on in military Pride,
of Applauſe reſound from Side to Side.
Caſques, adorn'd with Laurel-Wreaths they wear,
randiſhing aloft a Cornel Spear:
t their Backs their gilded Quivers bore,
Chains of burniſh'd Gold hung down before.

Three graceful Tooops they form'd upon the Green;
Three graceful Leaders at their Head were ſeen;
Twelve follow'd every Chief, and left a Space between.
(Dryd. Virg.

JOY,

Fond Joys may pleaſe awhile, but end in Shame;
A ſmoaky Stench ſurrounds the guilty Flame:
The noiſom Fires, at beſt, obſcurely burn,
And the groſs Fuel will to Aſhes turn.

She bids me hope! Oh Heav'ns! ſhe pities me;
And Pity ſtill fore-runs approaching Love,
As Light'ning does the Thunder. Tune your Harps,
Ye Angels, to that Sound! and thou, my Heart,
Make Room to entertain thy flowing Joy:
Hence all my Grief, and ev'ry anxious Care,
One Look, and one kind Glance can cure Deſpair.
(Dryd. Span. Fry.

Be this the gen'ral Voice ſent up to Heav'n,
And ev'ry publick Place repeat this Eccho,
To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy Day;
Let Labour ceaſe; ſet out before your Doors
The Images of all your ſleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd: with Laurel wreathe your Poſts,
And ſtrew with Flow'rs the Pavement. Let the Prieſts
Do preſent Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,
And call the Gods to joyn with you in Gladneſs.
(Dryd. All for Love.

Oh my Soul's Joy!
If after every Tempeſt comes ſuch Calm,
May the Winds blow 'till they have waken'd Death:
And let the lab'ring Bark climb Hills of Seas,
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As Hell's from Heav'n. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for I fear
My Soul has her Content ſo abſolute,
That not another Comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown Fate. *Shak. Othel.*

ISIS.

Her moony Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,
And yellow Sheaves her ſhining Temples grac'd:
A Mitre, for a Crown, ſhe wore on high;
The Dog, and dappled Bull were waiting by.
Oſyris, ſought along the Banks of *Nile*;
The Silent God; the ſacred Crocodile:
And laſt a long Proceſſion moving on
With Timbrels, that aſſiſt the lab'ring Moon. *Dry. Ovid.*

The Fortunate ISLANDS.

The happy Iſles where endleſs Pleaſures wait,
Are ſtil'd by tuneful Birds, *The Fortunate*.
Eternal Spring with ſmiling Verdure here
Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.
From cryſtal Rocks tranſparent Riv'lets flow;
The Roſe ſtill bluſhes, and the Vi'lets blow.
The Vine undreſs'd her ſwelling Cluſters bears;
The lab'ring Hind the mellow Olive cheares:
Bloſſoms and Fruit at once the Citron ſhews,
And as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes:
And the glad Orange courts the am'rous Maid
With golden Apples, and a ſilken Shade.
No Blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful Sky,
The Springs but murmur, and the Winds but ſigh.
The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,
And warbling Dirges dye on ev'ry Note.
Where *Flora* treads, her *Zephyr* Garlands flings,
Shaking rich Odours from his purple Wings:
And Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs, and Jeſs'min Groves
Chaunt their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves.
Mild Seaſons, riſing Hills, and ſilent Dales,
Cool Grottos, ſilver Brooks, and flow'ry Vales,
In this bleſt Climate all the circling Year prevails.
Garth.

JUSTICE.

Whoſo upon himſelf will take the ſkill
True Juſtice unto people to divide,

Had need have mighty hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maiſter rough and puiſſant pride:
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And make rong-doers Juſtice to deride,
Unleſs it be perform'd with dreadleſs might.
For power is the right hand of Juſtice truly hight.
(Spen.

Of all the Virtues, Juſtice is the beſt;
Valour, without it, is a common Peſt:
Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that Virtue may be plac'd:
'Tis our Complexion makes us chaſte or brave;
Juſtice from Reaſon and from Heav'n we have:
All other Virtues dwell but in the Blood;
That in the Soul, and gives the Name of Good:
Juſtice the Queen of Virtues! *Waller.*

KINDNESS.

Kindneſs has reſiſtleſs Charms,
All things elſe but weakly move;
Fierceſt Anger it diſarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.
Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindneſs can alone perſwade;
It gilds the Lover's ſervile Chain,
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.
(Roch.

KING.

A Monarch's Crown
Golden in Shew, is but a Crown of Thorns,
Brings Dangers, Troubles, Cares, and ſleepleſs Nights,
To him who wears the Regal Diadem;
When on his Shoulders each Man's Burthen lies:
For therein lies the Office of a King,
His Honour, Virtue, Merit, and chief Praiſe,
That for the Publick all this Weight he bears. *Milt.*

Kings,

Kings, like Heav'ns Eye, ſhould ſpread their Beams (around,
Pleas'd to be ſeen, while Glory's Race they run:
Reſt is not for the Chariot of the Sun.
Luxurious Kings are to their People loſt;
They live, like Drones, upon the publick Coſt.
(Dryd. Auren.

Some Kings the Name of Conquerors aſſum'd;
Some to be Great, ſome to be Gods preſum'd:
But boundleſs Pow'r, and arbitrary Luſt,
Made Tyrants ſtill abhor the Name of Juſt:
They ſhunn'd the Praiſe this Godlike Virtue gives,
And fear'd a Title that reproach'd their Lives. *Dryd.*

O poliſh'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keeps the Ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchful Night! O Majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy Bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich Armour, worn in Heat of Day,
That ſcalds with Safety. *Shak. Hen. 4.*

KISSING.

I felt the while a pleaſing kind of Smart,
The Kiſs went tingling to my very Heart:
When it was gone, the Senſe of it did ſtay,
The Sweetneſs cling'd upon my Lips all Day,
Like Drops of Honey, loth to fall away.
(Dryd. Mar. A-la-Mode.

How could I dwell for ever on thoſe Lips!
Oh I could kiſs 'em pale with Eagerneſs,
So ſoft, by Heav'n! and ſuch a juicy Sweet;
That ripen'd Peaches have not half the Flavour.
(Dryd. Amphit.

LARK.

The Lark that ſhuns on lofty Boughs to build
Her humble Neſt, lies ſilent in the Field;
But if the Promiſe of a cloudleſs Day,
Aurora ſmiling, bids her riſe, and play;

Then ſtrait ſhe ſhews, 'twas not for want of Voice,
Or Pow'r to climb, ſhe made ſo low a Choice;
Singing ſhe mounts, her airy Wings are ſtretch'd
Towards Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her Note ſhe fetch'd.
(Waller.

DAPHNE chang'd into a LAUREL.

Scarce had ſhe finiſh'd when her Feet ſhe found
Benum'd with Cold, and faſten'd to the Ground.
A filmy Rind about her Body grows;
Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to Boughs:
The Nymph is all into a Laurel gone,
The Smoothneſs of her Skin remains alone;
Yet *Phœbus* loves her ſtill, and caſting round
Her Bole his Arms, ſome little Warmth he found:
The Tree ſtill panted in th' unfiniſh'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her Heart:
He fix'd his Lips upon the trembling Rind,
It ſwerv'd aſide, and his Embrace declin'd:
To whom the God: Becauſe thou canſt not be
My Miſtreſs, I eſpouſe thee for my Tree.
Be thou the Prize of Honour and Renown,
The deathleſs Poet, and the Poem crown:
Thou ſhalt the *Roman* Feſtivals adorn,
And, after Poets, be by Victors worn:
Thou ſhalt returning *Cæſar*'s Triumphs grace,
When Pomp ſhall in a long Proceſſion paſs:
Wreath'd on the Poſts before his Palace wait,
And be the ſacred Guardian of the Gate.
Secure from Thunder, and unharm'd by *Jove*,
Unfading, as th' Immortal Pow'rs above.
And as the Locks of *Phœbus* are unſhorn,
So ſhall perpetual Green thy Boughs adorn.
The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he ſaid,
And ſhook the ſhady Honours of her Head. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Thus Laurel is the Sign of Labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter Blaſt, nor ſhaken falls to Ground.
From Winter Winds it ſuffers no Decay,
For ever freſh and fair, and ev'ry Month is *May*.

Ev'n

Ev'n when the vital Sap retreats below;
Ev'n when the hoary Head is hid in Snow:
The Life is in the Leaf, and ſtill between
The Fits of falling Snows appears the ſtreaky Green.
(*Dryd. The Flow. and the Leaf.*

LECHERY.

And next to him rode luſtfull *Lechery*,
Upon a bearded Goat, whoes rugged haire,
And whaley eyes (the ſigne of Jealouſie)
Was like the Perſon ſelf whom he did beare;
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,
Unſeemly Man to pleaſe fair Ladys Eye;
Yet he of Ladys oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid ſtanden by:
O! who does know the bent of Woman's fantaſie?

In a green gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthineſs,
And in his hand a burnnig heart did bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fangleneſs:
For he was falſe, and fraught with fickleneſs,
And learned had to love with ſecrett lookes,
And well could dance and ſing with ruefulneſs,
And fortunes tell, and read in loveing books,
And thouſand other waies, to bait his fleſhly hooks.

Inconſtant Man, that loved all he ſaw,
And luſted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looſer life be tied to law.
But joy'd weak Womens hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdneſs fill'd him with reproachful paine
Of that foule evill which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow and conſumes the braine:
Such one was *Lechery*, the third of all this traine.

(*Spen.*

LEDA.

Then was he turned into a fnowy ſwan,
To win fair *Leda* to his lovely trade:
O wondrous ſkill, and ſweet witt of the Man,
That her in daffadillies ſleeping made:
From ſcorching heat her dainty limbs to ſhade:
Whiles the proud Bird ruffling his feathers wide,
And bruſhing, his fair breaſt, did her invade;
She ſlept, yet 'twixt her eye-lids ſpied,
How towards her he ruſht and ſmiled at his pride.
(*Spen.*

LEVIATHAN.

So when Leviathans diſpute the Reign,
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main:
From the rent Rocks whole Coral Groves are torn,
And Iſles of Sea-weed on the Waves are borne:
Such watry Stores from their ſpread Noſtrils fly;
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky. *Gar.*

LIBERTY.

Oh Liberty! thou Goddeſs Heav'nly-bright,
Profuſe of Bliſs, and pregnant with Delight;
Eternal Pleaſures in thy Preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train.
Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light;
And Poverty looks chearful in thy Sight.
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt Beauty to the Sun, and Pleaſure to the Day.
(*Addiſon.*

LIBRA.

From riſing *Libra* equal Beauty glides,
Since *Venus* there eternally reſides;
There is her Throne, the *Graces* there appear,
Joyn with their Queen, and wanton in the Sphere:
The Goddeſs hence the new-born Infant arms,
And Male and Female glitter in her Charms.
Yet *Saturn* often with a ſpiteful Gleam
Rebates the Brightneſs of her purer Beam;

His

His Rays o'er diſtant Parts the Reign aſſume,
And deep encloud them with a duſky Gloom;
But *Venus* ſtill more prevalently bright,
Breaks thro' the fullen Horror of his Light,
Preſerves the Face, and ſilvers it with white.

LIBYAN Sands.

So ever-burning Sands in *Libyan* Plains,
Suck in with greedy Thirſt the falling Rains,
And ſtill unſated with the watry Store,
Their Drought increaſing, make Demand for more.
(Rowe's Coll.

LIFE.

O why doe wretched Men ſo much deſire
To draw their daies unto the utmoſt date,
And doe not rather wiſh them ſoon expire,
Knowing the miſery of their eſtate,
And thouſand Perils which them ſtill awaite,
Toſſing themſelves like a boat amid the maine
That every houre they knock at Deathes gate?
And he that happy ſeemes, and leaſt in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that moſt doth plaine.

The whiles ſome one did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah ſee, whoſo faire thing dooſt faine to ſee,
In ſpringing flowre the image of thy day;
All ſee thy virgin roſe, how ſweetly ſhee
Doth firſt peep forth with bathful modeſtie,
That fairer ſeems, the leſs you ſee her may;
Lo, ſee ſoon after, how more bold and free
Her bared boſome ſhe doth broad diſplay;
Lo ſee ſoon after, how he fades and falls away.

So paſſeth in the paſſing of a Day,
Of mortal Life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flouriſh after firſt decay,
That earſt was ſought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a Lady, and many a Paramoure:

Gather the Roſe of love, whilſt yet is time,
Whilſt loving thou mayſt loved be with equal crime. *Spen.*

Life in its Spring diſplays a glorious Scene,
Vig'rous like *April*, and like *May* ſerene;
The Streams of Pleaſure flow as Nectar pure,
Attract the Senſes, and the Soul allure;
The fond young Man is raviſh'd with the Taſte,
Smiles, drinks, and dreams the Reliſh long will laſt;
And giddy with the Fumes, and with Conceit,
He deems himſelf for all great Actions fit,
A *Cranmer* in the Church, and *Burleigh* in the State.
Boundleſs his Hopes, fantaſtick are his Schemes,
And gay Idea's fill his golden Dreams,
But O! how ſoon the nauſeous Dregs ariſe,
Diſguſt his Palate, and pollute his Joys,
Troubles break in, and worldly Cares prevail,
The Brain is heated, and the Viſage pale.
The Toils of Day invade the peaceful Night,
And ſting the Soul, and in black Dreams affright.
Nor outward Ills alone our Pride chaſtiſe,
From our own Frame corroding Sorrows riſe.
Diſeaſes, barb'rous Armies, Havock make,
Aches and Pangs the yielding Fortreſs ſhake.
Potions are drank, and loathſome Rules obey'd;
The Pulſe oft number'd with a ſilent Care,
And Death ſeen hov'ring in the hazy Air.
The Soul her Empire would maintain, but fails,
For in the Striſe the mortal Part prevails.
See our undaunted *Henry* loath to yield,
He combats Sickneſs, and will take the Field;
The fearleſs Hero in his Litter goes,
But finds his Fever worſe than *Gallic* Foes;
His vig'rous Mind could cauſe, but cannot heal
An Ill ſo fatal to the publick Weal.
Vanquiſh'd at length, the pious Prince retreats,
And in the Bloom of Life to griſly Death ſubmits.

Who

Who on this Thing call'd Life has ſerious Thought,
How ſhort, how fooliſh, and how ſoon forgot.
'When I conſider Life, 'tis all a Cheat:
Yet, fool'd with Hope, Men favour the Deceit:
Truſt on, and think To-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falſer than the former Day;
Lies more; and while it ſays we ſhall be bleſs'd
With ſome new Joys, cuts off what we poſſeſs'd:
Strange Cozn'nage! none would live paſt Years again,
Yet all hope Pleaſure in what yet remain;
And from the Dregs of Life think to receive
What the firſt ſprightly Running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,
Which fools us Young, and beggars us when Old.
(Dryd. Auren.

To-morrow, To-morrow, and To-morrow,
Creeps in a ſtealing Pace from Day to Day,
To the laſting Minute of revolving Time;
And all our Yeſterdays, have lighted Fools
To their eternal Homes.
Life's but a walking Shadow; a poor Player,
That frets, and ſtruts his Hour upon a Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying Nothing. *Shak. Mach.*

'Tis not for Nothing that we Life perſue;
It pays our Hopes with ſomething ſtill that's new:
Each Day's a Miſtreſs unenjoy'd before;
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with ſeeing more.
(Dryd. Auren.

Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For not to live at Eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does ſome looſe Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live while thou liv'ſt, for Death will make us all
A Name, a Nothing but an old Wife's Tale. *Dryd. Perſ.*

LIFE

LIFE *to come.*

But would you throughly purge the vicious Stain,
Exert the Man, and let no Paſſion reign;
Believe the Soul, when freed from preſſing Clay,
Will to ſome unknown Region wing away:
Think righteous Heav'n will its own Laws regard,
And puniſh thoſe whom Juſtice can't reward.
But if no Fiends in gloomy Darkneſs howl,
Nor Ghoſts in airy Forms confeſs the Soul:
If ſulph'rous Lakes, and livid Fires below,
To Prieſts their Being, or to Stateſmen owe;
In vain we hope a bright Expanſe Above,
Where Spirits riot in Exceſs of Love;
If after Death be Nothing, nothing Death,
But th' utmoſt Limits of a Gaſp of Breath;
If theſe are all Dreams, Whimſies, and no more,
Firſt made by Fear, and then enforc'd by Pow'r,
What motive can reclaim the careleſs Boy?
He'll give a Looſe, and graſp the fleeting Joy;
Greed'ly indulge what Pleaſures now invite,
And ſnatch the preſent Moments of Delight.
But future Joys believ'd, or future Pain,
Will curb the wild Deſire, and ev'ry Luſt reſtrain.

(*Black. Creat.*

LIGHT.

Behold the Light emitted from the Sun,
What more familiar, and what more unknown?
While by its ſpreading Radiance it reveals
All Nature's Face, it ſtill it ſelf conceals.
See how each Morn it does its Beams diſplay,
And on its golden Wings brings back the Day!
How ſoon th' effulgent Emanations fly,
Thro' the blue Gulph of interpoſing Sky!
How ſoon their Luſtre all the Region fills,
Smiles on the Valleys, and adorns the Hills!
Millions of Miles, ſo rapid is their Race,
To chear the Earth, they in few Moments paſs.

(*Black. Creat.*

Firſt

First-born of *Chaos*! who ſo fair didſt come
From the old *Negro*'s darkſom Womb!
Which, when it ſaw the lovely Child,
The melancholy Maſs put on kind Looks, and ſmil'd.
Thou Tide of Glory! which no Reſt do'ſt know!
Bin ever ebb, and ever flow!
Hail active Nature's watchful Life and Health!
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth!
Hail to thy Huſband Heat and thee! (be.
Thou the World's beauteous Bride, the luſty Bridegroom
Say, from what golden Quivers of the Sky
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
Swiftneſs and Pow'r by Birth are thine,
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine!
Swift as light Thoughts their empty Career run,
Thy Race is finiſh'd when begun.
Thou, in the Moon's bright Chariot, proud and gay,
Doſt thy bright Wood of Stars ſurvey:
And all the Year doſt with thee bring
Of thouſand flow'ry Lights thy own nocturnal Spring.
Thou *Scythian*-like, doſt round thy Lands above,
The Sun's gilt Tent, for ever move.
And ſtill as thou in Pomp doſt go,
The ſhining Pageants of the World attend thy Show.
Nor amidſt all thoſe Triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
The humble Glow-Worms to adorn;
And with thoſe living Spangles gild
(O Greatneſs without Pride!) the Buſhes of the Field.
Night, and her ugly Subjects thou doſt fright,
And Sleep, the lazy Owl of Night:
Aſham'd and fearful to appear, (ſphere.
They ſkreen their horrid Shapes with the black Hemi-
With them there haſtes, and wildly takes th' Alarm
Of painted Dreams a buſy Swarm.
At the firſt Op'ning of thy Eye,
The various Clufters break, the antick Atoms fly.
The guilty Serpents and obſcener Beaſts
Creep conſcious to their ſecret Reſts:

Nature

Nature to thee does Rev'rence pay,
Ill Omens and ill Sights remove out of thy Way.
At thy Appearance Grief it ſelf is ſaid
To ſhake his Wings, and rouſe his Head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy Smile, reflected from thy Look.
At thy Appearance Fear it ſelf grows bold;
Thy Sun-ſhine melts away his Cold.
Ev'n Luſt, the Maſter of a harden'd Face,
Bluſhes, if thou be'ſt in the Place;
To Darkneſs' Curtains he retires;
In ſympathizing Night he rouls his ſmoaky Fires.
When, Goddeſs! thou lift'ſt up thy waken'd Head,
Out of the Morning's purple Bed,
Thy Choire of Birds about thee play,
And all the joyful World ſalutes the riſing Day.
All the World's Brav'ry that delights our Eyes,
Is but thy ſev'ral Liveries.
Thou the rich Dye on them beſtow'ſt;
Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landſkip as thou go'ſt.
A crimſon Garment in the Roſe thou wear'ſt,
A Crown of ſtudded Gold thou bear'ſt.
The Virgin Lillies in their White,
Are cl.d but with the Lawn of almoſt naked Light.
The Violet, Spring's little Infant, ſtands
Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands:
On the fair Tulip thou doſt doat,
Thou cloath'ſt it with a gay and party-colour'd Coat.
But the vaſt Ocean of unbounded Day
In th' Empyreal Heav'n does ſtay;
Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below,
From thence firſt took their Riſe, thither at laſt muſt (flow. *Cowl.*

Thro' the rude Chaos thus the running Light
Shot the firſt Ray that pierc'd the native Night:
Then Day and Darkneſs in the Maſs were mix'd,
'Till gather'd in a Globe, the Beams were fix'd.

Laſt

Laſt ſhone the Sun, who radiant in his Sphere,
Illumin'd Heav'n and Earth, and roll'd around the Year.
(*Dryd. Cym. & Iph.*

Hail holy Light! Off-ſpring of Heav'n firſt-born,
Or of th' Eternal Co-eternal Beam:
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? Since God is Light,
And never but in unapproached Light
Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright Effluence of bright Eſſence increate!
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure etherial Stream,
Whoſe Fountain who ſhall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the Voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing World of Waters dark and deep,
Won from the Void and formleſs Infinite. *Milt.*

LIGHTNING.

Not half ſo ſwiftly ſhoots along the Air
The gliding Lightning, or deſcending Star:
Thro' Clouds of airy Shades ſhe wing'd her Flight,
And dark Dominions of the ſilent Night;
Swift as ſhe paſt the flitting Ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale Spectres tremble at her view:
To th' Iron-Gates of *Tænarus* ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her duſky Pinions to the Skies.
The Day beheld, and ſick'ning at the Sight,
Veil'd her fair Glories in the Shades of Night.
Affrighted *Atlas*, on the diſtant Shore,
Trembled, and ſhook the Heav'ns and Gods he bore.

As when ſome dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire ſhoots ſwiftly thro' the Sky,
Strikes and conſumes e'er ſcarce it does appear,
And by the ſudden Ill prevents the Fear. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

The Clouds
Juſtling, or puſh'd by Winds, rude in their Shock,
Tine the ſlant Lightning, whoſe thwart Flame driv'n (down
Kindles the gummy Bark of Firr, or Pine. *Milt.*

As

As where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
No Husbandry can heal the blasting Wound;
Nor bladed Grass nor bearded Corn succeed,
But scales of Scurf and Putrefaction breed.
(*Dryd. Hind. & Panth.*

LION.

Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toyle, doth rage and roare,
In royal heart disdaining to be thrall;
But all in vaine; for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, tho' it grieve him sore.

Like as a Lion, whoes imperial powre
A proud rebellious Unicorne defies,
T' avoid the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his feirce foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the Stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty Victor yields a bounteous feast.
(*Spen.*

See! next, the great *Alcides* Trophy rise,
The fiery Lion raging in the Skies;
His Pow'r in yellow Locks is seen expresst,
In flashing Eyes, and ample Width of Chest;
In large and brawny Limbs, in Features bold,
And Stature of a tall gigantick Mould.
From him can ought or kind or lovesom flow,
The Terror of *Athenian* Swains below?
'Till *Hercules* advanc'd, and sav'd the Land,
A Conquest worthy of the Hero's Hand.
So fierce his Rage, that * my serener Reign
Can scarce the Fury of his Beams restrain;
And when abated by these milder Heats,
The Lion still obtains, and sullenly retreats.

Does

* *Apollo* speaks.

Does the dread King and Terror of the Wood,
The Lion, at thy Hand expect his Food?
Stung with keen Hunger from his Den he comes,
Ranges the Plains, and o'er the Foreſt roams;
In ſullen Majeſty he ſtalks away,
And Tygers tremble while he ſeeks his Prey. *Gay.*

Thus as a hungry Lion, who beholds
A gameſom Goat, that friſks about the Folds;
Or beamy Stag, that grazes on the Plain;
He runs, he roars, he ſhakes his riſing Mane,
He grins, he opens wide his greedy Jaws;
The Prey lies panting underneath his Paws:
He fills his famiſh'd Maw, his Mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd Morſels, while he churns the Gore.

The famiſh'd Lion thus, with Hunger bold,
O'erleaps the Fences of the nightly Fold;
And tears the peaceful Flocks: with ſilent Awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his Paw.
(Dryd. Virg.

So when the gen'rous Lion has in Sight
His equal Match, he rouſes for the Fight:
But when his Foe lies proſtrate on the Plain,
He ſheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane,
And pleas'd with bloodleſs Honours of the Day,
Walks over, and diſdains th' inglorious Prey.
(Dryd. Hind. & Panth.

As when the Swains the *Lybian* Lion chace,
He makes a ſour Retreat, nor mends his Pace;
But if the pointed Jav'lin pierce his Side,
The Lordly Beaſt returns with double Pride,
He wrenches out the Steel, he roars for Pain,
His Sides he laſhes, and erects his Mane.

Thus as a Lion, when he ſpies from far
A Bull, that ſeems to meditate the War;
Bending his Neck, and ſpurning back the Sand;
Runs roaring downward from his hilly Stand,
To ruſh from high on his unequal Foe. *Dryd. Virg.*

LOOKS.

LOOKS.

His awful Preſence did the Crowd ſurprize,
Nor durſt the raſh Spectators meet his Eyes;
Eyes that confeſs'd him born for Kingly Sway,
So fierce they flaſh'd intolerable Day. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The *Trojan* Chief appear'd in open Sight,
Auguſt in Viſage, and ſerenely bright:
His Mother Goddeſs, with her Hands Divine,
Had form'd his curling Locks, and made his Temples (ſhine;
Had giv'n his rouling Eyes a ſparkling Grace,
And breath'd a youthful Vigour on his Face:
Like poliſh'd Iv'ry, beauteous to behold;
Or *Parian* Marble, when enchas'd with Gold. *Dryd. Virg.*

He looks ſecure of Death: ſuperiour Greatneſs;
Like *Jove*, when he made Fate, and ſaid, Thou art
The Slave of my Creation.
He looks as Man was made, with Face erect,
That ſcorns his brittle Corps, and ſeems aſham'd
He's not all Spirit: his Eyes with a dumb Pride,
Accuſing Fortune that he fell not warm,
Yet now diſdains to live. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Care ſate on his faded Cheek; but under Brows
Of dauntleſs Courage, and conſiderate Pride,
Waiting Revenge. Cruel his Eye, but caſt
Signs of Remorſe and Paſſion. *Milt.*

LORD.

Here a young Lord of wond'rous Hopes behold,
Drawn in a ſplendid Coach, adorn'd with Gold.
His Garb all killing, and each Gem a Dart
Which finds a Paſſage to the Lady's Heart:
Down on his Ivory Neck the flowing Hair,
And ſilver Plumes, which nod and ſport in Air,
Command the Paſſions, and ingage the Fair.
Rowe's Call.

LOVE.

O ſacred Fire, that burneſt mightily
In living breaſts, ykindled firſt above,
Emongſt th' eternal Spheres and lamping Sky,
And thence pour'd into Men, which Men call love;
Not that ſame which doth baſe affections move
In brutiſh mindes, and filthy luſt inflame;
But that ſweet fit, that does true beauty love,
And choſeth vertue for his deareſt dame,
Whence ſpring all noble deeds, and never dying fame.

Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,
That ever mortal minds has ſo great might,
To order them as beſt to thee doth ſeeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatal purpoſe of divine foreſight
Thou doſt effect in deſtined deſcents,
Through deep impreſſion of thy ſecret might,
And ſtirredſt up the Heroes high intents,
Which the late World admires for wondrous Monu-
(ments.

Wondrous it is to ſee in diverſe mindes,
How diverſly Love doth his pageants play,
And ſhews his Power in variable kinds:
The baſer wit, whoes idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It ſtirreth up to ſenſual deſire,
And in lewd ſloth to waſt his careleſs day,
But in brave ſprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high deſert and honour doth aſpire.

Ne ſuffereth uncomely Idleneſs,
In his free thought to build her ſluggiſh neſt;
Ne ſuffereth it thought of ungentleneſs,
Ever to creep into his noble breſt;
But to the higheſt and the worthieſt
Lifteth it up, that elſe would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to reſt:

It

It lets not ſcarce this Prince to breath at all,
But to his firſt perſuit him forward ſtill doth call.

Falſe love, why doe men ſay thou canſt not ſee,
And in their fooliſh fancie feine thee blind,
That with thy charmes the ſharpeſt ſight doſt bind,
And to thy will abuſe? thou walkeſt free,
And ſeeſt every ſecret of the mind;
Thou ſeeſt all, yet none at all ſeeſt thee;
All that's by the working of thy Deite.

True he it ſaid, whatever Man it ſaid,
That Love with gall and honey doth abound:
But if the one be with the other way'd,
For every dram of honey therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound.

He ſhould without diſturbance her poſſeſſe:
Sweet is the Love that comes alone with willingneſs.

Which long concealing in her covert breſt,
Yet chaw'd the cud of Lovers careful plight;
Yet could it not ſo thoroughly degeſt,
Being faſt fixed in her wounded ſprite,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would ſhe not thereto yeeld free accord,
To ſerve the lowly vaſſal of her might,
And of her Servant make her ſoveraign Lord:
So great her pride, that ſhe ſuch baſeneſs much abhorr'd.

So much the greater ſtill her anguiſh grew,
Through ſtubborne handling of her love-ſick heart,
And ſtill the more ſhe ſtrove it to ſubdue,
The more ſhe ſtill augmented her own ſmart,
And wider made the wound the hidden dart.
At laſt, when long ſhe ſtruggled had in vaine,
She gan to ſtoupe, and her proud mind convert

To

To meek obeyſance of loves mighty raine,
And him entreat for grace that procur'd her paine.

So Love does raine
In ſtouteſt mindes, and maketh monſtrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continual jarre:
O miſerable men that in him ſubject are.

For this was not to love but luſt inclin'd;
For love does alwaies bring forth bountious deedes,
And in each gentle heart deſire of honour breedes.

Nought ſo of love this looſer Dame did ſkill,
But as a coale to kindle fleſhly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foot her honeſt name:
Such love is hate, and ſuch deſire is ſhame,
Still did ſhe rove at her with craftie glaunce,
Of her falſe eyes, that at her heart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce,
But *Britomart* diſſembled it with ignoraunce.

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty creſt,
Ruffed of Love, gan lowly to availe,
And her proud portance and her princely geſt,
With which ſhe earſt triumphed, did now quaile:
Sad, ſolemne, ſowre, and full of fancie fraile
She wax; yet wiſt ſhe neither how nor why,
She wiſt not, ſilly maid, what ſhe did ayle;
Yet wiſt ſhe was not well at eaſe perdy,
Yet thought it was not love, but ſome malencholy.

So ſoon as night had with her pallid hue
Defac't the beauty of the ſhining ſky,
And reft from men the world's deſired view,
She with her nourſe adown to ſleep did lie;
But ſleep full farre away from her did flie:

In

Inſtead thereof great ſighes and ſorrowes deep
Kept watch and ward about her warily.
That nought ſhe did availe, and often ſteep
Her dainty couch with tears, which cloſely ſhe did weep.

But if that any drop of ſlumbring reſt
Did chaunce to ſtill into her weary ſprite,
When feeble nature felt her ſelf oppreſt;
Streight way with dreames, and with fantaſticke ſight
Of dreadful things, the ſame was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed ſhe did aſtart,
As one with view of ghaſtly Fiends affright:
Tho' gan ſhe to renew her former ſmart,
And think of that faire viſage written in her heart.
(*Spen.*

Love, the moſt gen'rous Paſſion of the Mind:
The ſofteſt Refuge Innocence can find.
The ſafe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wiſhes, and ſecur'd by Truth:
The Cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous Draught of Life go down:
On which one only Bleſſing God might raiſe,
In Lands of Atheiſts, Subſidies of Praiſe:
For none did e'er ſo dull and ſtupid prove,
But felt a God, and bleſs'd his Pow'r in Love. *Roch.*

For Love's not always of a vicious Kind;
But oft to virtuous Acts inflames the Mind:
Awakes the ſleepy Vigour of the Soul;
And, bruſhing o'er, adds Motion to the Pool:
Love, ſtudious how to pleaſe, improves our Parts
With poliſh'd Manners, and adorns with Arts.
Love firſt invented Verſe, and form'd the Rhyme,
The Motion meaſur'd, harmoniz'd the Chime;
To lib'ral Arts en'arg'd the Narrow-ſoul'd,
Soften'd the Fierce, and made the Coward bold.
(*Dryd. Cym. & Iph.*

The Pow'r of Love,
In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n above,

Rules

Rules unresisted with an awful Nod:
By daily Miracles declar'd a God;
He blinds the Wise, gives Eye-sight to the Blind:
And moulds and stamps anew the Lover's Mind.
No Law is made for Love:
Law is to Things which to free Choice relate;
Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate:
Laws are but Positive; Love's Pow'r we see
Is Nature's Sanction, and her first Decree.
Each Day we break the Bond of human Laws
For Love, and vindicate the common Cause.
Laws for Defence of civil Rights are plac'd;
Love throws the Fences down, and makes a gen'ral Waste.
Maids, Widows, Wives, without Distinction fall:
The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on, and covers all.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

So like the Chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are:
In Love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly:
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die. *Wall.*

The Proverb holds: That to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods Above.
A gen'ral Doom on all Mankind is pass'd,
And all are Fools and Lovers, first or last.
This both by others and my self I know,
For I have serv'd their Sovereign long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding Train
Of female Snares; and felt the Lover's Pain;
And learn'd how far the God can human Hearts
(constrain. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

I'm pleas'd and pain'd since first her Eyes I saw,
As I were stung with some *Tarantula:*
Arms and the dusty Field I less admire,
And soften strangely in some new Desire:
Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright;
But pale, as Fires when master'd by the Light.
Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more:
And now am nothing that I was before.

I'm numb'd and fix'd, and ſcarce my Eye-balls move;
I fear it is the Lethargy of Love,
'Tis he! I feel him now in ev'ry Part:
Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart;
Surveys in State each Corner of my Breaſt:
And now I'm all o'er Love! *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

How I have lov'd,
Witneſs ye Days, and Nights, and all your Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Buſineſs were to count my Paſſion.
One Day paſs'd by, and nothing ſaw but Love;
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only Love,
Then Suns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I ſaw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day,
And ev'ry Day was ſtill but as the firſt,
So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus* Lodging; ſuch a Charioteer
As *Phaeton* would laſh you to the Weſt,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe Curtains, Love-performing Night,
Thou ſober-ſuited Matron, all in Black,
That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe Arms untalk'd of, and unſeen:
Oh! Give me *Romeo*, and when he ſhall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little Stars;
And he will make the Face of Heav'n ſo fine,
That all the World will be in Love with Night,
And pay no Worſhip to the gaudy Sun. *Shak. Rom. & Ju.*

Where am I? ſurely Paradiſe is round me,
Sweets planted by the Hand of Heav'n grow here,
And ev'ry Senſe is full of thy Perfection!
To hear thee ſpeak, might calm a Mad-man's Frenzy,
'Till by Attention he forgot his Sorrows;
But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties,
Would make him rage again with Love, as I do:
To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, Oh!

Thou

Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece!
Sure framing thee, Heav'n took unuſual Care,
As its own Beauty, it deſign'd thee Fair,
And form'd thee by the beſt-lov'd Angel there.

Who can behold ſuch Beauty, and be ſilent?
Deſire firſt taught us Words: Man, when created,
At firſt, alone, long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn and ſilent as his Vaſſal Beaſts:
But when a Heav'n-born Maid like you appear'd,
Strange Paſſion fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his firſt Talk was Love.
(*Otw. Orph.*

Love in your ſunny Eyes does baſking play;
Love walks the pleaſant Mazes of your Hair,
Love does on both your Lips for ever ſtray,
And ſows and reaps a thouſand Kiſſes there. *Cowl.*

What Prieſtly Rites, alas! what pious Art,
What Vows avail to cure a bleeding Heart?
A gentle Fire ſhe feeds within her Veins,
Where the ſoft God ſecure in Silence reigns:
Sick with Deſire, and ſeeking him ſhe loves,
From Street to Street the raging *Dido* roves:
So when the watchful Shepherd, from the Blind,
Wounds with a random Shaft the careleſs Hind;
Diſtracted with her Pain ſhe flies the Woods,
Bounds o'er the Lawn, and ſeeks the ſilent Floods,
With fruitleſs Care, for ſtill the fatal Dart
Sticks in her Side, and rancles in her Heart. *Dryd. Virg.*

LUST.

There he him found all careleſsly diſplaid,
In ſecret Shadowe from the ſunny ray,
On a ſweet bed of Lillies ſoftly laid,
Amidſt a flock of Damzels freſh and gay,
That round about him diſſolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
Ever of which did looſely diſaray
Her upper parts of meet habiliments,
And ſhewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And every of them ſtrove with moſt delights,
Him to aggrate, and greateſt pleaſures ſhew;
Others ſweet words, dropping like honey dew;
Some bathed kiſſes, and did ſoft embrew
The ſugred liquor throught his melting lips:
One boaſts her beauty, and did yield to view
Her dainty limbs above her tender hips:
An other her out-boaſts, and all for tryal ſtrips.

He like an Adder lurking in the weeds,
His wandring thought in deep deſire does ſteep,
And his fraile eye with ſpoile of beautie feeds,
Sometimes he falſely faines himſelf to ſleep
Whilſt through their lids his wanton eyes doe peep
To ſteale a ſnatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby cloſe fire into his hart does creep:
So them deceives, deceiv'd in his deceit,
Made drunk with drugs of deare voluptuous receit.
(*Spen.*

As Virtue never will be mov'd,
Tho' Lewdneſs court it in a Shape of Heav'n:
So Luſt, tho' to a radiant Angel joyn'd,
Will ſeat it ſelf in a celeſtial Bed,
And prey on Garbage. *Shak. Ham.*

MADNESS.

With hundred iron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knotts that did him ſore conſtraine:
Yet his great iron teeth he ſtill did grinde,
And grimly gnaſh, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyn, whom bloudy Strakes did ſtaine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth ſparks of fire,
And more for ranke deſpight, then for great paine,
Shak't his long locks, colourd like copper wire,
And bit his tawny beard to ſhew his raging ire.
Spen.

To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell,
Name not a Woman, and I ſhall be well:

Like

Like a poor Lunatick, that makes his Moan,
And for a while beguiles his Lookers on;
He reaſons well, his Eyes their Wildneſs loſe,
He vows the Keepers his wrong'd Senſe abuſe:
But if you hit the Cauſe that hurt his Brain,
Then his Teeth gnaſh, he foams, he ſhakes his Chain,
His Eye-balls rowl, and he is mad again.

(*Lee's Ceſ. Borg.*

MAD DOG.

As a mad bitch, whenas the frantick fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at random, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beaſt that cometh in her path. *Spen.*

MAGICK.

For he by words could call out of the ſkie
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obey:
The Land to Sea, and Sea to Maine-land dry,
And darkſome night he eke could turne to day:
Huge Hoſtes of Men he could alone diſmay,
And Hoſtes of Men of meaneſt things could frame,
Whenſo him liſt his enemies to fray:
That to this day for terror of his fame,
The Fiends do quake, when any him to them does
(name. *Spen.*

MAGNANIMITY.

How much more ſweet and worth our conſtant
A Mind unſhaken by the Storms of Care! (Pray'r,
Which can a vaine and empty World deſpiſe,
And with an upward Flight affect the Skies;
Which the gay Trappings of the Great contemns,
Their ſounding Titles, and their ſhining Gems.
Diſcharg'd of all which Happineſs debars,
She plants her Converſation in the Stars;
Looks on the Clouds, and lower Earth with ſcorn,
And ſeeks that Country where ſhe firſt was born.

MAN.

When firſt *Prometheus* did ſtol'n Life convey,
And warm'd with ſacred Fires the moulded Clay,
Man walk'd erect, with a majeſtic Grace,
And heav'nly Bloom adorn'd his ſmiling Face:
A Ray divine, pluck'd from th' immortal Skies,
Shone in his Cheeks, and ſparkled in his Eyes.
But ſoon the Wretch fell from a juſter Pride,
Tho' to primæval Light and heav'nly Spheres ally'd;
Still querulous, and prone to vain Complaint,
He talks of trifling Ills, and fancy'd Want:
That Heav'n regards his Happineſs the leaſt,
More juſt to Brutes, and kind to ev'ry Beaſt.
With fruitleſs Diſcontent the fond Ingrate
Blaſphemes the Gods, and blames indulgent Fate;
And thinks it hard that Man, the Lord of All,
Should from the warmeſt Womb a *naked Infant* crawl.
Such is the Thing call'd MAN; and in this Life,
An endleſs War of Thoughts, and an eternal Strife.
Say, is not Man by every God belov'd?
Man, Lord of all the Earth's chief darling Pride,
Tho' form'd of *Æther*, and to Heav'n ally'd:
By Reaſon taught, and touch'd with purer Light,
O'er all beſides he claims a ſov'reign Right;
The kinder Pow'rs infus'd a nobler Mind,
To ſway the World, and rule the beſtial Kind.
What tho' the Babe begins his Life with Cries,
When ſudden Light diſturbs his weaker Eyes;
Tho' new-born Man, unlike the hairy Beaſt,
Comes from the womb, as from the Bed, undreſt;
Since the kind Mother with indulgent Care,
Will ſwathing Bands, and ſoft Array prepare,
To wrap the tender Limbs, and ſkreen the piercing Air,
She ſafe defends him from attending Harm,
And hugs him cloſe, and keeps the Infant warm;
Till ſettled Limbs ſupport the darling Boy,
Who wanton ſmiles, and runs to ev'ry Toy:

Then

Then trivial Knowledge, and firſt Thoughts commence,
And Reaſon's Twilight gleams in liſping Senſe.
But when it ſhines in full Perfection bright,
The conſcious Mind perſues her boundleſs Sight:
Man ſees thro' all; one View t' his Knowledge brings
The Chain of Cauſes, and Reſult of Things:
The Creatures all obey; he gives the Word,
They patient yield, and own their deſtin'd Lord.
MAN, lordly Creature! in whom Beauties meet
Unnumber'd, and the lovely Frame complete.
Mark the nice Structure, and the wond'rous Art;
How juſt the Whole, how curious ev'ry Part.
By the Child's Features we the Parent gueſs,
And Looks divine an heav'nly Sire confeſs.
Man amiable, Majeſtick, walks erect,
And from th' inferiour World commands Reſpect;
Reaſon curbs Force, and gives to Fury Laws,
And fierceſt Creatures to Subjection awes.
They conſcious yield, and own the righteous Sway,
And their juſt Sovereign paſſively obey.
Man is the Univerſe, in little ſhewn,
The ſcatter'd Beauties here are joyn'd in one;
In him the ſeveral Motions are explain'd,
And the great World is in the leſs contain'd.
For as th' *Almighty*'s Throne is fix'd on high,
(Far from theſe lower Spheres, and arched Sky,
Where *Seraphs*, and *Cherubic* Orders ſtand,
Attend the Nod, and wait the bleſs'd Command;
Then with angelic Motion ſwift obey,
And inſtantly themſelves to farther Worlds convey.)
Thus ſeated in the Brain the Reaſoning Soul
Exalted ſits, and there directs the Whole:
At the leaſt Hint the conſcious Spirits ſtart,
Loaden with Images from ev'ry Part;
In branched Tubes the ſubtile Atoms roam,
And from each Senſe bring freſh Advices home.
The immaterial Mind attends above,
While they inform how outward Objects move.

The God of Light ſends down his ſtreaming Rays
On the warm'd Earth, and chears with ſmiling Days.
And thus the central Heart the Source contains
Of vital Heat, and in its Cavern ſtrains
The bubling Streams that ſtretch the ſwelling Veins.
Still it conveys the ſwift returning Blood,
And reſtleſs thus maintains the circling Flood.
The Sun (when Summer-heats the Spring ſucceed)
Changes the tarniſh'd Verdure of the Mead:
The dry'd up Rills no longer murmuring creep
O'er the ſmooth Pebbles, and invite to ſleep,
But buzzing Inſects make an uncouth Noiſe,
And ſulph'rous Vapours thunder in the Skies.
So when the Heart tumultuous Paſſions move,
If melting in the ſoftſer Flames of Love,
With quicker Strokes the haſty Pulſes beat,
And glowing Cheeks confeſs the inward Heat;
Or if fierce Rage provoke, and vengeful Ire,
The Eyes then ſparkle with unuſual Fire:
Ah! ſoon the Flames their rapid Fury ſpread,
And colour all with a malignant red:
Curſes and Oaths th' unthinking Wretch repeats,
And the Tongue falters in half-utter'd Threats.
How like the Earth mix'd with the watry Maſs,
Where troubled Seas the ſlimy Land embrace,
Are Man's leſs nobler Parts, th' inferiour Drain,
Where forc'd, the cruder Sediments remain?
Here ſtagnate Filth, and acid worthleſs Lees,
And noiſom Heaps from various Foods increaſe:
Hence windy Fumes, and ſudden Vapours ſpread,
That ſwell the Breaſt, and rack the aching Head,
'Till forc'd by ſtronger Nature to retreat,
They melting fall, and all diſſolve in Sweat:
Diſpers'd in watry Drops they pain no more,
But work inſenſibly thro' ev'ry Pore.
And as the Sun by his own Heat exhales
Clouds from the Sea, and Fogs from marſhy Vales;

Which

Which (tho' baſe-born) ambitious higher move,
Prevent the Light, and hide the Worlds above:
So from corporeal Dregs the Miſts condenſe,
And intercept the Meſſengers of Senſe.
Hence the clogg'd Spirits their Confinement mourn,
And Reaſon waits in vain their ſwift Return.
The clouded Images their March delay,
'Till the roua'd Soul, by a ſuperior Ray
Breaks thro' the Shade, and urges on the Day.

The *Sages* grant, what they on Reaſon found,
The Heat and Vigour in the *Male* abound;
This Truth by plain Experiment is ſeen,
In *Man*'s excelling Strength, and portly Mien,
In well-knit Limbs, and cloſer Parts confeſs'd,
And turgent Spirits heaving in the Breaſt:
This too from their ſuperiour Soul is prov'd,
Unſhock'd by Danger, and by Fear unmov'd;
From Parts to Buſ'neſs turn'd, from Wit refin'd,
And the long Studies of th' unweary'd Mind.
(*Sewell's Call.*

And chiefly MAN, who o'er Earth, Air, and Main,
Extends his wide and undiſputed Reign.

Such, Earth, thy Fate; what then canſt thou afford
To comfort and ſupport thy guilty Lord?
Man, haughty Lord of all beneath the Moon,
How muſt he bend his Sons Ambition down?
Proſtrate the Reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted Stature, and aſſuming Brow?
Claim Kindred with the Clay, and curſe the Form
That ſpeaks Diſtinction from his Siſter Worm?

Next Man aroſe at thy creating Word,
Of thy terreſtial Realms vicegerent Lord.
His Soul more artful Labour, more refin'd,
And emulous of bright ſeraphick Mind,
Ennobled by thy Image, ſpotleſs ſhone,
Prais'd Thee her Author, and ador'd thy Throne:

Able to know, admire, enjoy her God,
She did her high Felicity applaud.
That Man is frail and mortal, is confeſs'd;
Convulſions rack his Nerves, and Cares his Breaſt.
His flying Life is chac'd by rav'ning Pains
Thro' all its Doubles in the winding Veins.
Within himſelf he ſure Deſtruction breeds,
And ſecret Torment in his Bowels feeds.
By cruel Tyrants, by the ſavage Beaſt,
Or his own fiercer Paſſion he's oppreſs'd:
Now breathes malignant Air, now Poyſon drinks;
By gradual Death, or by untimely, ſinks.
Ah hapleſs mortal Man! ah rigid Fate!
What Cares attend our ſhort uncertain State?
How wide a Front, how deep and black a Reer?
What ſad Varieties of Grief and Fear,
Drawn in Array, exert their fatal Rage,
And gall obnoxious Life thro' ev'ry Stage, (*Creat.* }
From Infancy to Youth, from Youth to Age? *Blac.* }
Man is but Man, inconſtant ſtill and various.
There's no To-morrow in him like to To-day:
Perhaps the Atoms, rolling in his Brain,
Make him think honeſtly this preſent Hour;
The next, a Swarm of baſe ungrateful Thoughts
May mount aloft.
Who would truſt Chance, ſince all Men have the Seeds
Of Good or Ill, which ſhould work upward firſt?
(*Dryd. Cleom.*
Men are but Children of a larger Growth,
Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain:
And yet the Soul, ſhut up in her dark Room,
Viewing ſo clear abroad, at home ſees nothing;
But like a Mole in Earth, buſy and blind,
Works all her Folly up, and caſts it outward,
To the World's open View. *Dryd. All for Love.*
Mankind one Day, ſerene and free appear,
The next, they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere.

New

New Paſſions new Opinions ſtill excite,
And what they like at Noon, deſpiſe at Night.
They gain with Labour what they quit with Eaſe,
And Health, for want of Change, becomes Diſeaſe:
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to ſuperſtitious Fear.
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive,
And tho' they're couzen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe. *Gar.*
Were I, who to my Coſt already am,
One of thoſe ſtrange prodigious Creatures Man,
A Spirit free to chuſe for my own Share
What Caſe of Fleſh and Blood I'd pleaſe to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear;
Or any thing, but that vain Animal,
Who is ſo proud of being rational.
The Senſes are too groſs, and he'll contrive
A ſixth to contradict the other five:
And before certain Inſtinct will prefer
Reaſon, which fifty Times for one does err.
Reaſon, an *Ignis Fatuus* in the Mind,
Which leaving Light of Nature, Senſe, behind,
Pathleſs and dang'rous wandring Ways it takes,
Thro' Errors fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes;
While the miſguided Follow'r climbs with Pain
Mountains of Whimſies heap'd in his own Brain;
Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundleſs Sea, where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To ſwim with Bladders of Philoſophy,
In hopes ſtill to o'ertake th' eſcaping Light,
'Till ſpent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
Huddled in Dirt the reas'ning Engine lies,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe:
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a Wretch:
His Wiſdom did his Happineſs deſtroy;
Aiming to know that World he ſhould enjoy.

And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence
Of pleasing others at his own Expence.
For Wits are treated just like common Whores,
First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
Women and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.
Those Creatures are the wisest who attain
By surest Means the Ends at which they aim:
If therefore *Fowler* finds and kills his Hare,
Better than *Meers* supplies Committee-Chair.
Tho' one's a Statesman, t'other but a Hound,
Fowler in Justice will be wiser found.
Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey,
But savage Man alone does Man betray!
Press'd by Necessity, they kill for Food;
Man undoes Man to do himself no Good.
With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's Allowance to supply their Want:
But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
Inhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays:
With voluntary Pains works his Distress,
Not through Necessity, but Wantonness.
For Hunger, or for Love, they fight and tear,
While wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear;
For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid;
By Fear to Fear successively betray'd:
Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passion came,
His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame:
The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,
'Tis all for Fear, to make himself secure:
Meerly for Safety after Fame we thirst,
For all Men would be Cowards if they durst.
And Honesty's against all common Sense;
Men must be Knaves; 'tis in their own Defence:
Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair
Among known Cheats to play upon the Square,
You'll be undone.

Nor

Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save,
The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave;
Long shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
Who dares be less a Villain than the rest. *Roch.*

MANKIND.

Mankind who to and fro one Moment run,
Are but as Atoms dancing in the Sun.

MAN's *Formation.*

'Tis certain then, this *Image* does remain
For nine Months space deep rooted in the Brain:
And this alone does frequently controul
The beauteous Labour of the forming Soul.
True Nature, ent'ring on her just Design
To build an human Frame; a Work divine;
After long Study does at last begin
To weave the Bowels of the Mass within.
And then, to knit the various Limbs proceeds,
And with first Blood the fecund Vessels feeds:
Her next peculiar Care is to supply
With Flesh the well-join'd Arm and sinewy Thigh.
Last with th' extended Skin's becoming Grace,
She spreads the Forehead, and adorns the Face.

MAN's ORIGIN.

They say, at first to living Things the Earth
At her Formation gave spontaneous Birth.
When youthful Heat was thro' the Glebe diffus'd,
Mankind as well as Insects she produc'd;
That genial Womb, by Parent-Chance were form'd,
Adapted to the Soil; which after warm'd
And cherish'd by the Sun's enliv'ning Beam,
With human Off-springs did in Embryo teem.
These, nourish'd there a while, imprison'd lay;
Then broke their yielding Bands, and fire'd their Way;
The Field a Crop of reasoning Creatures crown'd,
And crying Infants grovell'd on the Ground.

A milky Store was by the Mother-Earth
Pour'd from her Boſom, to ſuſtain the Birth.
In Strength and Bulk increas'd, the Earth-born Race
Could move, and walk, and ready change their Place:
O'er ev'ry Hill, and verdant Paſture ſtray,
Skip o'er the Lawns, and by the Rivers play:
Could eat the tender Plant, and by degrees
Brouze on the Shrubs, and crop the budding Trees;
The fragrant Fruit from bending Branches ſhake,
And with the cryſtal Stream their Thirſt at Pleaſure (ſlake.

Time was when we were ſow'd, and juſt began
From ſome few fruitful Drops, the Promiſe of a Man:
Then *Nature*'s Hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to Shape the ſoft coagulated Maſs;
And when the little Man was fully form'd,
The breathleſs Embrio with a Spirit warm'd:
But when the Mother's Throws begin to come,
The Creature pent within the narrow Room,
Breaks his blind Priſon, puſhing to repair
His ſtifled Breath, and draw the living Air;
Caſt on the Margin of the World he lies
A helpleſs Babe, but by Inſtinct he tries:
He next eſſays to walk, but downward preſs'd,
On four Feet imitates his Brother-Beaſt:
By ſlow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
His Legs, and to the rolling-Chair is bound.
Then walks alone; a Horſeman now become,
He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room.
In time he vaults among his youthful Peers,
Strong-bon'd, and ſtrung with Nerves, in Pride of Years.
He runs with Mettle his firſt merry Stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
But manages his Strength, and ſpares his Age:
Heavy the third, and ſtiff, he ſinks apace,
And, tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.
Now ſapleſs on the Verge of Death he ſtands,
Contemplating his former Feet and Hands;

And

And, *Milo*-like, his ſlacken'd Sinews ſees,
And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*,
Unable now to ſhake, much leſs to tear the Trees.

Thus ev'n our Bodies daily Change receive,
Some Part of what was theirs before, they leave:
Nor are to Day what Yeſterday they were;
Nor the whole Same To-morrow will appear. *Dryd. Ovid.*

So Man, at firſt a Drop, dilates with Heat;
Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the Cell;
At length, for Hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell,
And ſtruggles into Breath, and cries for Aid,
Then helpleſs in his Mother's Lap is laid:
He creeps, he walks, and iſſuing into Man,
Grudges their Life, from whence his own began:
Retchleſs of Laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and reſtleſs on the Throne.
Firſt vegetive, then feels, and reaſons laſt,
Rich of three Souls, and lives all three to waſte.
Some thus, but thouſands more in Flow'r of Age,
For few arrive to run the latter Stage. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

MAN's *Riſe.*

Prometheus, ſo ſome elder Poets ſay,
Temper'd and form'd a Paſte of purer Clay.
To which, well mingled with the River's Stream,
His artful Hand gave human Shape and Frame:
Then, with warm Life his Figures to inſpire,
The bold Projector ſtole Celeſtial Fire.

While others tell us how the human Brood
Ow'd their Production to the fruitful Wood.
How from the Laurel and the Aſh they ſprung,
And Infants on the Oak, like Acorns hung:
The crude Conceptions preſt the bending Trees,
'Till cheriſh'd with the Sun-beams by degrees,
Ripe Children drop'd on all the Soil around,
Peopled the Woods, and over-ſpread the Ground.

Great

Great *Jupiter*, ſo ſome were pleas'd to ſing,
Of fabled Gods the Father and the King,
To moving Prayer of *Æacus* did grant,
And into Men and Women turn'd the Ant.
Some tell, *Deucalion* and his *Pyrrha* threw
Obdurate Stones, which o'er his Shoulders flew,
Then ſhifting Shape, receiv'd a vital Flame,
And Men and Women, wond'rous Change! became:
And thus the hard and ſtubborn Race of Man,
From animated Rock and Flint began.

MEN.

Nature in vain conceals her precious Ore,
Men rifle all, and ſearch the hidden Store;
They ev'ry Right, and ev'ry Pow'r invade;
The paſſive Elements, by Duty ſway'd,
Now dread the awful Tyrant whom they made.

MARRIAGE.

To the Nuptial Bower
I led her blushing like the Morn; all Heav'n,
And happy Conſtellations on that Hour,
Shed their ſelecteſt Influence: the Earth
Gave Sign of Gratulation; and each Hill:
Joyous the Birds: freſh Gales and gentle Airs
Whiſper'd it to the Woods; and from their Wings
Flung Roſe, flung Odours from the ſpicy Shrub;
Diſporting till the amorous Bird of Night
Sung Spouſal, and bid haſte the Evening-Star
On his Hill-top to light the bridal Lamp. *Milt.*

Hail wedded Love! Myſterious Law! true Source
Of human Off-ſpring! ſole Propriety
In Paradiſe, of all Things common elſe!
By thee adulterous Luſt was driv'n from Man
Among the beaſtial Herds to range; by thee
Founded in Reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities,

Of

Of Father, Son, and Brother firſt were known!
Perpetual Fountain of domeſtick Sweets!
Here Love his golden Shafts employs, here lights
His conſtant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings;
Here reigns and revels; not in the bought Smiles
Of Harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd,
Caſual Fruition; nor in Court-Amours,
Mix'd Dance, or wanton Maſk, or midnight Ball,
Or Serenade, which the ſtarv'd Lover ſings
To his proud Fair, beſt quitted with Diſdain. *Milt.*

Venus bleſs'd with nuptial Bliſs the long laborious (Night.

Eros and *Anteros*, on either Side,
One fir'd the Bridegroom, and one warm'd the Bride;
And *Hymen* from above
Show'r'd on the Bed the whole *Idalian* Grove.
(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

MARRIAGE *unequal.*

Nor is our Sex leſs faulty than the Fair;
Alike we fall within the golden Snare.
For if a Matron's Fortune can ſupply
The Want of each endearing Quality;
Tho' fitter for a Tomb than Bridal Bed,
Tho' Time ſits hoary on her ſhaking Head;
Tho' from her Eyes the brackiſh Humour breaks,
And trickles down the Furrows of her Cheeks:
Tho' here and there a ſtraggling Tooth is ſeen,
A thin Plantation, and deform'd with Jet:
Tho' huſky *Coughs* make an ingrateful Din,
And *Phyſics* rattle from her Lungs within:
Yet if this complicated Ill, deſire
With *Hymen*'s Torch to light her dying Fire;
If for connubial Joys enrag'd, ſhe thirſt,
To ſate her greedy and impetuous Luſt,
Some younger Brother will perhaps incline
To pay his Homage at her golden Shrine:

Who-

Who with diſſembled Love will fondly run
To kiſs the wither'd, wealthy Skeleton;
Will fold the Beldam in his Arms to reſt,
And with diſſembled Joy pant on her leathern Breaſt.
But ah! this Huſband of a large Eſtate
Soon flags, and turns by quick degrees to Hate;
Quits the dull Carcaſs of the nauſeous Dame,
Slights her dry Embers for a briſker Flame,
And ſeeks with eager Heat a nobler Game.
Some tender yielding Maid he longs to prove,
Or ſome coæval Wife's unlawful Love;
While, ſingle, his neglected Conſort lyes,
And waſtes the joyleſs Night in empty Sighs.
Hence Tears, preluding to deſtructive Jars,
And ſad Complaints to unaſſiſting Stars!
Hence deep Reſentments rack her jealous Head,
For her wrong'd Honour and deſerted Bed!
Hence Study of Revenge her Love repels,
And all the Woman riſes and rebels!
In wicked Arts, and deadly Drugs ſhe deals,
And with diſſembled Duty Rage conceals:
While careleſs He, and indolent of Thought,
Drinks ſure Deſtruction in ſome fatal Draught.
(*Cobb's Cal.*

MARINER.

Much like, as when the beaten Mariner,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Oft ſouſt in ſwelling *Tethys* ſaltiſh teare,
And long time having tann'd his tawny hide
With bluſtring breath of Heaven, which none can bide,
And ſcorching flames of fierce *Orion*'s hound,
Soon as the Port from farre he had eſpide,
His chearful whiſtle merrily doth ſound,
And *Nereus* crowns with cups, his Mates him pledge
(around. *Spen.*

MARS.

MARS.

Thus on the Banks of *Hebrus* freezing Flood,
The God of Battels, in his angry Mood,
Claſhing his Sword againſt his brazen Shield,
Let looſe the Reins, and ſcours along the Field.
Before the Wind his fiery Courſers fly:
Groans the ſad Earth, reſounds the rattling Sky.
Wrath, *Terrour*, *Treaſon*, *Tumult*, and *Deſpair*,
Dire Faces and deform'd, ſurround the Car,
Friends of the God, and Follow'rs of the War.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

Strong God of Arms! whoſe Iron Scepter ſways
The freezing North, and *Hyberborean* Seas,
And *Scythian* Colds, and *Thracia*'s wintry Coaſt,
Where ſtand thy Steeds, and thou art honour'd moſt;
There moſt; but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is known,
The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own:
Terrour is thine, and wild Amazement flung
From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the ſtrong:
And Diſ-array, and ſhameful Rout enſue,
And Force is added to the fainting Crew.
Venus, the publick Care of all above,
Thy ſtubborn Heart has ſoften'd into Love:
Now by her Blandiſhments and pow'rful Charms,
When yielded, ſhe lay curling in thy Arms,
Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be call'd,
When *Vulcan* had thee in his Net inthrall'd;
(Oh envy'd Ignominy! Sweet Diſgrace!
When ev'ry God that ſaw thee, wiſh'd thy Place!)
By thoſe dear Pleaſures, aid my Arms in Fight,
And make me conquer in my Patron's Right.
For I am young, a Novice in the Trade,
The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to perſwade:
And want the ſoothing Arts that catch the Fair;
But caught my ſelf, lye ſtruggling in the Snare.
Nought can my Strength avail, unleſs by thee
Endu'd with Force, I gain the Victory.

Acknowledg'd

Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Pray'r,
If ought I have atchiev'd, deſerve thy Care;
If to my utmoſt Pow'r, with Sword and Shield,
I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield;
And falling in my Rank, ſtill kept the Field.
So be the Morrow's Sweat and Labour mine,
The Palm and Honour of the Conqueſt thine.
Then ſhall the War, and ſtern Debate, and Strife
Immortal, be the Buſ'neſs of my Life;
And in thy Fane, the duſty Spoils among,
High on the burniſh'd Roof, my Banner ſhall be hung,
Rank'd with my Champions Bucklers, and below,
With Arms revers'd, th' Atchievements of my Foe.
And while theſe Limbs the vital Spirit feeds,
While Day to Night, and Night to Day ſucceeds,
Thy ſmoaking Altar ſhall be fat with Food
Of Incenſe, and the grateful Steam of Blood:
Burnt-Off'rings Morn and Ev'ning ſhall be thine,
And Fires eternal in thy Temple ſhine:
This Buſh of yellow Beard, this Length of Hair
Which from my Birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltleſs of Steel, and from the Razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reſerv'd for thee.

(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Temple of MARS.

Within the Dome of mighty *Mars* the red,
With diff'rent Figures all the Sides were ſpread;
This Temple, leſs in Form, with equal Grace,
Was imitative of the firſt in *Thrace*.
For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,
And Sov'reign Manſion of the Warriour God.
The Landſcape was a Foreſt wide and bare,
Where neither Beaſt nor human-kind repair.
The Fowl that ſcent afar, the Borders fly,
And ſhun the bitter Blaſt; and wheel about the Sky.
A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground;
And prickly Stubs, inſtead of Trees are found;

Or

Or Woods with Knots and Knares, deform'd and old,
Headleſs the moſt, and hideous to behold.
A ratt'ling Tempeſt thro' the Branches went,
That ſtript them bare, and one ſole Way they bent.
Heav'n froze above ſevere; the Clouds congeal,
And thro' the cryſtal Vault appear'd the ſtanding Hail.
Such was the Face without. A Mountain ſtood,
Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the Wood:
Beneath the lowring Brow, and on a Bent
The Temple ſtood of *Mars* armipotent.
The Frame of burniſh'd Steel, that caſt a Glare
From far, and ſeem'd to thaw the freezing Air.
A ſtreight long Entry to the Temple led,
Blind white high Walls; and Horrour-over-head:
Thence iſſu'd ſuch a Blaſt, and hollow Roar,
As threaten'd from the Hinge to heave the Door.
In, thro' that Door a northern Light there ſhone,
'Twas all it had, for Windows there were none.
The Gate was Adamant; eternal Frame!
Which hew'd by *Mars* himſelf from *Indian* Quarries came,
The Labour of a God! and all along
Tough Iron Plates were clench'd to make it ſtrong.
A Tun about was ev'ry Pillar there,
A poliſh'd Mirrour ſhone not half ſo clear,
There ſaw I how the ſecret Felon wrought,
And Treaſon lab'ring in the Traitor's Thought,
And Midwife-*Time* the ripen'd Plot to Murder brought.
There the red *Anger* dar'd the pallid *Fear*,
Next ſtood *Hypocriſie*, with Holy Leer,
Soft-ſmiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown.
Th' Aſſaſſinating Wife, the Houſhold-Fiend,
And, far the blackeſt there, the Traytor-Friend.
On th' other ſide there ſtood *Deſtruction* bare,
Unpuniſh'd *Rapine*, and a Waſte of War.
Conteſt, with ſharpen'd Knives in Cloyſters drawn,
And all with Blood beſmear'd the Holy Lawn.

Loud

Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Diſgrace,
And bawling Infamy in Language baſe,
'Till Senſe was loſt in Sound, and Silence fled the Place.

The Slayer of himſelf yet ſaw I there,
The Gore congeal'd was clotted in his Hair;
With Eyes half-cloſ'd, and gaping Mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his ſullen Soul away.
In midſt of all the Dome *Misfortune* ſate,
And gloomy *Diſcontent*, and fell *Debate*:
And *Madneſs* laughing in his ireful Mood;
And arm'd Complaint of Theft; and Cries of Blood.
There was the murther'd Corps in Covert laid,
And vi'lent Death in thouſand Shapes diſplay'd.
The City to the Soldiers Rage reſign'd;
Succeſsleſs Wars, and Poverty behind.
Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on rocky Shores,
And the raſh Hunter ſtrangled by the Boars.
The new-born Babe by Nurſes over-laid,
And the Cook caught within the raging Fire he made.
All Ills of *Mars*'s Nature; Flame, and Steel;
The gaſping Charioteer, beneath the Wheel
Of his own Car; the ruin'd Houſe that falls
And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls.
The whole Diviſion that to *Mars* pertains,
All Trades of Death, that deal in Steel for Gains,
Were there; the Butcher, Armourer, and Smith,
Who forges ſharpen'd Fauchions or the Scythe,
The ſcarlet *Conqueſt* on a Tow'r was plac'd,
With Shouts and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd.
There ſaw I *Mars*'s Ides, the *Capitol*,
The Seer in vain foretelling *Cæſar*'s Fall;
The laſt *Triumvirs*, and the Wars they move,
And *Anthony*, who loſt the World for Love.
Theſe, and a thouſand more the Fane adorn,
Their Fates were painted e'er the Men were born.
All copy'd from the Heav'ns, and ruling Force
Of the red Star, in his revolving Courſe.

The

The Form of *Mars* high on a Chariot ſtood,
All ſheath'd in Arms, and grimly look'd the God.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

MASTIFF.

Like as a Maſtiffe, having at a bay
A ſalvage Bull, whoes cruel Hornes doe threat
Deſperate danger, if he them aſſay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat
To ſpy where he may ſome advantage get;
The whilſt the beaſt doth rage and loudly roar.
(Spen.

MATTER.

Matter not long the ſame Appearance makes,
But ſhifts her old, and a new Figure takes.
If now ſhe lyes in Winter's rigid Arms
Diſhonour'd, and deſpoil'd of all her Charms,
Soft vernal Airs will looſe th' unkind Embrace,
And genial Dews renew her wither'd Face.
Like fable Nymphs transform'd ſhe's now a Tree,
Now weeps into a Flood, and ſtreaming ſeeks the Sea.
She's now a gaudy Fly, before a Worm,
Below a Vapour, and above a Storm.
This Ouze was late a Monſter of the Main,
That Turf a lowing Grazer of the Plain,
A Lyon this did o'er the Foreſt reign.
Regard that fair, that branching Laurel Plant,
Behold that lovely bluſhing Amarant;
One might have *William*'s broken Frame aſſum'd,
And one from bright *Maria*'s Duſt have bloom'd.

MAY.

For thee, ſweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear,
If not the firſt, the faireſt of the Year.
For thee the *Graces* lead the dancing *Hours*;
And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flowers:
When thy ſhort Reign is paſt, the feav'riſh Sun
The ſultry Tropick fears, and moves more ſlowly on.

May's

May's ſprightly Month commands our Youth to keep
The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their ſluggard (Sleep:
Each gentle Breaſt with kindly Warmth ſhe moves,
Inſpires new Flames, revives extinguiſh'd Loves.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

MEAN.

Of ſecond Siſter, who did far excel
The other two; *Medina* was her name,
A ſober, ſad, and comely courteous Dame;
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modeſt guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honourable wiſe,
Him at the threſhold met, and well did enterprize.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modeſtie,
Ne in her ſpeech, ne in her haviour,
Was lightneſs ſeene, or looſer vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reaſon of her youthful years:
Her golden locks ſhe roundly did uptie
In braydèd tramells, that no looſer hares
Did out of order ſtray about her dainty eares.

Betwixt them both the faire *Medina* ſate,
With ſober grace, and goodly cariage:
With equall meaſure ſhe doth moderate
The ſtrong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire ſhe ever would aſſwage,
When they would ſtrive due reaſon to exceed,
But that ſame froward twaine would accourage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept ſhe them in order, and her ſelf in heed. *Spen.*

Golden

Golden MEAN.

leaſures abroad the Sport of Nature yields:
living Fountains, and her ſmiling Fields:
l then at Home what Pleaſure is't to ſee
ttle, cleanly, chearful Family!
ich if a chaſte Wife crown, no leſs in her,
n Fortune, I the golden Mean prefer.
noble, nor too wiſe ſhe ſhould not be,
nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
is let my Life ſlide ſilently away,
h Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.
le does not Palaces nor Mannors crave,
ıld be no Lord, but leſs a Lord would have:
Ground he owns, if he his own can call,
quarrels not with Heav'n becauſe 'tis ſmall.
gay and toilſom Greatneſs others pleaſe,
loves of homely Littleneſs the Eaſe.

(*Cowl. Marv.*

He's no ſmall Prince, who every Day
Thus to himſelf can ſay:
w will I ſleep, now eat, now ſit, now walk,
w meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk;
This will I do, here will I ſtay,
if my Fancy calleth me away,
Man and I will preſently go ride,
For we have nothing to provide.
If thou but a ſhort Journey take,
As if thy laſt thou wert to make,
'neſs muſt be diſpatch'd e'er thou canſt go,
Nor canſt thou ſtir unleſs there be
ıundred Horſe and Men to wait on thee,
And many a Mule, and many a Cart:
What an unwieldy Man thou art!
The *Rhodian Coloſſus* ſo
A Journey too might go. *Cowl.*

If thou be wiſe, no glorious Fortune chuſe;
ıich 'tis but vain to keep, yet Grief to loſe;

For, when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,
With Trifles too unwillingly we part.
An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,
More clear, untainted Pleaſures do afford,
Than all the Tumult of vain Greatneſs brings
To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings. *Cowl. Hor.*
Then might I live by my own ſurly Rules,
Not forc'd to worſhip Knaves, or flatter Fools;
And thus ſecur'd of Eaſe by ſhunning Strife,
With Pleaſure would I ſail down the ſwift Stream of
(Life. *Hor. Juv.*

MELANCHOLY.

A Kind of Weight hangs heavy at my Heart,
My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch,
Like Fowl in Air too damp, and lags along
As if ſhe were a Body in a Body,
And not a mounting Subſtance, made of Fire;
My Senſes too are dull and ſtupify'd,
Their Edge rebated: ſure ſome Ill approaches,
And ſome kind Spirit knocks ſoftly at my Breaſt
To tell me Fate's at Hand.
This Melancholy flatters, but un-mans you:
What is it elſe but Penury of Soul?
A lazy Froſt, a Numbneſs of the Mind,
That locks up all the Vigour to attempt,
By barely crying, 'tis impoſſible! *Dryd. Cleom.*

MERCY.

They, paſſing by, were guided by degree
Unto the preſſance of that gratious Queen:
Who ſate on high, that ſhe might all men ſee,
And might of all men royally be ſeene,
Upon a Throne of gold full bright and ſheene;
Adorned all with gemmes of endleſs price,
As either might for wealth have gotten been,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
And all emboſt with Lyons and with Flour-de-lice.

And

And over all her cloth of State was ſpred,
Not of rich tiſſew; nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought elſe, that may be richeſt red,
But like a cloud, as likeſt may be told,
That her broad ſpreading wings did wide unfold;
Whoes ſkirts were bordered with bright ſunny (beames,
Gliſtring like gold, amongſt the plights enrold,
And here and there ſhooting forth ſilver ſtreames,
Mongſt which crept little Angels thro' the glittering (gleames.

Seemed thoſe little Angels did uphold
The cloth of State, and on their purpled wings
Did bear the pendants, through their nimbleſs bold,
Beſides a thouſand more of ſuch, as ſings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompaſſed the Throne, on which ſhe ſate:
She angel like, the heir of antient Kings
And mighty conquerors, in royal State,
Whilſt Kings and Cæſars at her feet did them pro- (ſtrate.

Thus ſhe did ſit in ſovereign majeſtie,
Holding a Scepter in her royal hand,
The ſacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had bleſt her happy land,
Maugre ſo many Foes which did withſtand.
But at her feet her ſword was likewiſe layd,
Whoes long reſt ruſted the bright ſteedly brand,
Yet when as Foes enforc't, or Friends ſought ayde,
She could it ſternly draw, that all the world diſmaide;

And round about before her feet there ſate
A beautie of fair Virgins clad in white,
That goodly ſeem'd t' adorne her royal State,
All lovely Daughters of high *Jove*, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in Loves delight,
Upon the righteous *Themis*: thoſe they ſay
Upon *Jove*'s Judgment-ſeat waite day and night,

And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruel vengeance ſtay.

They alſo doe, by his divine permiſſion,
Upon the Thrones of mortal Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remiſſion
To Suppliants through frailtie which offend:
Thoſe did upon *Marcillae*'s Throne attend:
Juſt *Dice*, wiſe *Eunomie*, mild *Eirene*;
And them amongſt her glory to commend,
Sate goodly *Temperance*, in garments clene,
And ſacred *Reverance*, yborne of heavenly ſtrene.

Some Clerkes doe doubt in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten, *Mercy*, be of Juſtice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.
This well I wote, that ſure ſhe is as great,
As meriteth to have as high a Place,
Sith in th' Almighties everlaſting Seat
She firſt was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on Men, by Influence of (grace.

For if that Virtue be of that great might,
Which from juſt verdict will for nothing ſtart,
But to preſerve inviolated right,
Oft ſpoils the principal to ſave the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That ſeekes to ſave the Subject of her ſkill,
Yet never doth from doom of right depart:
As it is greater praiſe to ſave, than ſpill;
And better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.

(*Spens.*

Off-ſpring Divine! in Heav'n the moſt belov'd;
By whom ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd:
Her Looks ſo moving, ſuch celeſtial Grace,
So mild and ſweet an Air dwells on her Face:

So

So tender and engaging all her Charms,
That oft th' Almighty's Fury ſhe diſarms;
Her Language melts Omnipotence, arreſts
His Hand, and thence the vengeful Lightning wreſts.
(Black.

To Threats the ſtubborn Sinner oft is hard,
Wrap'd in his Crimes, againſt the Storm prepar'd,
But when the milder Beams of Mercy play,
He melts; and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away.
Lightning and Thunder, Heav'n's Artillery,
As Harbingers, before th' Almighty fly:
Thoſe but proclaim his Style, and diſappear;
The ſtiller Sound ſucceeds; and God is there. *Dryd.*

Heav'n has but
Our Sorrow for our Sins, and then delights
To pardon erring Man; ſweet Mercy ſeems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Juſtice;
As if there were Degrees in Infinite;
And Infinite would rather want Perfection,
Than puniſh to Extent. *Dryd. All for Love.*

MERCURY.

The God obeys, and to his Feet applies
Thoſe golden Wings that cut the yielding Skies;
His ample Hat his beamy Locks o'er-ſpread,
And veil the ſtarry Glories of his Head:
He ſeiz'd his Wand that cauſes Sleep to fly,
Or in ſoft Slumbers ſeals the wakeful Eye;
That drives the Dead to dark *Tartarean* Coaſts,
Or back to Life compels the wandring Ghoſts.
Thus thro' the parting Clouds, the Son of *May*,
Wings on the whiſtling Winds his rapid Way;
Now ſmoothly Steers thro' Air his equal Flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and tow'rs th' Etherial Hight,
Then wheeling down the Steep of Heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant Circle o'er the Skies.
Hermes obeys; with golden Pinions binds
His flying Feet, and mounts the Weſtern Winds.

But firſt he graſps within his awful Hand,
The Mark of Sov'reign Pow'r, his magick Wand:
With this he draws the Ghoſts from hollow Graves,
With this he drives them down to *Stygian* Waves:
With this he ſeals in Sleep the wakeful Sight,
And Eyes, tho' clos'd in Death, reſtores to Light.
Thus arm'd, the God begins his airy Race,
And drives the racking Clouds along the liquid Space.
Now ſees the Top of *Atlas* as he flies,
Where, pois'd upon his Wings, the God deſcends:
Then, reſted thus, he from the tow'ring Height
Plung'd downward, with precipitated Flight:
Lights on the Seas, and ſkims along the Flood,
As Water-Fowl, who ſeek their fiſhy Food,
Leſs and yet leſs to diſtant Proſpect ſhow,
By Turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like theſe the Steerage of his Wings he plies,
And near the Surface of the Waters flies:
'Till having paſs'd the Seas, and croſs'd the Sands,
He clos'd his Wings, and ſtopp'd on *Lybian* Lands.
(Dryd. Virg.

The Herald of the Gods.

His Hat, adorn'd with Wings, diſcloſ'd the God;
And in his Hand he bore his Sleep-compelling Rod.
Such as he ſeem'd, when, at his Sire's Command,
On *Argus* Head he laid the ſnaky Wand.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

METALS.

Now thoſe profounder Regions they explore,
Where Metals ripen in vaſt Cakes of Ore:
Here, ſullen to the Sight, at large is ſpread
The dull, unwieldy Maſs of lumpiſh Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are ſeen
The more aſpiring Seeds of ſprightly Tin.
The Copper ſparkles next in ruddy Streaks,
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then, with bright and burniſh'd Grace,
Youth, and a blooming Luſtre in its Face,

To

To th' Arms of thoſe more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire,
Their Love's more vi'lent than the Chymiſts Fire. *Gar.*

MILKY-WAY.

A Way there is in Heav'n's expanded Plain,
Which, when the Skies are clear, is ſeen below,
And Mortals, by the Name of Milky, know:
The Ground-work is of Stars; thro' which the Road
Lies open to the Thunderer's Abode. *Dryd. Ovid.*

A broad and ample Road, whoſe Duſt is Gold,
And Pavement Stars, as Stars to us appear
Seen in the Galaxy, that Milky-Way,
Like to a circling Zone, powder'd with Stars. *Milt.*

The MIND.

But if external Features may ſurpriſe,
And a juſt Texture charm th' unweary'd Eyes;
What are the God-like Beauties we admire,
When conſcious Souls within themſelves retire?
Th' Angelic Natures, tho' a while immur'd,
Yet know they are from Age and Death ſecur'd.
Matter, however moulded or refin'd,
Can ne'er be thought to form a thinking Mind.
When the ſick, weak, diſſolving Body lies,
And rigid Death has fix'd the languid Eyes;
Freed from thoſe irkſom Bands, th' immortal Fair
Mounts up unſeen, and ſpurns the groſſer Air.
Brutes by mere Senſe, or ſecret Impulſe move,
Hate without Thought, and without Reaſon love.
But ſhe from ſimple Terms Concluſions draws,
Notions abſtract, and univerſal Laws,
And from th' Effect purſues th' undoubted Cauſe.
Too bright for Senſe, ſuch Notions are innate;
Heav'n muſt at firſt imprint, or Souls create.
With Pleaſure theſe th' attentive Mind employ,
And, conſcious of her ſelf, ſhe feels a ſecret Joy.

Nor does the Mind on theſe alone revolve,
But, wand'ring far, improves her grand Reſolve:
She makes her Voyage o'er the liquid World,
Where Winds have bluſter'd, and where Billows curl'd.
She views the num'rous Nations of the Deep,
Where vaſt *Leviathans* their Empire keep.
In Air and Land, with ſwift admiring Eyes,
Or painted Birds, or ſhaggy Monſters ſpies,
Or frightful *Behemoth*'s prodigious Size.
Diaper's *Call.*

MINERVA.

Like as *Minerva*, being late return'd
From Slaughter of the Giants conquered;
Where proud *Encelade*, whoes wide noſetrils burn'd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with his Spear, down tumbled dead
From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hie,
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
And her *Gorgonian* Shield gins to untie
From her left arme, to reſt in glorious victorie.
Spen.

PRIME MINISTERS.

Prime Miniſters unlearned Kings miſguide,
Who have nor Senſe, nor Courage on their Side:
By Guilt they govern the deluded Throne,
And Sacrifice all Realms to ſave their own. *Dryd.*

MIRTH.

And therein ſate a Lady freſh and faire
Makeing ſweet Solace to her ſelf alone;
Sometimes ſhe ſung as loud as larke in aire.
Sometimes ſhe laught, that nigh her breath was gone,
Yet was not with her there, left any one,
That might to her move cauſe of merriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,
She could deviſe, and thouſand waies invent
To feed her fooliſh humour, and vaine joliment
(*Spen.*

MISER.

MISER.

Therein a cancred crabbed carle does dwell,
That has no ſkill of court or courteſie,
Ne cares what men ſay of him, ill or well;
For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,
Yet has full large to live, and ſpend at libertie.

But all his mind is ſet on mucky pelfe,
To hoord up heapes of evill gotten maſſe,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himſelfe
(Spen.

Like a Miſer 'midſt his Store,
Who graſps, and graſps 'till he can hold no more;
And when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,
Looks back, and ſighs on what he left behind.
(Dryd. Tyr. Love.

MISTRESS.

Beware the dang'rous Beauty of the Wanton,
Shun their Enticements: Ruin, like a Vultur,
Waits on their Conqueſts: Falſhood too's their Buſ'neſs;
They put falſe Beauty off to all the World,
Uſe falſe Endearments to the Fools that love them;
And when they marry, to their ſilly Huſbands
They bring falſe Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune.
(Otw. Orph.

MISTS.

As when a foggy Miſt hath overcaſt
The face of Heaven, and the clear Aire engroſt,
The World in darkneſs dwels, till that at laſt
The watry ſouth-winde from the Sea-bord caſt
Up-blowing, doth diſperſe the vapour loſt,
And poures it ſelf forth in a ſtormy ſhowr. *Spen.*

Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From Hill or ſteaming Lake, duſky, and grey,
'Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold;
Either to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirſty Earth with falling Show'rs. *Milt.*

MONEY.

Vaine-glorious Elfe, ſaid he, doeſt not thou weet,
That money can thy wants at will ſupply?
Shields, Steeds, and Armes, and all things for thee meet.
It can ſurvey in twinkling of an eye;
And Crownes and Kingdomes to thee multiply.
Doe not I Kings create, and throwe the crowne
Sometimes to him that lowe in duſt doth ly?
And him that raign'd, into his room thruſt down,
And whom I luſt, doe heap with glory and renown.
(*Spen.*

MOON.

He ſmooth'd the rough-caſt Moon's imperfect Mold,
And comb'd her beamy Locks with ſacred Gold:
Be thou, ſaid he, Queen of the mournful Night,
And, as he ſpoke, ſhe roſe clad o'er in Light,
With thouſand Stars attending on her Train;
With her they riſe, with her they ſet again. *Cowl.*

MORNING.

At laſt fair *Heſperus* in his higheſt ſky
Had ſpent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light,
Then up he roſe, and clad him haſtily;
The dwarfe him brought his ſteed: ſo both away did
(fly.

Now when the roſy-finger'd Morning faire,
Weary of aged *Tithon*'s ſaffron bed,
Had ſpred her purple robe through deawy Aire,
And the high hills *Titan* diſcovered,
The royal virgin ſhook her drowſy head.

At laſt, the golden Oriental gate
Of greateſt Heaven gan to open faire,
And *Phœbus* freſh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dancing forth, ſhaking his deawy haire:
And hurles his gliſtering beames through gloomy Aire.

Soon:

Soon as the fiery Streaks with purple beames
Diſperſe the ſhadowes of the miſty night,
And *Titan* playing on the Eaſterne Streames,
Can cleare the deawy aire with ſpringing light.
So ſoon as day, forth dawning from the Eaſt,
Nights humid Curtaine from the Heavens withdrew,
And early calling forth both man and beaſt,
Commanded them their daily workes renew. *Spen.*

So when the coming Morn looks faintly bright,
And gilds the Mountain-tops with weaker Light;
When firſt the Sun unwilling leaves the Sea,
And ruddy Dawn begins the early Day;
The watry Drops ſtill hang upon his Beams,
And trembling Light breaks in imperfect Gleams;
But when the God has ſhook his dewy Head,
And cooling Moiſture falls on ev'ry Mead,
His brighter Orb its wonted Force regains,
And ſpreads diffuſive Heat, and chears the ſmiling Plains. *Rowe's Call.*

'Twas ebbing Darkneſs, paſt the Noon of Night,
And *Phoſphor* on the Confines of the Light,
Promis'd the Sun, e'er Day began to ſpring:
The tuneful Lark began to ſtretch her Wing,
And flick'ring on her Neſt, made ſhort Eſſays to ſing. *(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

And now a Glance from mild *Aurora*'s Eyes,
Shoots thro' the cryſtal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The Savage Kind in Foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And Sots, o'er-charg'd with nauſeous Loads, reel home:
Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' azure Waſte are ſpread,
And Miſs, *from Inns o' Court* bolts out, unpaid. *Gar.*

Mean while, to re-ſalute the World with ſacred Light
Leucothee wak'd, and with freſh Dews embalm'd
The Earth. And now the ſmiling Morn begins
Her roſy Progreſs. *Milt.*

The Morning Lark, the Meſſenger of Day,
Saluted in her Song the Morning grey;

And ſoon the Sun aroſe with Beams ſo bright,
That all th' Horizon laugh'd to ſee the joyous Sight.
He with his tepid Rays the Roſe renews,
And licks the dropping Leaves, and dries the Dews.
(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Now roſe the ruddy Morn from *Tithon*'s Bed,
And with the Dawn of Day the Skies o'erſpread.
Nor long the Sun his daily Courſe with-held,
But added Colours to the World reveal'd.

The Morn enſuing from the Mountain's Height
Had ſcarcely ſpread the Skies with roſy Light;
Th' Etherial Courſers, bounding from the Sea,
From out their flaming Noſtrils breath'd the Day.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

At length gay Morn ſmiles in the Eaſtern Sky;
From robbing ſilent Graves the Sextons fly:
The riſing Miſts ſkud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The Chanter at his early Mattins yawns,
The Vi'lets ope their Buds, Cowſlips their Bells,
And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells.
Aurora, on *Eteſian* Breezes borne,
With bluſhing Lips breaths out the ſprightly Morn.
Each Flow'r in Dew their ſhort-liv'd Empire weeps,
And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* ſleeps. *Gar.*

Behold what Streaks
Of Light embroider all the cloudy Eaſt?
Night's Tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
Upon the Mountain-tops ſits gaily dreſs'd;
While all the Birds bring Muſick to his Levy.
(*Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

From Amber Shrouds I ſee the Morning riſe,
Her roſy Hand begins to paint the Skies:
And now the City Emmets leave their Hive:
And rowſing Hinds to chearful Labour drive.
High Cliffs and Rocks are pleaſing Objects now,
And Nature ſmiles upon the Mountains Brow;
The joyful Birds ſalute the Sun's Approach;
The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy Coach;

While

While from his Car the dropping Gems diſtil;
And all the Earth, and all the Heav'ns do ſmile.
(Lee's Maſſacre of Paris

Wiſh'd Morning's come, and now upon the Plains
And diſtant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day:
The luſty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
Of healthful Viands, which, when Hunger calls,
With much Content and Appetite he eats;
To follow in the Field his daily Toil,
And dreſs the grateful Glebe that yields him Fruits.
The Beaſts, that under the warm Hedges ſlept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up;
And looking tow'rds the Neighb'ring Paſtures, raiſe
Their Voice, and bid their Fellow-Brutes good-morrow;
The cheerful Birds too, on the Tops of Trees,
Aſſemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes
Salute and welcome up the riſing Sun. *Otw. Orph.*

MORNING-STAR.

As bright as does the Morning-Starre appear
Out of the Eaſt, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning Day is drawing neare,
And to the World does bring long-wiſh'd for Light.
(Spen.

MONSTER.

He ſends a Monſter horrible and fell,
Begot by Furies in the Depths of Hell;
The Peſt a Virgin's Face and Boſom bears;
High on her Crown a riſing Snake appears,
Guards her black Front, and hiſſes in her Hairs:
About the Realm ſhe walks her dreadful Round,
When Night her ſable Wings o'er-ſpreads the Ground,
Devours young Babes before their Parents Eyes,
And feeds and thrives on publick Miſeries. *Pope.*

There Nature's Shame, miſhapen Forms abound,
And Monſters People the devoted Ground,

For

Far in the North, where Winter's hoary Bed
Is with eternal Snows and Ice diſpread;
Or where the fam'd *Magellan*'s Southern Tide
Does barbarous *Patagonian* Shores divide;
Nations deform'd, fierce ſalvage Tribes are ſeen,
Of Bulk unwieldy, and Gigantic Mien;
Each a huge heavy lazy Maſs of Might,
Unfit for Uſe, and loathſom to the Sight. *Rowe's Call.*

MORPHEUS.

Somnus, the drowſy God,
Excited *Morpheus* from the ſleepy Crowd:
Morpheus, of all his numerous Train, expreſs'd
The Shape of Man, and imitated beſt;
The Walk, the Words, the Geſture could ſupply,
The Habit mimick, and the Mien bely:
Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human Kind.
Another, Birds, and Beaſts, and Dragons apes,
And dreadful Images, and Monſter-ſhapes:
This Demon, *Icelos*, in Heav'n's high Hall
The Gods have nam'd; but Men *Phobetor* call.
A third is *Phantaſus*, whoſe Actions roul
On meaner Thoughts, and Things devoid of Soul:
Earth, Fruits, and Flowers he repreſents in Dreams,
And ſolid Rocks unmov'd, and running Streams:
Theſe three to Kings and Chiefs their Scenes diſplay,
The reſt before th' ignoble Commons play. *Dryd. Ovid.*

TO-MORROW.

Seek not to know To-morrow's Doom,
That is not ours, which is to come:
The preſent Moment's all our ſtore,
The next ſhould Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one Inſtant Now.
Look on each Day you've paſt,
To be a mighty Treaſure won;

And

And lay each Minute out in Haſte,
We're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot Dye too ſoon. *Cong. Hor.*
To-morrow and her Works defy,
Lay hold upon the preſent Hour,
And ſnatch the Pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r:
Nor Love, nor Love's Delights diſdain,
Whate'er thou get'ſt To-Day is Gain. *Dryd. Hor.*

We are not ſure To-Morrow will be ours;
Wars have like Love, their favourable Hours:
Let us uſe all; for if we loſe one Day,
The white-one in the Crowd may ſlip away.
(Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He who can call To-Day his own!
He, who ſecure within can ſay,
To-Morrow do thy worſt; for I have liv'd To-Day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The Joys I have poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of Fate are mine:
Not Heav'n it ſelf upon the paſt has Pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my Hour.
(Dryd. Hor.

Now learn,
The Bounds of Good and Evil to diſcern.
Unhappy he, who does this Work adjourn;
And 'till To-Morrow would the Search delay;
His lazy Morrow will be like To-Day.
Yeſterday was once To-Morrow:
That Yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd,
And all thy fruitleſs Days will thus be drain'd.
For thou haſt more To-Morrows yet to aſk,
And wilt be ever to begin thy Taſk.
Thou like the hindmoſt Chariot-wheels art curſt,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt. *Dryd. Perſ.*

That

MOUNTAIN.

It was an hill plac't in an open Plaine,
That round about was bordered with a Wood
Of matchleſs hight, that ſeem'd th' Earth to diſdaine,
In which all trees of Honour ſtately ſtood,
And did all Winter as in Summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lowly branches ſung aloud,
And in their tops the ſoring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in Majeſty and Powre.

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flood
His ſilver waves did ſoftly tumble down,
Unmarr'd with ragged Moſs or filthy Mud;
Ne mote wild beaſts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphs and Faries by the bankes did ſit,
In the wood ſhade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noiſome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their Accents fit.

And on the top thereof a ſpatious plaine
Did ſpread it ſelf, to ſerve to all delight,
Either to dance, when they to dance would faine,
Or elſe to courſe about their baſes light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleaſure might
Deſired be, or thence to baniſh bale:
So pleaſantly the hill, with equal hight,
Did ſeem to over-look the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

(*Spen.*

Nigh the dull Shore a ſhapeleſs Mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful Frown ſurvey'd the Flood:
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,
No friſking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone. *Gar.*

As when a Fragment from a Mountain torn,
By raging Tempeſts, or by Torrents borne;
Or ſapp'd by Time, or looſen'd from the Roots,
Prone thro' the Void, the rocky Ruin ſhoots, Rolling

Rolling from Crag to Crag, from Steep to Steep;
Down ſink at once the Shepherds and their Sheep;
Involv'd alike, they ruſh to nether Ground;
Stunn'd with the Shock they fall, and ſtunn'd from (Earth rebound.

Not with leſs Ruin than the *Baian* Mole,
Rais'd on the Seas, the Surges to controul,
At once comes tumbling down the rocky Wall;
Prone to the Deep the Stones disjointed fall
Off the vaſt Pile: The ſcatter'd Ocean flies,
Black Sands, diſcolour'd Froth, and mingled Mud ariſe.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

The MOUTH.

The Mouth with proper Faculties endu'd,
Firſt entertains, and then divides the Food.
Two adverſe Rows of Teeth the Meat prepare,
On which the Glands fermenting Juice confer.
(*Black. Creat.*

MURRAIN.

Here from the vicious Air, and ſickly Skies,
A Plague did on the dumb Creation riſe.
During th' autumnal Heats th' Infection grew,
Tame Cattel, and the Beaſts of Nature ſlew:
Pois'ning the ſtanding Lakes, and Pools impure,
Nor was the foodful Graſs in Fields ſecure:
Strange Death! For when the thirſty Fire had drunk
Their vital Blood, and the dry Nerves were ſhrunk;
When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
A wateriſh Humour ſwell'd, and ooz'd agen;
Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,
Ordain'd by Nature for a better Uſe.
The Victim Ox, that was for Altars preſs'd, (dreſs'd,
Trimm'd with white Ribonds, and with Garlands
Sunk of himſelf, without the God's Command,
Preventing the ſlow Sacrificer's Hand:
Or, by the holy Butcher if he fell,
Th' inſpected Entrails could no Fates foretel:

Nor,

Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames ariſe,
But Clouds of ſmould'ring Smoak forbad the Sacrifice.
Scarcely the Knife was redden'd with the Gore,
Or the black Poyſon ſtain'd the ſandy Floor.
The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forſake,
And render their ſweet Souls before the plenteous Rack:
The fawning Dog runs mad: the wheaſing Swine
With Coughs is choak'd, and labours from the Chine.
The Victor Horſe, forgetful of his Food,
The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood:
He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears,
A doubtful Sweat in clammy Drops appears:
Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.
Such are the Symptoms of the young Diſeaſe;
But in Time's Proceſs, when his Pains increaſe,
He rouls his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans,
With patient Sobbings, and with manly Moans:
He heaves for Breath, which, from his Lungs ſupply'd,
And fetch'd from far, diſtends his lab'ring Side:
To his rough Palate his dry Tongue ſucceeds,
And ropy Gore he from his Noſtrils bleeds.
Fir'd into Rage, at length he grinds his Teeth
In his own Fleſh, and feeds approaching Death.
The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of Tillage and the crooked Plough,)
Falls down and dies; and dying ſpews a Flood
Of foamy Madneſs mix'd with clotted Blood.
The Clown, who, curſing Providence, repines,
His mournful Fellow from the Team diſjoyns;
With many a Groan forſakes his fruitleſs Care,
And in th' unfiniſh'd Furrow leaves the Share.
The pining Steer, no Shades of lofty Woods,
Nor flow'ry Meads can eaſe, nor cryſtal Floods,
Roul'd from the Rocks: his flabby Flanks decreaſe,
His Eyes are ſettled in a ſtupid Peace:
His Bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown,
And his unwieldy Neck hangs drooping down.

The

The nightly Wolf that round th' Encloſure prowl'd,
To leap the Fence, now plots not on the Fold,
Tam'd with a ſharper Pain. The fearful Doe,
And flying Stag amidſt the Greyhounds go; (Foe.
And round the Dwellings roam of Man, their fiercer
The ſcaly Nations of the Sea profound,
Like Shipwreck'd Carcaſſes, are driv'n a-ground:
And mighty *Phocæ*, never ſeen before
In ſhallow Streams, are ſtranded on the Shore.
The Viper dead within her Hole is found;
Defenceleſs was the Shelter of the Ground.
The Water-Snake, whom Fiſh and Paddocks fed,
With ſtaring Scales lies poyſon'd in his Bed.
To Birds their native Heav'ns contagious prove,
From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls above.
The Rivers, and their Banks, and Hills around,
With Lowings, and with dying Bleats, refound:
At length, Fate ſtrikes a univerſal Blow,
To Death at once whole Herds of Cattle go:
Sheep, Oxen, Horſes fall; and, heap'd on high,
The diff'ring Species in Confuſion lie. *Dryd. Virg.*

MUSE.

Now *Erato*, thy Poet's Mind inſpire,
And fill his Soul with thy celeſtial Fire.
And now the mighty Labour is begun,
Ye Muſes, open all your *Helicon*:
For well you know, and can record alone,
What Fame to future Times conveys but darkly down.

Ye Muſes, ever fair, and ever young,
Aſſiſt my Numbers, and inſpire my Song.
For you in ſinging martial Facts excel;
You beſt remember, and alone can tell. *Dryd. Virg.*
Deſcend from Heav'n! *Uranie!* by that Name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe Voice divine
Foll'wing, above th' *Olympian* Hill I ſoar;
Above the Flight of *Pegaſean* Wing;

The

The Meaning, not the Name I call; for thou
Nor of the Muſes nine, nor on the Top
Of old *Olympus* dwell'ſt, but heav'nly-born,
Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountains flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wiſdom didſt converſe,
Wiſdom, thy Siſter; and with her didſt play
In Preſence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy Celeſtial Song: Upled by thee,
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have preſum'd,
An earthly Gueſt, and drawn Empyreal Air,
Thy Temp'ring: with like Safety guided down,
Return me to my native Element:
Leſt from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, tho' from a lower Clime)
Diſmounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall,
Erroneous, there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unſung, but narrower bound
Within the viſible diurnal Sphere;
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More ſafe I ſing with mortal Voice, unchang'd
To hoarſe or mute, tho' fall'n on evil Days,
On evil Days tho' fall'n and evil Tongues;
In Darkneſs, and with Dangers compaſs'd round,
And Solitude: yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my Slumbers nightly; or when Morn
Purples the Eaſt, ſtill govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit Audience find, tho' few:
But drive far off the barb'rous Diſſonance
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race
Of that wild Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
In *Rhodope*; where Woods and Rocks had Ears
To Rapture, 'till the ſavage Clamour drown'd
Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art Heav'nly, ſhe an empty Dream. *Milt.*

MUSICK.

But Man may juſtly tuneful Strains admire,
His Soul is Muſick, and his Breaſt a Lyre.

A Lyre, which while its various Notes agree,
Enjoys the Sweets of its own Harmony.
In us, rough Hatred with ſoft Love is joyn'd,
And ſprightly Hope, with grov'ling Fear combin'd,
To form the Parts of our harmonious Mind.
What raviſhes the Soul, what charms the Ear,
Is Muſick, tho' a various Dreſs it wear.
Beauty is Muſick too, tho' in Diſguiſe,
Too fine to touch the Ear, it ſtrikes the Eyes,
And thro' 'em to the Soul the ſilent Stroke conveys.
'Tis Muſick Heavenly, ſuch as in a Sphere
We only can admire, but cannot hear.
Nor is the Pow'r of Numbers leſs below,
By them all Humours yield, all Paſſions bow,
And ſtubborn Crowds are chang'd, yet know not how.
Let other Arts in ſenſleſs Matter reign,
Mimick in Braſs, or with mix'd Juices ſtain;
Muſick, the mighty Artiſt, Man can rule,
As long as it has Numbers, he a Soul,
As much as Man can thoſe mean Arts controul. *Dry.*

From Harmony, from Heav'nly Harmony
This univerſal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Thro' all the Compaſs of the Notes it ran,
The *Diapaſon* cloſing full in Man.
Timotheus, plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre.
The trembling Notes aſcend the Sky,
And heav'nly Joy inſpire.
The Song began from *Jove*,
Who left his bliſsful Seats above,
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God,
Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy Breaſt:

Then

Then, round her ſlender Waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an Image of himſelf, a Sov'reign of the (World.
The liſt'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A preſent Deity, they ſhout around,
A preſent Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.
With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres.
The Praiſe of *Bacchus* then the ſweet Muſician ſung,
Of *Bacchus* ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes:
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums.
Fluſh'd with a purple Grace,
He ſhews his honeſt Face;
Now give the Hautboys Breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking Joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' Bleſſings are a Treaſure,
Drinking is a Soldier's Pleaſure;
Rich the Treaſure,
Sweet the Pleaſure,
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain.
Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain,
Fought all his Battels o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he ſlew the (ſlain. *Dryd. Ode to St. Cecilia*

Th' unhappy Huſband, Huſband now no more,
Did on his tuneful Harp his Loſs deplore, (ſtore.
And fought his mournful Mind with Muſick to re-
On thee, Dear Wife, in Deſarts all alone,
He call'd, ſigh'd, ſung; His Griefs with Day begun,
Nor were they finiſh'd with the ſetting Sun.
Ev'n to the dark Dominions of the Night
He took his Way, thro' Foreſts void of Light:

And

And dar'd amidſt the trembling Ghoſts to ſing,
And ſtood before th' inexorable King.
Th' infernal Manſions nodding ſeem to dance:
The gaping, three-mouth'd Dog forgets to ſnarl,
The *Furies* hearken, and their Snakes uncurl:
Ixion ſeems no more his Pains to feel,
But leans attentive on his ſtanding Wheel. *Dryd. Virg.*

MUTABILITY.

Such is the weakneſs of all mortall hope;
So fickle is the State of earthly things,
That ere they come unto their aimed ſcope,
They fall ſo ſhort of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter ſorrowings,
Inſtead of comfort which we ſhould embrace:
This is the State of Cæſars and of Kings,
Let none therefore that is in meaner Place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky caſe. *Spen.*

MYRRHA.

Mean-while the miſ-begotten Infant grows,
And ripe for Birth, diſtends with deadly Throes
The ſwelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,
To leave the wooden Womb, and puſhes into Life.
The Mother-Tree, as if oppreſs'd with Pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the Bark, in vain;
And, like a lab'ring Woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a Voice to call *Lucina*'s Aid.
The bending Bole ſends out a hollow Sound,
And trickling Tears fall thick upon the Ground.
The mild *Lucina* came uncall'd, and ſtood (Wood,
Beſide the ſtruggling Boughs, and heard the groaning
Then reach'd her Midwife-hand to ſpeed the Throes,
And ſpoke the pow'rful Spells that Babes to Birth diſ-
The Bark divides, the living Load to free, (cloſe.
And ſafe delivers the convulſive Tree. *Dryd. Ovid.*

N A-

NATURE.

See how Sublime th' unlifted Mountains riſe,
And with their pointed Heads invade the Skies;
How the high Cliffs their craggy Arms extend,
Diſtinguiſh States, and ſever'd Realms defend;
How ambient Shores confine the reſtleſs Deep,
And in their ancient Bounds the Billows keep;
The hollow Vales their ſmiling Pride unfold;
What rich Abundance do their Boſoms hold?
Regard their lovely Verdure, raviſh'd, view
The party-colour'd Flow'rs of various Hue;
Not Eaſtern Monarchs, on their Nuptial Day,
In dazling Gold and Purple, ſhine ſo gay,
As the bright Natives of th' unlabour'd Field,
Unvers'd in Spinning, and in Looms unſkill'd:
See, how the rip'ning Fruits the Gardens crown,
Imbibe the Sun, and make his Light their own:
See the ſweet Brook in ſilver Mazes creep,
Enrich the Meadows, and ſupply the Deep;
While from their weeping Urns the Fountains flow,
And vital Moiſture, where they paſs, beſtow:
Admire the narrow Stream, and ſpreading Lake,
The proud aſpiring Grove, and humble Brake?
How do the Foreſts and the Woods delight?
How the ſweet Glades and Openings charm the Sight?
Obſerve the ſweet Lawn, and the airy Plaine,
The fertile Furrows rich with various Grain;
How Uſeful all? how all conſpire to grace
The extended Earth, and beautify her Face? *Blac. Creat.*

Nature deprav'd, Abundance does perſue,
Her firſt and pure Demands are cheap and few:
What Health promotes, and gives, unenvy'd Peace,
Is all Expenceleſs, and procur'd with Eaſe.

NECROMANCER.

Him have I ſeen (on *Iſter*'s Banks he ſtood,
Where laſt we Winter'd) bind the headlong Flood

In

In ſudden Ice; and where moſt ſwift it flows,
In cryſtal Nets the wandring Fiſhes cloſe;
Then, with a Moment's Thaw, the Stream enlarge,
And from the Meſh the twinkling Gueſts diſcharge:
In a deep Vale, or near ſome ruin'd Wall,
He would the Ghoſts of ſlaughter'd Soldiers call;
Who flow to wounded Bodies did repair,
And loth to enter, ſhiver'd in the Air;
Theſe his dread Wand did to ſhort Life compel,
And forc'd the Fates of Battles to foretel.
In a lone Tent, all hung with black, I ſaw
Where in a Square he did a Circle draw:
Four Angles, made by that Circumference,
Bore holy Words inſcrib'd of myſtick Senſe;
When firſt a hollow Wind began to blow;
The Sky grew black, and belly'd down more low.
Around the Field did nimble Lightning play,
Which offer'd us by fits and ſnatch'd the Day.
'Midſt this was heard the ſhrill and tender Cry
Of well-pleas'd Ghoſts, which in the Storm did fly.
Danc'd to and fro, and ſkim'd along the Ground,
'Till to the magick Circle they were bound.
(*Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

By my rough Magick I have oft bedimm'd
The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds;
And 'twixt the green Sea, and the azur'd Vault
Set roaring War: to the dread rattling Thunder
Have I giv'n Fire; and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout Oak
With his own Bolt. Graves at my Command
Have wak'd their Sleepers, op'd and let them forth,
By my ſo potent Art. *Shak. Temp.*

NEGROES.

While in the Regions of the burning *Zone*,
No Viſage but the ſooty Black is known;
Short woolly Locks their horrid Fronts embrace,
Thick Lips grin fearful, with a Fiend-like Grace,
And Night, the Beldam, broods on each Barbarian Face.
(*Rowe's Call.*

NEPTUNE.

Next unto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his divine reſemblance, wondrous like,
His face was rugged, and his hoary head
Dropped with brakiſh dew; his three forkt Pyke
He ſtearnly ſhooke, and therewith fierce did ſtrike
The raging billowes that on every ſide
They trembling ſtood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his ſwift charot might have paſſage wide,
Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in teme-wiſe (tide.
His Sea-horſes did ſeem to ſnort amaine,
And from their noſtrilles throw the briny ſtreame,
That made the ſparkling waves to ſmoake againe,
And flame with Gold; but the white foamy creame
Did ſhine with ſilver, and ſhoot forth his beame;
The God himſelf did penſive ſeem, and ſad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For privy Love his breaſt empearced had
Ne ought, but dear *Biſaltis*, ay could make him glad.

Firſt came great *Neptune*, with three-forkt mace,
That rules the Sea, and makes them riſe or fall;
His dewy locks did drop with brine apace,
Under his Diadem imperial. *Spen.*
His finny Train *Saturnian Neptune* joyns.——
Then adds the foamy Bridles to their Jaws,
And to the looſen'd Reins permits the Laws.
High on the Waves his azure Car he guides,
Its Axles thunder, and the Sea ſubſides,
And the ſmooth Ocean rolls her ſilent Tides.
The Tempeſts fly before their Father's Face,
Trains of inferiour Gods his Triumph grace;
And Monſter-Whales before their Maſter play,
And Quires of *Tritons* crowd the watry Way.
The marſhal'd Pow'rs in equal Troops divide,
To Right and Left; the Gods his better Side (ride.
Incloſe, and on the worſe the Nymphs and *Nereids*

When

When thus the Father of the Flood appears,
And o'er the Seas his Sov'reign Trident rears,
Their Fury falls; he ſkims the liquid Plains,
High on his Chariot, and with looſen'd Reins
Majeſtick moves along, and awful Peace maintains
(*Dryd. Virg.*

NEREUS.

Of all which, *Nereus*, the eldeſt and the beſt,
Did firſt proceed, than which none more upright,
Ne more ſincere in word and deed profeſt;
Moſt void of guile, moſt free from foule deſpight,
Dooing himſelf, and teaching others to do right.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the Gods unfold,
Through which, *Paris* hath brought his famous priſe,
The faire *Tindarid* laſs, he him fortold,
That her all *Greece*, with many a champion bold,
Should fetch againe, and finally deſtroy
Proud *Priam's* town, ſo wiſe *Nereus* of old,
And ſo well ſkil'd; nath'leſs he takes great joy
Oft-times amongſt the wanton Nymphs to ſport and
(toy. *Spen.*

NIGHT.

Where grieſly *Night*, with viſage deadly ſad,
That *Phœbus* chearfull face durſt never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth comeing from her darkſome mew,
Where ſhe all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her iron charot ſtood,
Already harneſſed for Jorney new;
And cole-black Steeds yborne of helliſh brood,
That on their ruſty bits did champ, as they were
(wood.
By this, eternall lamps, where-with high *Jove*
Doth light the world, were half yſpent,
And the moiſt Daughters of huge *Atlas* ſhove
Into the Ocean deep to drive their wearie drove.

Now when as all the world in ſilence deep
Yſhrowded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly ſleep.

Night, thou foule Mother of annoyance ſad,
Siſter of heavy death, and nurſe of woe,
Which waſt begot in Heaven, but for thy bad
And bruiſh ſhape, thruſt down to Hell belowe,
Where, by the grim floud of *Cocytus* flowe,
That dwelling is *Herebus* black hous,
(Black *Herebus*, thy Huſband, is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou ungratious,
Half of thy dayes dooſt lead in horrour hedeous.

What had th' eternal Maker need of thee,
The world in his continuall courſe to keep
That dooſt all things deface, ne letteſt ſee
The beautie of his work? indeed in ſleep,
The ſlothful body, doth love to ſteep,
His luſtleſs limbs, and drowne his baſer mind,
Doth praiſe thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deep
Calls thee his Goddeſs, in his errour blind,
And great dame nature's hand-maid chearing every (kind.

But well I wote, that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurſe of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old ſmarts;
Inſtead of reſt, thou lendeſt rayling teares,
And dreadfull viſions, in the which alive,
The dreary Image of ſad Death appeares:
So from the warie Spirite thou doſt drive
Deſired reſt, and men of happineſs deprive.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-ſhunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudſhed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and danger iminent,
Foule horror, and eke helliſh dreriment:

All

All theſe (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe ſhunne, for fear of being ſhent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdneſs love, doe hate the light to ſee.

For day diſcovers all diſhoneſt wayes,
And ſheweth each thing as it is indeed,
The prayſes of high God he fair diſplayes,
And his large bounty rightly doth agreed,
Days bleſſed children be the bleſſed ſeed,
Which darkneſs ſhall ſubdue, and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter, he her firſt did breed,
Moſt ſacred virgin, without ſpot or ſin:
Our life is day; but death with darkneſs doth begin.

Now gan the humid vapour ſhed the ground
With pearly dew, and the Earth's gloomy ſhade
Did dim the brightneſs of the welkin round,
That every bird and beaſt awarned made
To ſhrowd themſelves, whiles ſleep their ſenſes did invade. *Spen.*

When Night the drouſy Swain and Traveller chace
Their daily Toil, and ſooth their Limbs with Eaſe;
When all the weary Sons of Woe reſtrain
Their yielding Cares with Slumbers ſilken Chain,
Solace ſad Grief, and lull reluctant Pain.

'Twas now the Time when *Phœbus* yields to Night,
And riſing *Cynthia* ſheds her ſilver Light,
Wide o'er the World in awful Pomp ſhe drew
Her airy Chariot, hung with pearly Dew;
All Birds and Beaſts lye huſh'd; Sleep ſteals away
The wild Deſires of Men, and Toils of Day,
And brings, deſcending thro' the ſilent Air,
A ſweet Forgetfulneſs of human Care
Why awful Night begins her ſolemn Round,
With all the Majeſty of Darkneſs crown'd.
Now buſy Nature lies diffus'd in Sleep,
Huſh'd is the Land, and lull'd the peaceful Deep;

No Breath of Air diſturbs the drowſy Woods,
No Whiſpers murmur from the ſilent Floods;
The ſilver Moon ſheds down a trembling Light,
And glads the melancholy Face of Night:
The Stars in Order twinkle in the Skies,
And fall in Silence, and in Silence riſe. *Gay Par. Job.*

Darkneſs now roſe, and brought in louring Night,
Her ſhadowy Off-ſpring, unſubſtantial both,
Privation meer of Light, and abſent Day. *Milt.*

Soon as with gentle Sighs the Ev'ning Breeze
Began to whiſper thro' the murm'ring Trees:
And Night had wrapt in Shades the Mountains Heads,
While Winds lay huſh'd in ſubterranean Beds.

When the ſtill Night with peaceful Poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady Pinions o'er the Ground;
And ſlumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves and Streams are the ſoft Virgin's Theme;
The Surges gently daſh againſt the Shore,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Galley-ſlaves the Oar:
Sleep ſhakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes. *Gar.*

'Tis Night; the Seaſon when the happy take
Repoſe, and only Wretches are awake;
Now diſcontented Ghoſts begin their Rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings, and unwholſom Grounds;
Or at the Curtains of the reſtleſs wait,
To frighten 'em with ſome ſad Tale of Fate.
(Otw. Dor. Car.

Now all is huſh'd, as Nature were retir'd,
And the perpetual Motion ſtanding ſtill;
So much ſhe from her Work appears to ceaſe,
And ev'ry warring Element's at Peace:
All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd,
The Fiſhes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,
And to the Murmurs of the Waters ſleep:
The feeling Air's at Reſt, and feels no Noiſe,
Except of ſome ſhort Breaths upon the Trees, *(Orph.*
Rocking the harmleſs Birds that reſt upon them. *Otw.*

'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies
So faſt, as if ſhe never were to riſe:

No

No Breath of Wind now whiſpers thro' the Trees,
No Noiſe at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas:
Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon,
No wakeful Dogs bark at the ſilent Moon;
Nor bay the Ghoſts that glide with Horror by,
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lye;
The Ravens perch, and no Preſages give,
Nor to the Windows of the dying cleave:
The Owls forget to ſcream, no Midnight Sound
Calls drowſy Echo from the hollow Ground.
In Vaults the waking Fires extinguiſh'd lye;
The Stars, Heav'ns Centry, wink, and ſeem to die.
(*Lee Theod.*

'Twas dead of Night, when weary Bodies cloſe
Their Eyes in balmy Sleep, and ſoft Repoſe.
The Winds no longer whiſper thro' the Woods,
Nor murm'ring Tides diſturb the gentle Floods:
The Stars, in ſilent Order, mov'd around, (Ground:
And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding on the
The Flocks, and Herds, and party-colour'd Fowl,
Which haunt the Woods, or ſwim the weedy Pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet Earth, ſecurely lay;
Forgetting the paſt Labours of the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

All things are hush'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead;
The Mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy Head:
The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
And ſleeping Flow'rs beneath the Night-Dew ſweat:
Ev'n Luſt and Envy ſleep. *Dryd. Ind Imp.*

NIGHTINGALE.

So, cloſe in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,
The Mother Nightingale laments alone:
Whoſe Neſt ſome prying Churl had found, and thence
By Stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.
But ſhe ſupplies the Night with mournful Strains,
And melancholy Muſick fills the Plains. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus in ſome Poplar Shade the Nightingale
With piercing Moans does her loſt Young bewail:

Which the rough Hind obſerving as they by
Warm in their downy Neſt, had ſtol'n away:
But ſhe in mournful Sounds does ſtill complain,
Sings all the Night, tho' all her Songs are vain,
And ſtill renews her miſerable Strain. *Lee Theod.*

NILE.

As when old Father *Nilus* gins to ſwell
With timely pride above the *Aegyptian* vale,
His fattie waves does fertile ſlime outwell,
And overflowe each plaine and lowly dale:
But when his later ebbe gins to avale,
Huge heapes of Mud he leaves, wherein there breed
Tenne thouſand kindes of Creatures, partly male,
And partly Female of his fruitfull ſeed;
Such ugly Monſtrous ſhapes eiſwhere may no man
(read. *Spen*

NOBLEMEN. *vid.* Rake.

Here muſt I needs exclaim, nor can forbear,
On Noblemen's improvidential Care;
Who to their forward Sons give looſe the Reins,
And taint the generous Blood which fill their Veins;
Whoſe lewd Aſſociates commonly are known
For Sots, and Scandals of the Court and Town.
For ſoon as Tutors have reſign'd their Charge
Of my young Lord, to let him live at large;
He, who writes Man, muſt what he pleaſes do,
Indulge his Fancy, his own Courſe perſue.
Yet think not that this hopeful Babe of Grace
Will follow Counſel, and the beſt embrace;
No: he'll to *Brothels*, or to *Tavern* run,
And whore and guzzle 'till the morning Sun.
Or at *Groom-Porter*'s he his Elbow ſhakes,
Accompany'd by Scoundrels, Pimps, and Rakes;
Who with ſoft Pleaſure the ſoft Peer entice,
They plunge the Bubble in the Gulf of Vice.
Rowe's Call.

NO-

NOBILITY *of* BLOOD.

Nobility of Blood,
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious Good:
The Nobleman is he, whose noble Mind
Is fill'd with in-born Worth, unborrow'd from his Kind.
The King of Heav'n was in a Manger laid,
And took his Earth but from an humble Maid;
Then what can Birth on mortal Men bestow,
Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow?
We, who for Name and empty Honour strive,
Our true Nobility from him derive.
Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride,
And vast Estates, to mighty Titles ty'd,
Did not your Honour, but their own advance;
For Virtue comes not by Inheritance:
If you tralineate from your Father's Mind,
What are you else but of a Bastard Kind:
Do as your great Progenitors have done,
And by your Virtue prove your self their Son.
No Father can infuse or Wit, or Grace;
A Mother comes across, and marrs the Race,
A Grandsire, or a Grandame taints the Blood;
And seldom three Descents continue good.
Were Virtue by Descent, a noble Name
Could never villanize his Father's Fame:
But as the first, the last of all the Line,
Would, like the Sun, ev'n in descending, shine.
Nobility of Blood is but Renown
Of thy great Fathers, by their Virtue known,
And a long Trail of Light to thee descending down.
If in thy Smoke it ends, their Glories shine,
But Infamy and Villanage are thine.

(Dryd. Wife of Bath's Tale.

Search we the Springs,
And backward trace the Principles of Things:
There shall we find that when the World began,
One common Mass compos'd the Mould of Man;

One Paſte of Fleſh on all Degrees beſtow'd;
And kneaded up alike with moiſt'ning Blood.
The ſame Almighty Pow'r inſpir'd the Frame
With kindled Life, and form'd the Souls the ſame.
The Faculties of Intellect and Will,
Diſpens'd with equal Hand; diſpos'd with equal Skill:
Like Liberty indulg'd with Choice of Good or Ill.
Thus born alike, from Virtue firſt began
The Diff'rence that diſtinguiſh'd Man from Man.
He claim'd no Title from Deſcent of Blood:
But that which made him Noble, made him Good.
Warm'd with more Particles of Heav'nly Flame;
He wing'd his upward Flight, and ſoar'd to Fame;
The reſt remain'd below, a Tribe without a Name.
This aw, tho' Cuſtom now diverts the Courſe,
As Nature's Inſtitute is yet in Force:
Uncancell'd, tho' diſus'd: and he whoſe Mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble Kind;
Tho' poor in Fortune, of Celeſtial Race:
And he commits the Crime, who calls him baſe.
Ev'n Mighty Monarchs oft are meanly born,
And Kings by Birth to loweſt Rank return:
All ſubject to the Pow'r of giddy Chance;
For Fortune can depreſs, and can advance.
But true Nobility is of the Mind,
Not giv'n by Chance, and not to Chance reſign'd.
(*Dryd. Sigiſ. & Guiſc.*

NOON.

The ſouthing Sun inflames the Day,
And the dry Herbage thirſts for Dews in vain;
And Sheep, in Shades, avoid the parching Plain.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

The full blazing Sun
Does now ſit high in his meridian Tow'r.
Shoots down direct his fervid Rays to warm
Earth's inmoſt Womb. *Milt.*

At

At Noon of Day
The Sun with ſultry Beams began to play.
Not *Syrius* ſhoots a fiercer Flame from high,
When with his pois'nous Breath he blaſts the Sky.
Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs, their Beauty fled,
They clos'd their ſickly Eyes, and hung the Head,
And, rivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in their Bed.
The Ladies gaſp'd and ſcarcely could reſpire,
The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but Fire.
The fainty Knights were ſcorch'd.

(Dryd. Flow. and the Leaf.

NOSE.

Remark, how thoſe, which in the Noſtril dwell,
That ar ful Organ deſtin'd for the Smell,
By Vapours mov'd, their Paſſage upwards take,
And Scents unpleaſant or delightful make. *Blac. Creat*

NOTHING.

Nothing, thou Elder Brother ev'n to Shade!
Thou had'ſt a Being e'er the World was made,
And, well-fix'd, art alone of ending not afraid.

E'er Time and Place were, Time and Place were not;
When primitive Nothing Something ſtrait begot:
Then all proceeded from the great united——What?

Something, the gen'ral Attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its ſole Original,
Into thy boundleſs ſelf muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

Yet ſomething did thy mighty Pow'r command,
And from thy fruitful Emptineſs's Hand,
Snatch'd Men, Beaſts, Birds, Fire, Air Water, and Land.

Matter, the wicked ſt Off-ſpring of thy Race,
By Form aſſiſted, flew from thy Embrace,
And Rebel Light obſcur'd thy rev'rend duſky Face.

With Form and Matter Time and Place did join;
Body, thy Foe, with theſe did Leagues combine,
To ſpoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.

But Turn-coat Time aſſiſts the Foe in vain,
And brib'd by thee, aſſiſts thy ſhort-liv'd Reign;
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves (again.
Tho' Myſteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,
And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
Into thy Boſom, where the Truth in private lies.

Yet this of thee the Wiſe may freely ſay,
Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'ſt away,
And to be Part of thee, the Wicked wiſely pray.

Great Negative! how vainly would the Wiſe
Enquire, define, diſtinguiſh, teach, deviſe,
Didſt thou not ſtand to point their dull Philoſophies.

Is, or is not! the two great Ends of Fate;
And true or falſe, the Subject of Debate,
That perfect or deſtroy the vaſt Deſigns of Fate;

When they have rack'd the Politician's Breaſt,
Within thy Boſom moſt ſecurely reſt,
And when reduc'd to thee, are leaſt unſafe and beſt.

Nothing, who dwell'ſt with Fools in grave Diſguiſe,
For whom they rev'rend Shape, and Forms deviſe,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they, like
thee, look wiſe.

French Truth, *Dutch* Proweſs, *Britiſh* Policy,
Hybernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Diſpatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly ſeen in thee.

The great Man's Gratitude to his beſt Friend,
Kings Promiſes, Whores Vows, to thee they tend,
Flow ſwiftly into thee, and in thee ever end. *Roch.*

NUNNERY.

Some ſolitary Cloiſter will I chuſe,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:
Coarſe my Attire, and ſhort ſhall be my Sleep,
Broke by the melancholy Midnight-Bell:
There hoard up ev'ry Moment of my Life,

To

To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears.
Faſting, and Tear, and Penitence, and Pray'r,
Shall do dead *Sancho* Juſtice ev'ry Hour:
'Till ev'n fierce *Raymond* at the laſt ſhall ſay,
Now let her die, for ſhe has griev'd enough.
(*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

NURSE.

Who with a hopeful beauteous Off-ſpring bleſt,
Forget themſelves, and hire unwholſom Breaſts?
And to ſome common Wretch commit the Care
Of Infant-*Celia*, or the future Heir:
Beſide Diſeaſes, and unnumber'd Ills,
That latent Spread, and flow in milky Rills,
That from bad Teats, and putrid Channels paſs,
And taint the Blood, and mingle with the Maſs;
The noxious Food conveys a greater Curſe,
And gives the meaner Paſſions of the Nurſe;
Th' unthinking Babe ſucks in the deadly Bane,
And new-form'd Luſts the native Virtue ſtain;
Who draws the flaggy Breaſts of wanton Dames,
Shall baſe Deſires imbibe, and burn with guilty Flames.
Rowe's Call.

NYMPH.

There ſhines a Nymph of more than human Race,
With genuine Beauty, and unborrow'd Grace,
And flaſhes, as ſhe flies, in each Admirer's Face;
Her Eyes all Flaming, and her riſing Breaſt
Courting the Hand, and ſuing to be preſt.
Her, the pleas'd Lover, proſtrately, adores,
And to the Goddeſs his beſt Wiſhes pours:
She with a Smile his Compliment returns,
And cools the fev'riſh Flame with which he burns.
Ibid.

OAK.

The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of Trees,
Shoots riſing up, and ſpreads by ſlow Degrees:
Three Centuries he grows, and three he ſtays,
Supreme in State, and in three more decays.
(*Ovid.*
Dryd.

Jove's

Jove's own Tree,
That holds the Woods in awful Sov'raignty,
Requires a Depth of Lodging in the Ground,
And, next the lower Skies, a Bed profound:
High as his topmoſt Boughs to Heav'n aſcend,
So low his Roots to Hell's Dominions tend;
Therefore nor Winds, nor Winter's Rage o'erthrows
His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows:
For length of Ages laſts his happy Reign,
And Lives of mortal Man contend with his in vain.
Full in the midſt of his own Strength he ſtands,
Stretching his brawny Arms and leafy Hands,
His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hill commands.

As when the Winds their airy Quarrel try,
Juſtling from ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
This Way and that the Mountain Oak they bend,
His Boughs they ſhatter, and his Branches rend;
With Leaves and falling Maſt they ſpread the Ground,
The hollow Valleys echo to the Sound:
Unmov'd, the royal Plant their Fury mocks,
Or ſhaken, clings more cloſely to the Rocks.
For as he ſhoots his tow'ring Head on high,
So deep in Earth his fix'd Foundations lie.
Thus two tall Oaks, that *Padus* Banks adorn,
Lift up to Heav'n their leafy Heads unſhorn;
And over-preſs'd with Nature's heavy Load,
Dance to the whiſtling Winds, and at each other nod.
(Dryd Virg.

As the ſtout Oak, when round his Trunk the Vine
Does in ſoft Wreaths, and am'rous Foldings twine,
Eaſy and ſlight appears; the Winds from far
Summon their noiſy Forces to the War:
But tho' ſo gentle ſeems his outward Form,
His hidden Strength out-braves the loudeſt Storm;
Firmer he ſtands, and boldly keeps the Field;
Showing ſtout Minds when unprovok'd are mild.
Halifax.

OCCA-

OCCASION.

And him behind, a wicked Hagg did Stalke,
In ragged Robes, and filthy Diſarray;
Her other Leg was lame, that ſhe no're walk,
But on a Staff her feeble Steps did ſtay;
Her Locks, that loathly were, and hoary grey,
Grew all afore, and looſely hung unroll'd;
But all behind was bald, and worn away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her Face ill-favour'd, full of Wrinkles old.

And ever as ſhe went, her Tongue did walk
In foul Reproach, and Terms of vile Deſpight,
Provoking him by her outrageous Talk,
To heap more Vengeance on that wretched Wight,
Sometimes ſhe raught him Stones, wherewith to ſmite,
Sometimes her Staff, tho' it her own Leg were,
Withouten which ſhe could not go upright;
Ne evil Means ſhe did forbeare,
That might him move to Wrath, and Indignation reare.

OLD AGE.

Some few, by Temp'rance taught, approaching ſlow
To diſtant Fate, by eaſy Journeys go.
Gently they lay them down, as Ev'ning Sheep
On their own woolly Fleeces ſoftly ſleep.
So noiſeleſs would I live, ſuch Death to find;
Like timely Fruit, not ſhaken by the Wind,
But ripely dropping from the ſapleſs Bough,
And dying, nothing to my ſelf would owe.
Thus daily changing, with a duller Taſte
Of leſſ'ning Joys, I by Degrees would waſte:
Still quitting Ground, by unperceiv'd Decay, (*of Inn.*
And ſteal my ſelf from Life, and melt away. *Dry. State*
How happy is the Ev'ning Tide of Life!
When Phlegm has quench'd our Paſſions; twifling out
The feeble Remnant of our ſilly Days

In

In Follies, ſuch as Dotage beſt is pleas'd with:
Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares,
That toſs the thoughtful, active, buſy Mind!
Otw. Cai. Mar.

The Soul, with nobler Reſolutions deck'd,
The Body ſtooping, does her ſelf erect.
Clouds of Affections from our younger Eyes,
Conceal that Happineſs which Age deſcries.
The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light, thro' Chinks that Time has made.
Stronger by Weakneſs, wiſer Men become,
As they draw nearer their eternal Home.
Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the Threſhold of the new. *Wall.*

Jove! grant me Length of Life, and Years good Store
Heap on my bending Back, I aſk no more:
Both ſick and healthful, old and young conſpire
In this one, ſilly, miſchievous Deſire.
Miſtaken Bleſſing, which Old Age they call!
'Tis a long, naſty, darkſom Hoſpital!
A ropy Chain of Rheums! a Viſage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.
A Stitch-fall'n Cheek, that hangs below the Jaw,
Such Wrinkles as a ſkilful Hand would draw
For an old Grandame Ape, when, with a Grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern Face.
In Youth Diſtinctions infinite abound:
No Shape, no Feature juſt alike is found:
The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the ſtrong.
But the ſame Foulneſs does to Age belong:
The ſelf-ſame Palſie both in Limbs and Tongue.
The Skull and Forehead an old barren Plain,
And Gums unarm'd to mumble Meat in vain. *Dry. Juv.*

Theſe are th' Effects of doating Age,
Vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and Over-caution;
The ſecond Nonage of a Soul more wiſe,
But now decay'd, and ſunk into the Socket,
Peeping by Fits, and giving feeble Light. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

OPPRES-

OPPRESSION.

It is not hard for one that feels no Wrong,
For patient Duty to employ his Tongue.
Oppreſſion makes Men mad, and from their Breaſts,
All Reaſon and all Senſe of Duty wreſts.
The Gods are ſafe, when under Wrongs we groan,
Only becauſe we cannot reach their Throne.
Shall Princes, then, who are but Gods of Clay,
Think they may ſafely with our Honour play? *Wall.*

Be careful to withhold
Your Talons from the wretched and the bold:
Tempt not the brave and needy to Deſpair;
For tho' your Violence ſhould leave them bare
Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
And will revenge the Wrongs which they ſuſtain.
The Plunder'd ſtill have Arms. *Step. Jun.*

ORATORS.

See how reſiſtleſs Orators perſwade,
Draw out their Forces, and the Heart invade:
Touch ev'ry Spring and Movement of the Soul,
This Appetite excite, and that controul:
Their pow'rful Voice can flying Troops arreſt,
Confirm the Weak, and melt th' obdurate Breaſt,
Chace from the Sad their melancholy Air,
Sooth Diſcontent, and ſolace anxious Care.

OWL.

The boding Bird,
Which haunts the ruin'd Piles, and hallow'd Urns,
And beats about the Tombs with Nightly Wings,
Where Songs obſcene on Sepulchres ſhe ſings.

With boding Note
The ſolitary Screech-Owl ſtrains her Throat;
Or on a Chimney's Top, or Turret's Height,
With Songs obſcene diſturbs the Silence of the Night.
(Dryd. Virg.

OXEN.

Like as the ſacred Oxe, that careleſs ſtands
With gilden hornes, and flow'ry girlonds crown'd,
Proud of his dying honour and deary bands,
Whiles th' Altars fume with frankincenſe arownd,
All ſuddenly with mortal Stroke aſtownd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his ſtreaming gore,
Diſdaines the pillours, and the holy ground,
And the faire flowres that decked him afore. *Spen.*

As ſtubborn Steers by brawny Plowmen broke,
And joyn'd reluctant to the galling Yoak,
A like Diſdain with ſervile Necks to bear
Th' unwonted Weight, or drag the crooked Share,
But rend the Reins, and bound a diff'rent Way,
And all the Furrows in Confuſion lay. *Dryd.*

PAIN.

What avail
Valour or Strength, tho' matchleſs, quell'd with Pain,
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the Hands
Of mightieſt Men? Senſe of Pleaſure we may well
Spare out of Life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmeſt Life;
But Pain is perfect Miſery, the worſt
Of Evils; and exceſſive, overturns
All Patience. *Milt.*

PAINTING.

See, how Celeſtial Reaſon does command
The ready Pencil in the Painter's Hand;
Whoſe Strokes affect with Nature's ſelf to vye,
And with falſe Life amuſe the doubtful Eye.
Behold the ſtrong Emotions of the Mind,
Exerted in the Eyes, and in the Face deſign'd.
Such is the Artiſt's wondrous Pow'r, that we
Ev'n pictur'd Souls, and colour'd Paſſions ſee,
Where without Words, (peculiar Eloquence)
The lifeleſs Figures ſpeak their various Senſe.

What

What living Face does more Diſtreſs or Woe,
More finiſh'd Shame, Confuſion, Horror know,
Than what the Maſters of the Pencil ſhow?
But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeneſs raiſe;
This is the leaſt Attendant on thy Praiſe:
From hence the Rudiments of Art began,
A Coal, or Chalk, firſt imitated Man:
Perhaps the Shadow, taken on a Wall,
Gave Out-Lines to the rude Original;
E'er Canvas yet was ſtain'd; before the Grace
Of blended Colours found their Uſe and Place,
Or *Cypreſs* Tablets firſt receiv'd a Face.
By ſlow Degrees the God-like Art advanc'd,
As Man grew poliſh'd, Picture was inhanc'd,
Greece added Poſture, Shade, and Perſpective,
And then the Mimick-Piece began to live:
Yet Perſpective was lame: no Diſtance true:
But all came forward in one common View:
No Point of Light was known; no Bounds of Art;
When Light was there it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter Objects play'd;
Not languiſh'd, and inſenſibly decay'd.
Long Time the Siſter Arts, in Iron Sleep,
A heavy Sabbath did ſupinely keep:
At length, in *Raphael*'s Age at once they riſe,
Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.
Thence roſe the *Roman*, and the *Lombard* Line,
One colour'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's, like *Homer*'s, was the nobler Part,
But *Titian*'s Painting look'd like *Virgil*'s Art. *Dryd.*

PALACE of PRIDE.

A ſtately Palace built of ſquared Brick,
Which cunningly was without Morter laid,
Whoes Walls were high, but nothing ſtrong nor thick,
And golden foile all over them diſplaid,
That pureſt Sky with brightneſs they diſmaid:
High lifted up were many lofty Towres,

And

And goodly galleries farre over laid,
Full of faire windows and delightful bowres:
And on the top a Dyall told the timely howres.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And ſpake the praiſes of the workmans wit;
But full great pity, that ſo fair a Mould
Did on ſo weak foundation ever ſit;
For on a ſandy hill that ſtill did flit,
And fall away; it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of Heaven ſhaked it,
And all the hinder parts that few could ſpie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly. *Spen.*

PALACE of SLEEP.

To *Morpheus* Houſe doth haſtily repaire:
Amid the bowels of the Earth full ſteep
And lowe, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
Doth ever waſh, and *Cynthia* ſtill doth ſteep
In ſilver dew his ever-drouping head,
Whiles ſad night over him her mantles black doth (ſpread.

Whoſe double Gates he findeth locked faſt,
The one faire fram'd with burniſh'd Ivory:
The other all with ſilver over caſt;
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to baniſh Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle ſleep.
By them the ſpright doth paſs in quietly,
And unto *Morpheus* comes, whome drownded deep
In drowſie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keep.

And more to lull him in his ſlumbers ſoft,
A trickling ſtream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmering wind, much like the ſound,
Of ſwarming Bees, did caſt him in a ſwoone:

No

No other noiſe, nor Peoples troublous cryes,
As ſtill are wont t' annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard: but careleſs quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternall Silence, farre from enemies. *Spen.*

PANDORA.

Add we one Maſter-piece of Art he ſaid,
Earth, Heav'n, and all ye Gods afford your Aid,
Your each Perfection join, and form one lovely Maid.
He ſpoke, and ſtrait obedient to his Word,
Each willing Species to the Work concurr'd;
The cryſtal Orbs of *Æther* firſt prepare
The Limbs and Subſtance for the future Fair, (Hair.
While the Sun curl'd his Beams, and hung 'em for her
Her Front like Marble ſmooth, like Lillies white,
Fair *Cynthia* luſter'd o'er with ſilver Light;
Upon her Cheeks, *Aurora* Roſes ſpread;
And dy'd 'em in the Morning's brighteſt red;
Venus the ſweetly charming Smile impreſt,
And her ſoft Lips with balmy Pleaſures bleſt:
While Love, the God himſelf, o'er all the Maſs,
Dancing delightful, ſhow'd his heav'nly Face,
Led on the laughing Joys, and ev'ry ſiſter Grace.
Thus form'd, thus finiſh'd out the beauteous Whole,
Creating *Jove* infus'd the living Soul;
And ſince from every God the Graces came,
He bad *Pandora* be the fair-one's Name.
Pandora tainted by an impious Age,
Perſu'd each fond Deſire, and each fantaſtic Rage:
Curious to know, the Box diſturb'd her reſt,
Jove's hard Commands ſat heavy on her Breaſt,
And Woman, Woman the frail Nymph confeſt:
Reſolv'd at length, whatever *Jove* forbid,
She eas'd her longing Mind, and broke the Lid:
When ſteaming, ſtrait a deadly Vapour roſe,
Long Trains of waiting Plagues it did diſcloſe,
Diſeaſes, Miſeries, and mortal Woes.

Firſt

First the fell Poyſon ſeiz'd the curious Maid,
First on her Youth, her blooming Roſes prey'd;
Her Eyes no more their ſtarry Fires could boaſt,
But dim and dull in cloudy Miſts were loſt;
No Part was left untainted in the whole,
But all that once was fair, was loathſom now and foul.
Nor ſtopt the Ruin with the wretched Maid,
But growing ſtill, around diffuſive ſtray'd;
Error, Diſeaſe, and Death, like Victors dread,
Wide-waſtings o'er the World, their Legions ſpread,
And vanquiſh'd Minds and Bodies captive led.
Hid in deep Shades benighted Reaſon lay,
Shut from the Beams of Truths ethereal Day.
From that ſad *Æra* Ignorance began,
Thence a dull Train of doubting Ages ran,
And Beauty's ſacred Form remains unknown.

Rowe's Call.

PARADISE.

So on he fares, and to the Border comes
Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her Encloſure green,
As with a rural Mound, the Champian Head
Of a ſteep Wilderneſs; whoſe hairy Sides,
With Thicket over-grown, Groteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd: and over-head up-grew
Inſuperable Height of loftieſt Shade:
Cedar, and Pine, and Fir, and branching Palm;
A Sylvan Scene: and as the Ranks aſcend
Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre,
Of ſtatelieſt View; and higher than their Tops
The verd'rous Wall of Paradiſe up-ſprung:
And higher than that Wall a circling Row
Of goodlieſt Trees, loaden with faireſt Fruit,
Bloſſoms and Fruits at once of golden Hue,
Appear'd with gay enamel'd Colours mix'd:
On which the Sun more glad impreſs'd his Beams,
Than on fair ev'ning Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God has ſhower'd the Earth: ſo lovely ſeem'd

That

ſcape. And of pure, now purer Air
Approach, and to the Heart inſpires
light and Joy, able to drive
s, but Deſpair: Now gentle Gales,
heir odoriferous Wings, diſpenſe
rfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
ny Spoils. As when to them who ſail
e *Cape of Hope*, and now are paſt
; Off at Sea North-Eaſt Winds blow
ours from the ſpicy Shore
the *Bleſt*, with ſuch Delay
'd, they ſlack their Courſe; and many a League
ith the grateful Smell, old *Ocean* ſmiles.
in'd thoſe od'rous Sweets the Fiend.
ful Field, circled with Groves of Myrrh,
ing Odours, Caſſia, Nard, and Balm;
neſs of Sweets! for Nature here,
as in her Prime; and play'd at Will
n Fancies; pouring forth more Sweet,
ove Rule or Art, enormous Bliſs!
is fertile Ground God caus'd to grow
of nobleſt Kind for Sight, Smell, Taſte,
midſt them ſtood the Tree of Life,
inent, blooming *Ambroſial* Fruit
ble Gold; and next to Life,
h, the Tree of Knowledge grew faſt by.
rd thro' *Eden* went a River large,
ig'd his Courſe, but thro' the ſhaggy Hill
derneath ingulf'd; and thence thro' Veins
Earth, with kindly Thirſt up-drawn,
eſh Fountain, and with many a Rill
the Garden; thence united fell
e ſteep Glade, and met the nether Flood.
But Oh! what Art can tell
m that Saphir Fount the criſped Brook,
on Orient Pearls, and Sands of Gold,
iny Errour, under pendant Shades,
ar; viſiting each Plant, and fed

Flow'r

Flow'rs worthy of Paradiſe: which not nice Art
In Beds, and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on Hill, and Dale, and Plain;
Both where the Morning Sun firſt warmly ſmote
The open Field, and where the unpierc'd Shade
Imbrown'd the Noon-tide Bow'rs. Thus was this Place
A happy rural Seat of various View.
Groves, whoſe rich Trees wept odorous Gums and Balm;
Others, whoſe Fruit, burniſh'd with golden Rind,
Hung amiable; *Heſperian* Fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious Taſte:
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
Grazing the tender Herb, were interpos'd;
Or palmy Hillock, or the flow'ry Lap
Of ſome irriguous Valley ſpread her Store;
Flow'rs of all Hue, and without Thorn the Roſe:
Another Side, umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of cool Receſs, o'er which the mantling Vine
Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant. Mean while murm'ring Waters fall
Down the ſlope Hills, diſpers'd or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank, with Myrtle crown'd,
Her cryſtal Mirrour holds, unite their Streams.
The Birds their Choir apply: Airs, vernal Airs,
Breathing the Smell of Field and Grove, attune
The trembling Leaves, while univerſal *Pan*,
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in Dance,
Led on th' eternal Spring.

ADAM and *EVE* in *Paradiſe.*

His large fair Front, and Eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute Rule; his Hyacinthin Locks
Down from his parted Forelock manly hung,
Cluſt'ring, but not beneath his Shoulders broad.
She, as a Veil, downe to her ſlender Waſte
Her unadorned golden Treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd,
As the Vine curls her Tendrils.

Under

Under a Tuft of Shade that on the Green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh Fountain Side
They ſat them down.
There to their Supper Fruits they fell,
Nectarine Fruits, which the compliant Boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſate recline
On the ſoft downy Bank, damaſk'd with Flow'rs,
The ſavoury Pulp they chew, and in the Rind,
Still as they thirſted, ſcoop the brimming Stream.
About them friſking plaid
All Beaſts of th' Earth, ſince wild, and of all Chaſe
In Wood or Wilderneſs, Foreſt or Den:
Sporting the Lion ramp'd, and in his Paw
Dandled the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards,
Gambol'd before them: th' unwieldy Elephant,
To make them Mirth, us'd all his Might, and wreath'd
His lithe Proboſcis: cloſe the Serpent ſly,
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian Twine
His breeded Train, and of his fatal Guile
Gave Proof unheeded: Others on the Graſs
Couch'd, and now fill'd with Paſture, gazing ſate. *Milt.*

PARTING.

Parting is worſe than Death: 'tis Death of Love!
The Soul and Body part not with ſuch Pain,
As I from you. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Now I would ſpeak the laſt Farewel, but cannot;
It would be ſtill Farewell, a thouſand Times;
And multiply'd in Echoes ſtill Farewel.
I will not ſpeak, but think a thouſand thouſand.
And be thou ſilent too, my loſt *Sebaſtian!*
So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief. *Dryd. Don. Sed.*

I cannot, cannot tell her, we muſt part,
I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go;
And th' other ſhould not weep: But oh!
How many Deaths are in this Word, Depart!
Dryd. All for Love.

Why 'tis to be no more; another Name for Death?
'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North,
And I, methinks, ſtand on ſome icy Cliff,
To watch the laſt low Circles that he makes,
'Till he ſink down from Heav'n! O only *Creſſida!*
If thou depart from me I cannot live.
I have not Soul enough to laſt for Grief,
But thou ſhalt hear what Grief has done with me.
Then I will live that I may keep that Treaſure;
And arm'd with this Aſſurance, let thee go
Looſe, yet ſecure, as is the gentle Hawk,
When, whiſtled off, ſhe mounts into the Wind.
Our Loves, like Mountains, hid above the Clouds,
Tho' Winds and Tempeſts beat their aged Feet,
Their peaceful Heads, nor Storms, nor Thunder know,
But ſcorn the threatning Rack that rouls below.
(Dryd. Troil. & Creſ.

PASSIONS.

What warre ſo cruell, or what ſiege ſo ſore,
As that which ſtrong affections do apply
Againſt the fort of reaſon ever more
To bring the Soul into captivitie!
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie
Of the fraile fleſh, relenting to their rage,
And exerciſe moſt bitter tyranny
Upon the parts, brought into their bondage:
No wreatchedneſs is like ſo ſinfull villenage. *Spen.*

They ſat them down to weep, nor only Tears
Rain'd at their Eyes, but high Winds worſe within,
Began to riſe; high Paſſions, Anger, Hate,
Miſtruſt, Suſpicion, Diſcord, and ſhook ſore
Their inward State of Mind, calm Region once,
And full of Peace, now toſt and turbulent;
For Underſtanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her Lore, both in Subjection now
To ſenſual Appetite, who from beneath,

Uſurping

ıg over Sov'reign Reaſon, claim'd
ır Sway. *Milt.*
, Anguiſh, Wrath, and Grief to Madneſs wrought,
, and ſecret Shame, and conſcious Thought
ırn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppreſs'd,
in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breaſt.
d he ſate, his Eyes on Earth declin'd,
rious Cares revolving in his Mind.
iling from the Bottom of his Breaſt,
rrow, mix'd with Shame, his Soul oppreſs'd;
ıſcious Worth lay lab'ring in his Thought;
ve, by Jealouſy to Madneſs wrought.
Degrees his Reaſon drove away
ſts of Paſſion, and reſum'd her Sway. *Dryd. Virg.*
, Juſtice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge
ındled up a Wildfire in my Breaſt,
ım all a Civil War within.
ike a Veſſel, ſtruggling in a Storm,
more Hands than one to ſteer me upright.
(Dryd. Span. Fry.
ı while he ſpoke, each Paſſion dimm'd his Face,
chang'd with Pale, Ire, Envy, and Deſpair,
marr'd his Viſage. *Milt.*

PATIENCE.

counſel, and give Comfort to that Grief,
they themſelves not feel; but taſting it
Counſel turns to Paſſion, which before
give inſtructful Med'cine unto Rage,
trong Madneſs in a ſilken Thread,
Ach with Air, and Agony with Words:
is all Mens Office to ſpeak Patience
ſe that wring under the Load of Sorrow;
Man's Virtue, nor Sufficiency
o moral, when he ſhall endure
e himſelf.
ıriefs cry louder than Advertiſement;
ere was never yet Philoſopher

That could endure the Tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the Style of Gods,
And made a Piſh at Chance and Sufferance. *Shak.*

PEACE.

Hail ſacred *Peace!* hail long-expected Days,
When *Thames*'s Glory to the Stars ſhall riſe!
Tho' *Tyber*'s Streams immortal *Rome* behold,
Tho' foaming *Hermus* ſwells with Tides of Gold,
From Heav'n it ſelf tho' ſev'nfold *Nilus* flows,
And Harveſt on a hundred Realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſe's Themes,
Loſt in my Fame as in the Sea their Streams.
Let *Volga*'s Banks with Iron Squadrons ſhine,
And Groves of Lances glitter on the *Rhine*,
Let barb'rous *Ganges* arm a ſervile Train,
Be mine the Bleſſing of a peaceful Reign.
No more my Sons ſhall dye with *Britiſh* Blood
Red *Iber*'s Sands, or *Iſter*'s foaming Flood;
Safe on my Shore each unmoleſted Swain
Shall tend their Flocks, or reap the bearded Grain;
The ſhady Empire ſhall retain no Trace
Of War or Blood, but in the ſylvan Chace,
The Trumpet ſleeps, while chearful Horns are blown,
And Arms employ'd on Birds and Beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending *Villa*'s on my ſide
Project long Shadows o'er the cryſtal Tyde:
Behold! *Auguſta*'s glitt'ring Spires increaſe,
And Temples riſe, the beauteous Works of Peace.
If e'er the *Gallic* Glory was your Care,
Hold your commiſſion'd Anger, and forbear,
Remove your Sword, and the griev'd Nation ſpare!
Huſh the loud *Trumpets*, bid the *Drums* be mute,
And Kingdoms liſten to the ſofter Lute:
So golden Peace ſhall ſpread her downy Wings,
Arts ſhall return, the Favourites of *Kings*, (ſings.
And *Laurels* flouriſh to reward what the bold *Poet*
Then ſhall *Euterpe* ſtrike the Peaceful Shell,
And Triumphs in alluring Numbers tell:

Triumphs

Triumphs which more than Victories will pleaſe,
Of learned Leiſure, and improving Eaſe:
In various Verſe ſhall various Pleaſure ſhow,
And make dull Life worth living for below.
Plump *Bacchus*, and the Patroneſs of Corn,
Shall with full Caniſters the Feaſt adorn.
The generous Grape, and golden Grain ſhall pour,
And rain promiſcuous Fruits, a plenteous Shower.
Chiefly the turgid and luxuriant Vine,
On laughing Hills ſhall wantonly recline:
Then ſhall in matrimonial League be ty'd
The loving *Bridegroom* and the longing Bride,
In lawful Kiſſes their ſweet Hours employ,
And court the Combat of the *Cyprian* Boy.
And, for their beauteous Child, with grateful Tongue
Shall bleſs the *Muſe*, who ſo divinely ſung.
Our Armours now may ruſt, our idle Scimitars
Hang by our Sides for Ornament not Uſe:
Children ſhall beat our Atabals and Drums;
And all the noiſy Trades of War no more
Shall wake the peaceful Morn.
Nor ſhall *Sebaſtian*'s formidable Name
Be longer us'd to lull the crying Babe. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

PHAETON.

Exceeding ſhone, like *Phœbus*' faireſt childe,
That did preſume his Father's firie waine,
And flaming mouthes of Steeds unwonted wild,
Thro' higheſt Heaven with weaker hand to raine;
Proud of ſuch glory and advancement vaine,
While flaſhing beames doe daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the wilkin way moſt beaten plaine,
And wrapt with whirling wheeles enflame the ſkyen
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to ſhine.
(Spen.

PHILOSOPHER *and* PHILOSOPHY.

Happy the Man! alone thrice happy he,
Who can thro' groſs Effects their Cauſes ſee:

Whoſe Courage from the Deeps of Knowledge ſprings,
Nor vainly fears inevitable Things:
But does his Walk of Virtue calmly go,
Thro' all th' Alarms of Death and Hell below.
(Cowl. Virg.

He his ſtudy bent
To cultivate his Mind; to learn the Laws
Of Nature, and explore their hidden Cauſe. *Dryd. Ovid.*
He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n could move
With Strength of Mind, and tread th' Abyſs above:
And penetrate with his interior Light
Thoſe upper Depths, which Nature hid from Sight.
And what he had obſerv'd and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar Language to diſpenſe.
The Crowd with ſilent Admiration ſtand,
And heard him as they heard their God's Command;
When he diſcours'd of Heav'n's myſterious Laws,
The World's Original and Nature's Cauſe:
And what was God: and why the fleecy Snows
In Silence fell, and rattling Winds aroſe.
What ſhook the ſtedfaſt Earth, and whence begun
The Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun.
If Thunder was the Voice of angry *Jove*;
Or Clouds, with Nitre pregnant, burſt above. *Dryd. Ovid.*
Some few, whoſe Lamps ſhone brighter, have been led
From Cauſe to Cauſe to Nature's ſecret Head:
And found that one firſt Principle muſt be,
But What, or Who, that Univerſal He;
Whether ſome Soul, incompaſſing this Ball,
Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all:
Or various Atoms interfering Dance
Leap'd into Form, the noble Work of Chance:
Or this great All was from Eternity,
Not ev'n the *Stagyrite* himſelf could ſee,
And *Epicurus* gheſs'd as well as He.
As blindly grop'd they for a future State.
As raſhly judg'd of Providence and Fate.

But leaſt of all could their Endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the Good of Human-kind;
For Happineſs was never to be found,
But vaniſh'd from them like enchanted Ground.
One thought Content the Good to be enjoy'd;
This, ev'ry little Accident deſtroy'd:
The wiſer Madmen did for Virtue toil;
A thorny, or at beſt a barren Soil:
In Pleaſure ſome their Glutton Souls would ſteep,
But found their Line too ſhort, the Well too deep,
And leaky Veſſels, which no Bliſs could keep.
Thus anxious Thoughts in endleſs Circles roul,
Without a Centre where to fix the Soul.
In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end,
How can the leſs the greater comprehend?
Or finite Reaſon reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God, were more than he.
(*Dryd. Rel. Laici.*

'Tis pleaſant ſafely to behold from Shore,
The rowling Ship; and hear the Tempeſt roar:
Not that another's Pain is our Delight,
But Pains unfelt produce the pleaſing Sight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo to behold from far,
The moving Legions mingled in the War:
But much more ſweet thy lab'ring Steps to guide,
To Virtue's Heights, with Wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd.
From thence to look below on human Kind
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind.
O wretched Man! in what a Miſt of Life,
Inclos'd with Dangers, and with noiſy Strife,
He ſpends his little Span; and overfeeds
His cramm'd Deſires with more than Nature needs!
For Nature wiſely ſtints our Appetite,
And craves no more than undiſturb'd Delight;
Which Minds unmix'd with Cares, and Fears, obtain;
A Soul ſerene, a Body void of Pain.

But juſt as Children are ſurpriz'd with Dread,
And tremble in the Dark, ſo riper Years
Ev'n in broad Day-light are poſſeſs'd with Fears:
And ſhake at Shadows, fanciful and vain
As thoſe which in the Breaſts of Children reign.
Theſe Bug-bears of the Mind, this inward Hell,
No Rays of outward Sun-ſhine can diſpell;
But Nature and right-Reaſon muſt diſplay (Day.
Their Beams abroad, and bring the darkſom Soul to
Oh! if the fooliſh Race of Man, who find
A Weight of Cares ſtill preſſing on their Mind,
Could find as well the Cauſe of this Unreſt,
And all this Burden lodg'd within the Breaſt;
Sure they would change their Courſe; not live as now,
Uncertain what to wiſh, or what to vow.
Uneaſy both in Country, and in Town,
They ſearch a Place to lay their Burthen down.
One reſtleſs in his Palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the Load;
But ſtraight returns; for he's as reſtleſs there,
And finds there's no Relief in open Air.
Another to his *Villa* would retire;
And ſpurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No ſooner enter'd at his Country Door,
But he begins to ſtretch, and yawn, and ſnore,
Or ſeeks the City, which he left before.
Thus every Man o'er-works his weary Will,
To ſhun himſelf, and to ſhake off his Ill;
The ſhaking Fit returns and hangs upon him ſtill.
No Proſpect of Repoſe, nor Hope of Eaſe;
The Wretch is Ignorant of his Diſeaſe;
Which known, would all his fruitleſs Trouble ſpare;
For he would know the World not worth his Care.
Then would he ſearch more deeply for the Cauſe;
And ſtudy Nature well, and Nature's Laws.

(*Dryd. Lucret.*

Natural

Natural Philoſophy.

In all her Mazes Nature's Face they view'd,
And as ſhe diſappear'd, they ſtill purſu'd:
Wrapt in the Shades of Night the Goddeſs lies,
Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs Acceſs of vulgar Eyes.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain;
Here ſhe's too ſparing, there profuſely vain:
How ſhe unfolds the faint and dawning Striſe
Of infant Atoms, kindling into Life:
How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And ſlender Trains of twiſting Fibres makes.
And how the viſcous ſeeks a cloſer Tone,
By juſt Degrees to harden into Bone;
Whilſt the more looſe flow from the vital Urn;
And in full Tides of purple Streams return.
How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp ariſe,
And dart in Emanations thro' the Eyes:
How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
To flake a fev'riſh Heat with ambient Show'rs.
Whence their mechanick Pow'rs the Spirits claim;
How great their Force, how delicate their Frame;
How the ſame Nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt Pleaſure, and the greateſt Pain.
Why bilous Juice a golden Light puts on,
And Floods of Chyle in ſilver Currents run.
How the dim Speck of Entity began
To work its brittle Being up to Man.
To how minute an Origin we owe
Young *Ammon*, *Ceſar*, and the great *Naſſau*.
Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into Flame.
Why Envy oft transforms with wan Diſguiſe,
And why gay Mirth ſits ſmiling in the Eyes.
All Ice, why *Lucrece*; or *Sempronia*, Fire.
Why S—— rages to ſurvive Deſire.
Whence *Milo*'s Vigour at th' *Olympicks* ſhown,
Whence Tropes to *F—ch*, or Impudence to *S—n*.

Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* ſevere:
Why *Me—n* muddy, *M—gue* why clear.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous Cauſe to find,
How Body acts upon impaſſive Mind.
How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
Paſt Hopes revive, and preſent Joys inſpire.
Why our Complexions oft our Souls declare,
And how the Paſſions in the Features are.
How Touch and Harmony ariſe between
Corporeal Subſtances, and Things unſeen.
With mighty Truths myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the Womb of diſtant Cauſes lie. *Garth.*

He ſung
The various Labours of the wand'ring Moon,
And whence proceed th' Eclipſes of the Sun.
Th' Original of Men and Beaſts; and whence
The Rains ariſe, and Fires their Warmth diſpenſe,
And Fixt and Erring Stars diſpoſe their Influence.
What ſhakes the ſolid Earth: what Cauſe delays
The ſummer Nights, and ſhortens Winter Days.
(Dryd. Virg.

His noble Verſe thro' Nature's Secrets leads:
He ſung how Earth blots the Moon's gilded Wane,
While fooliſh Men beat ſounding Braſs in vain.
Why the great Waters her ſlight Horns obey;
Her changing Horns not conſtanter than they.
He ſung how grieſly Comets hang in Air;
Why Sword and Plagues attend their fatal Hair:
Why Contraries feed Thunder in the Cloud,
What Motions vex it 'till it roar ſo loud;
How lambent Fires become ſo wond'rous tame,
And bear ſuch ſhining Winter in their Flame.
What radiant Pencil draws the watry Bow;
What ties up Hail, and picks the fleecy Snow.
What Palſie of the Earth here ſhakes fix'd Hills
From off her Brows, and here whole Rivers ſpills. *Cowl.*

With Wonder he ſurveys the upper Air,
And the gay gilded Meteors ſporting there:

And

And lambent Jellies, kindling in the Night.
Shoot thro' the *Æther* in a Trail of Light:
How riſing Streams in th' azure Fluid blend,
Or fleet in Clouds, or in ſoft Show'rs deſcend;
Or, if the ſtubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
How Honey-Dews imbalm the fragrant Morn,
And the fair Oak with luſcious Sweets adorn.
How Heat and Moiſture mingle in a Maſs,
Or belch in Thunder, or in Light'ning blaze.
Why nimble Coruſcations ſtrike the Eye,
Or bold *Tornado*'s bluſter in the Sky.
Why a prolifick *Aura* upward tends,
Ferments, and in a living Show'r deſcends.
How Vapours, hanging on the tow'ring Hills,
In Breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling Rills.
Whence infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
And River-Gods their thirſty Urns ſupply. *Garth.*

How in the Moon ſuch Change of Shapes is found,
The Moon, the changing World's eternal Bound:
What ſhakes the ſolid Earth, what ſtrong Diſeaſe
Dares trouble the fair Centre's ancient Eaſe:
What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance;
Varieties too regular for Chance!
What drives the Chariot on of Winter's Light,
And ſtops the lazy Waggon of the Night. *Cowl. Virg.*

PHOENIX.

Thus all receive their Birth from other Things,
But from himſelf the Phœnix only ſprings:
Self-born, begotten by the Parent-Flame,
In which he burn'd, another and the ſame:
Who not by Corn or Herbs his Life ſuſtains,
But the ſweet Eſſence of Ammomum drains:
And watches the rich Gums *Arabia* bears,
While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears.
He, (his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)
His Neſt on oaken Boughs begins to build;

Or trembling Tops of Palm; and firſt he draws
The Plan with his broad Bill and crooked Claws,
Nature's Artificers; on this the Pile
Is form'd, and riſes round: then with the Spoil
Of Caſſia, Cinnamon, and Stems of Nard,
For Softneſs ſtrew'd beneath, his Funeral-Bed is rear'd.
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The Borders with corruptleſs Myrrh are crown'd.
On this incumbent, 'till ethereal Flame
Firſt catches, then conſumes the coſtly Frame;
Conſumes him too, as on the Pile he lies:
He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.
An Infant Phœnix from the former ſprings,
His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings
Shakes off his Parent Duſt, his Method he perſues,
And the ſame Leaſe of Life on the ſame Terms renews.
When grown to Manhood he begins to reign,
And with ſtiff Pinions can his Flight ſuſtain,
He lightens of its Load the Tree that bore
His Father's royal Sepulchre before,
And his own Cradle: This, with pious Care
Plac'd on his Back, he cuts the buxom Air,
Seeks the Sun's City, and his ſacred Church,
And decently lays down his Burthen in the Porch.
(*Dryd. Ovid.*

PHYSICK.

Phyſick can but mend our craſy State,
Patch an old Building, not a new create. *Dryd. Pal. & Arn.*

The firſt Phyſicians by Debauch were made:
Exceſs began, and Sloth ſuſtains the Trade.
By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food;
Toil ſtrung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood:
But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore Years and ten:
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than fee the Doctor for a pois'nous Draught.
The Wiſe, for Cure, on Exerciſe depend:
God never made his Work for Man to mend. *Dryd.*

He

He ſcapes the beſt, who Nature to repair,
Draws Phyſick from the Fields in Draughts of vital Air. *Dryd.*

PILOT.

As Pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a ſtedfaſt ſtarre his courſe hath bent,
When foggy Miſts, and cloudie Tempeſts have
The faithful light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd Heaven with hedious dreriment,
Upon his card and compaſs firmes his eye,
The Maſters of his long experiment,
And to them does his ſteady helme apply,
Bidding his winged Veſſel fairely forward fly. *Spen.*

PITY.

As ſofteſt Metals are not ſlow to melt,
So Pity ſooneſt runs in gentle Minds. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
Pity on freſh Objects only ſtays,
But with the tedious Sight of Woes decays.
(Dryd. Ind. Emp.

PLAGUE.

A Night of ſultry Clouds involv'd around
The Tow'rs, the Fields, and the devoted Ground.
And now a thouſand Lives together fled,
Death with his Scythe cut off the fatal Thread,
And a whole Province in his Triumph led. *Pope.*
The riſing Vapours choak the wholeſom Air,
And blaſts of noiſom Winds corrupt the Year.
The Trees devouring Caterpillars burn,
Parch'd was the Graſs, and blighted was the Corn,
Nor ſcape the Beaſts, for *Sirius* from on high,
With peſtilential Heats infeſts the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*
The raw Damps
With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
Scatt'ring their peſtilential Colds and Rheums,
Thro' all the lazy Air: Hence Murrains follow
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds.
At laſt the Malady

Grew

Grew more Domeſtick, and the faithful Dog
Dy'd at his Maſter's Feet: and next his Maſter.
For all thoſe Plagues, which Earth and Air had brooded,
Firſt on inferiour Creatures try'd their Force:
And laſt they ſiez'd on Man.
And then a thouſand Deaths at once advanc'd,
And ev'ry Dart took Place: All was ſo ſudden,
That ſcarce a firſt Man fell: One but began
To wonder, and ſtraight fell a Wonder too.
A third, who ſtoop'd to raiſe his dying Friend,
Dropt in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan?
A Troop of Ghoſts took Flight together there;
Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For ſingle Stakes, but Families and Tribes:
With dead and dying Men our Streets lye cover'd,
And Earth expoſes Bodies on the Pavements
More than ſhe hides in Graves:
Between the Bride and Bridegroom have I ſeen
The nuptial Torch do common Offices
Of Marriage and of Death. Caſt round your Eyes,
Where late the Streets were ſo thick-ſown with Men,
Like *Cadmus* Brood, they juſtled for their Paſſage;
Now look for thoſe erected Heads, and ſee 'em,
Like Pebbles, paving all our publick Ways. *Dryd. Oedip.*

The PLANETS CONJUNCTION.

Saturn tremendous with his Scythe from far,
Jove ſtain'd with Blood, and *Mars* denouncing War;
Should they, alas! in one ſad Juncture ſhine,
Their Rage augmented in fierce *Leo*'s Sign;
How many Nations would to Sorrow turn,
And ſee their Country waſte, their Cities burn!
How would triumphant *Diſcord* on the Plain,
Free as the Wind the Steeds of War unrein, (ſtain.
And with Varieties of Death her purple Garments
Then ancient Thrones and Empires would decay,
And own a new, uſurping Tyrant's Sway.

PLAY-

PLAYER.

I can counterfeit the deep Tragœdian,
ak, and look back, and pry on ev'ry ſide,
mble and ſtart at wagging of a Straw,
ending deep Suſpicion. Ghaſtly Looks
e at my Service, like enforced Smiles;
d both are ready in their Offices,
any Time to grace my Stratagems. *Shak. Rich.* 3.
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,
t in a Fiction, in a Dream of Paſſion,
uld force his Soul ſo to his whole Conceit,
at from her Working all his Viſage warm'd,
ars in his Eyes, Diſtraction in his Aſpect,
broken Voice, and his whole Function ſuiting,
th Forms to his Conceit? and all for Nothing!
r *Hecuba!* What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
at he ſhould weep for her? what would he do
d he the Motive, and the Cue for Paſſion
at I have? he would drown the Stage with Tears,
d cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech:
ake mad the Guilty, and apale the Free,
nfound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed
e very Faculties of Eyes and Ears. *Shak. Haml.*

Like a Player,
llowing his Paſſion 'till he break the Spring,
nd his rack'd Voice jar to the Audience.
(Shak. Troil. & Creſſ.

The purple Emp'rors, who in Buſkins tread,
nd rule imaginary Worlds for Bread. *Gar.*

PLEASURE.

Pleaſure never comes ſincere to Man,
it lent by Heav'n upon hard Uſury:
nd while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
'er it can reach our Lips, 'tis daſh'd with Gall
y ſome Left-handed God, *Dryd. Oedip.*

PLEIADES.

Ye too, ye *Pleiades* deſtructive ſhine,
And marr the Beauties of a lovely Line;
Your ſelves, tho' brighteſt in th' Ætherial Plains,
Tho' ev'ry Face fair *Pleione* retains,
And in each Daughter-Star the lovely Mother reigns;
Yet ah! no Joy ariſes from your Sway,
If *Cynthia* blend not her o'er-ruling Ray;
She forms the waxen Arms, the Limbs refines,
By her the Skin, a poliſh'd Surface ſhines,
And Beauty follows as ſhe draws the Lines.

PLUTO's Dominions.

So, by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and found
A darkſome way, which no man could deſcry,
That deep deſcending through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horrour compaſſed around.

At length they came into a larger ſpace,
That ſtretcht it ſelf into an ample plaine,
Through which a beated broad high way did trace,
That ſtraight did lead to *Pluto's* grieſly raigne:
By that waies ſide there ſate infernal paine,
And faſt beſide him ſate tumultuous ſtrife:
The one in hand an iron whip did ſtraine;
The other brandiſhed a bloody knife,
And both did gnaſh their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On th' other ſide, in one conſort there ſate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Deſpight,
Diſloyal Treaſon, and heart-burning Hate:
But gnawing Jealouſie out of their ſight
Sitting alone, his bitter Lips did bite,
And trembling Fear ſtill to and fro did fly,
And found no place where ſafe he ſhroud him might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkneſs lye,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And

And over them ſad Horrour with grim hew,
Did alwaies ſore ; beating his iron Wings ;
And after him, Owles and Night-Ravens flew,
The hateful Meſſengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling ſad tydings ;
Whiles ſad *Celeon*, ſitting on a clift,
A ſong of bale and bitter Sorrow ſings,
The Heart of flint aſunder could have rift :
Which haveing ended after him he flieth ſwift.

(*Spen.*

POETRY.

But ſtill the Muſes claim a juſt Eſteem :
The Bard ſees Viſions, but Romancers dream.
The moral Verſe will always be admir'd ;
Poets may teach, for Poets are inſpir'd.
Virtue thus dreſs'd, is lovely in Diſguiſe,
And *Verſe will find him who a Sermon flies.*
Mean as I am, yet have the Muſes made
Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade :
I could have once ſung down a Summer's Sun,
But now the Chime of Poetry is done.
My Voice grows hoarſe, I feel the Notes decay ;
For Cares and Time
Change all Things, and untune my Soul for Rhyme.

(*Dryd. Virg.*

POPE.

When *Pope*'s harmonious Muſe with Pleaſure roves
Amidſt the Plains, the murm'ring Streams and Groves,
Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his Songs,
Thro' the glad Shade each warbling Note prolongs ;
His various Numbers charm our raviſh'd Ears,
His ſteady Judgment far out-ſhoots his Years,
And early in the Youth the God appears.

POPULACE.

The Vulgar, a ſcarce-animated Clod,
Ne'er pleas'd with ought above em, Prince or God.

(*Dryd. Auren.*

That

That hot-mouth'd Beaſt that bears againſt the Curb:
Hard to be broken ev'n by lawful Kings,
But harder by Uſurpers.

Almighty Crowd! thou ſhorten'ſt all Diſpute,
Pow'r is thy Eſſence, Wit thy Attribute:
Nor Faith nor Reaſon makes thee at a Stay,
Thou leap'ſt o'er all eternal Truths in thy Pindarick Way. *Dryd. Med.*

Baſe mongril Souls! fleſh 'em but once with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if ſome crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em;
They'l run, and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.
(Lee's D. of Guiſe.

Diſſentious Rogues,
That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinions,
Make your ſelves Scabs.
That like not Peace nor War; the one affrights you,

The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And liſten with their Mouths.
Some tell, ſome hear, ſome judge of News, ſome make it,
And he that lies moſt loud is moſt believ'd.
(Dryd. Span. Fry.

The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night
Than at the Mid-day Sun: A drowzy Horror
Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake:
All crowd in Heaps, as at a Night Alarm,
The Bees drive out upon each others Backs,
T' imboſs their Hives in Cluſters: all aſk News,
Their buſy Captain runs the weary Round,
To whiſper Orders; and commanding Silence,
Makes not Noiſe ceaſe, but deafens it to Murmurs.
(Dryd. Don. Seb.

The Common-wealth is ſick of their own Choice,
Their over-greedy Love has ſurfeited:
A Habitation giddy and unſure
Has he that builds upon the vulgar Hearts.
O thou fond many! with what loud Applauſe

Did'ſt

Did'ſt thou beat Heav'n with bleſſing *Bullingbrook*,
Before he was what thou wouldſt have him be?
But being trimm'd up in thy own Deſires,
Thou beaſtly Feeder art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thy ſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo thou common Dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton Boſom of the Royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead Vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it: What Truſt is in theſe Times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd of his Grave:
Thou that threw'ſt Duſt upon his goodly Head,
When thro' proud *London* he came ſighing on,
After th' admir'd Heels of *Bullingbrook*,
Cry'ſt now, O Earth! yield us that King again,
And take thou this. *Shak.* 2 *Part Hen.* 4.

POPULAR.

Th' admiring Crowd are dazled with Surprize,
And on his goodly Perſon feed their Eyes:
His Joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to Show,
On each Side bowing popularly low:
His Looks, his Geſtures, and his Words he frames,
And with familiar Eaſe repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furniſh'd out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret Hearts;
Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star,
And Shouts of Joy ſalute him from afar.
Each Houſe receives him as a Guardian-God,
And conſecrates the Place of his Abode.
Thou art thy longing Country's Darling and Deſire,
Their cloudy Pillar, and their Guardian Fire:
Their ſecond *Moſes*, whoſe extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and ſhews the promis'd Land:
Whoſe dawning Day in ev'ry diſtant Age,
Has exercis'd the ſacred Prophet's Rage;
The People's Pray'r, the glad Diviners Theme,
The young Mens Viſion, and the old Mens Dream.

Thee

Thee Saviour, thee the Nation's Vows confeſs;
And, never ſatisfy'd with ſeeing, bleſs.
Swift, unbeſpoken Pomps thy Steps proclaim,
And ſtamm'ring Babes are taught to liſp thy Name.
(Dryd. Abſ. & Achit.

The People rend the Skies with loud Applauſe,
And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours;
The throngingCrowds preſs on you as you paſs,
And with their eager Joy make Triumph ſlow.
(Dryd. Span. Fry

All Tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared Sights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your prattling Nurſe
Into a Rapture lets her Baby cry,
While ſhe chats him. The Kitchin Malkin pins
Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reeky Neck,
Clamb'ring the Walls to ſee him:
Stalls, Bulks, Windows, are ſmother'd up,
Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd.
I've ſeen the dumb Men throng to ſee him,
And the blind to hear him ſpeak. The Nobles bended,
As to *Jove*'s Statue; and the Commons made
A Show'r and Thunder with their Caps and Shouts.
(Shak. Coriol.

POYSON.

Obſerve in this ſmall Phial certain Death,
It holds a Poyſon of ſuch deadly Force,
Should *Æſculapius* drink it, in five Hours,
For then it works, the God himſelf were mortal.
(Lee. Alex.

Quick ſhootings thro' my Limbs, and pricking Pains,
Qualms at my Heart, Convulſions in my Nerves,
Shiv'rings of Cold, and burning of my Entrails,
Within my little World make medley War,
Loſe and regain, beat and beaten back,
As momentary Victors quit their Ground:
Some deadly Draught, ſome Enemy to Life
Boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul.
(Dryd. Don. Seb.

PRECEPTS.

Yet virtuous Rules will new Deſires inſtill,
And ſtreiten to themſelves the warping Will;
Precepts well-urg'd will riſing Luſts controll,
Give a new Turn, and Beauty to the whole,
And from its winding Track reſtrain the byaſs'd Soul.

PREDESTINATION.

But here the Doctors eagerly diſpute,
Some hold Predeſtination abſolute:
Some Clerks maintain, that Heav'n at firſt foreſees,
And in the Virtue of Foreſight decrees.
If this be ſo, then Preſcience binds the Will:
And Mortals are not free to Good or Ill:
For what he firſt foreſaw, he muſt ordain,
Or his eternal Preſcience may be vain.
As bad for us if Preſcience had not been:
For firſt, or laſt, he's Author of the Sin.
And who ſays that, let the blaſpheming Man
Say worſe, ev'n of the Devil, if he can.
For how can that Eternal Pow'r be juſt
To puniſh Man, who ſins becauſe he muſt?
Or, how can he reward a virtuous Deed,
Which is not done by us, but firſt decreed?
I cannot boult this Matter to the Bran,
As *Bradwardin* and holy *Auſtin* can:
If Preſcience can determine Actions ſo,
That we muſt do, becauſe he did foreknow:
Or that foreknowing, yet our Choice is free,
Not forc'd to ſin by ſtrict Neceſſity:
This ſtrict Neceſſity they ſimple call,
Another Sort there is conditional.
The firſt ſo binds the Will, that Things foreknown,
By Spontaneity not Choice are done.
Thus Galley-ſlaves tug willing at their Oar,
Content to work in proſpect of the Shore;
But would not work at all, if not conſtrain'd before.

The

The other does not Liberty reſtrain;
But Man may either act, or may refrain:
Heav'n made us Agents free to Good or Ill,
And forc'd it not, tho' he foreſaw the Will.
Freedom was firſt beſtow'd on human Race,
And Preſcience only held the ſecond Place.
If he could make ſuch Agents wholly free,
I'll not diſpute, the Points too high for me:
For Heav'ns unfathom'd Pow'r what Man can ſound,
Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound?
He made us to his Image, all agree,
That Image is the Soul, and that muſt be,
Or not the Maker's Image, or be free.
But whether it had better Man had been
By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin,
I wave, for fear of ſplitting on a Rock:
The Tale I tell is only of a Cock. *Dryd. Cock & the Fox.*

The Prieſthood groſsly cheat us with Free-will,
Will to do what? But what Heav'n firſt decreed:
Our Actions then are neither Good nor Ill,
Since from eternal Cauſes they proceed.
Our Paſſions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
Meer ſenſeleſs Engines that are mov'd by Fate:
Like Ships on ſtormy Seas without a Guide,
Toſt by the Winds, and driven by the Tide.
(*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Hard State of Life! ſince Heav'n foreknows my Will,
Why am I not ty'd up from doing Ill?
Why am I truſted with my ſelf at large?
When he's more able to ſuſtain the Charge?
Since Angels fell, whoſe Strength was more than mine,
'Twould ſhew more Grace my Frailty to confine,
For knowing the Succeſs, to leave me free,
Excuſes him, and yet ſupports not me.
(*Dryd. State of Inn.*

PRIEST.

Prieſthood that makes a Merchandize of Heav'n:
Prieſthood that ſells ev'n to their Pray'rs and Bleſſings,
And

And forces us to pay for our own Coz'nage,
Nay, cheats Heav'n too with Entrails and with Offals,
Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice,
And keeps the beſt for private Luxury.
(*Dryd. Troil. & Creſſ.*

The Gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray
For happy Omens, we their Price muſt pay:
In vian at Shrines th' ungiving Suppliant ſtands;
In vian we make our Vows with empty Hands.
Fat Off'rings are the Prieſthood's only Care:
They take the Money, and Heav'n hears the Pray'r:
Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,
And their inſtructed Gods refuſe the Suit. *Dryd. Cleom.*

For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame:
Of whatſoe'er Deſcent their Godhead be,
Stone, Stock, or other homely Pedigree;
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
For 'tis their Duty all the Learned think,
T' eſpouſe his Cauſe by whom they eat and drink.
(*Dryd. Abſ. & Achit.*

I tell thee, *Mufti*, if the World were wiſe,
They would not wag one Finger in your Quarrels:
Your Heav'n you promiſe, but our Earth you covet;
The *Phaetons* of Mankind, who fire that World,
Which you were ſent by Preaching but to warm.

We know their Thoughts of us; that Laymen are
Lag Souls, and Rubbiſh of remaining Clay,
Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect Work,
Set upward with a little Puff of Breath,
And bid us paſs for Men.

We know their holy Jugglings,
Things that would ſtartle Faith, and make us deem
Not this, or that, but all Religions falſe.

Is not the Care of Souls a Load ſufficient?
Are not your holy Stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly Noiſe,
To ſtudy Souls, their Cures, and their Diſeaſes?

The

The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up ev'ry Granny of your Time,
And leave you much to anſwer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your Neglect.
Why then theſe foreign Thoughts of State-Employment
Abhorrent to your Function, and your Breeding?
Poor droning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
Bred in the Fellowſhip of bearded Boys;
What Wonder is it if you know not Men?
Yet there you live demure with down-caſt Eyes,
And humble as your Diſcipline requires:
But when let looſe from thence to live at large,
Your little Tincture of Devotion dies:
Then Luxury ſucceeds, and ſet agog
With a new Scene of yet untaſted Joys,
You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feaſt;
Of all your College Virtues, nothing now
But your original Ignorance remains.

(*Dryd. Don. Sel*

For whether King or People ſeek Extreams,
Still Conſcience and Religion are the Themes.
And whatſoever Change the State invades,
The Pulpit either forces or perſuades.
Others may give the Fuel or the Fire,
But Prieſts the Breath, that makes the Flame, inſpire

(*Den. Sophy*

You want to lead
My Reaſon blindfold, like a hamper'd Lion,
Check'd of its noble Vigour: then when baited
Down to obedient Tameneſs, make it couch,
And ſhew ſtrange Tricks, which you call Signs of Faith
So ſilly Souls are gull'd, and you get Money.

(*Otw. Van. Prej*

If we muſt pray,
Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice;
And not a Grey-beard forging Prieſt come there,

And

'o pry into the Bowels of the Victim, (*Oedip.*
ınd with their Dotage mad the gaping World. *Lee.*
Why ſeek we Truth from Prieſts?
'he Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlot's Tears,
'he Tradeſman's Oath, and Mourning of an Heir,
ıre Truths to what Prieſts tell:
h' why has Prieſthood Privilege to lie,
ınd yet to be believ'd. *Lee. Oedip.*

Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,
ıſks in their Eyes, and ſparkles in their Face:
low ſleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
Vhen big they ſtrut behind a double Chin?
ach Faculty in Blandiſhments they lull,
ſpiring to be venerably dull.
o learn'd Debates moleſt their downy Trance,
r diſcompoſe their pompous Ignorance.
ut undiſturb'd they loiter Life away,
o wither green, and bloſſom in Decay.
eep ſunk in Down, they by Sloth's gentle Care,
void th' Inclemencies of Morning Air;
nd leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of Pray'r.
(*Garth.*

PROMISE.

Promiſes once made are paſt Debate;
ınd Truth's of more Neceſſity than Fate.
(*Dryd. Rival Lad.*

PROTEUS.

In the *Carpathian* Bottom makes Abode
The Shepherd of the Seas, a Prophet and a God:
ligh o'er the Main in wat'ry Pomp he rides,
lis Azure Car and finny Courſers guides.
roteus his Name.
lim not alone the River Gods adore,
ut aged *Nereus* hearkens to his Lore.
Vith ſure Foreſight, and with unerring Doom
le ſees what is, and was, and is to come.
This *Neptune* gave him, when he gave to keep
lis ſcaly Flocks, that graze the watry Deep.

When weary with his Toil and ſcorch'd with Heat,
The wayward Sire frequents his cool Retreat,
His Eyes with heavy Slumber overcaſt,
With Force invade his Limbs, and bind him faſt;
For unconſtrain'd he nothing tells for nought,
Nor is with Pray'rs, or Bribes, or Flatt'ry bought.
Thus ſurely bound, yet be not over bold,
The ſlipp'ry God will try to looſe his Hold,
And various Forms aſſume to cheat thy Sight,
And with vain Images of Beaſts affright.
With foamy Tuſks will ſeem a briſtly Boar,
Or imitate the Lion's angry Roar;
Break out in crackling Flames to ſhun thy Snares,
Or hiſs a Dragon, or a Tyger ſtares.
Or with a Wile thy Caution to betray,
In fleeting Streams attempt to ſlide away.
'Till having ſhifted ev'ry Form to 'ſcape,
Convinc'd of Conqueſt he reſumes his Shape.

PROTEUS's Cave.

Within a Mountain's hollow Womb, there lies
A large Receſs, conceal'd from human Eyes:
Where Heaps of Billows, driv'n by Wind and Tide,
In Form of War their watry Ranks divide,
And there, like Centries ſet, without the Mouth abide.
A Station ſafe for Ships, when Tempeſts roar,
A ſilent Harbour, and a cover'd Shore.
Secure within reſides the various God,
And draws a Rock upon his dark Abode.
His finny Flocks about their Shepherd play,
And rouling round him ſpirt the bitter Sea.
Unwieldily they wallow firſt in Ooze,
Then in the ſhady Covert ſeek Repoſe.
Himſelf their Herdſman, on the middle Mount,
Takes of his muſter'd Flocks a juſt Account:
So, ſeated on a Rock, a Shepherd's Groom
Surveys his Ev'ning Flocks returning home;
When lowing Calves, and bleating Lambs from far,
Provoke the prowling Wolf to nightly War. *Dryd. Virg.*

RACE.

RACE.

To their appointed Baſe the rival Runners went;
With beating Hearts th' expected Sign receive,
And ſtarting all at once, the Barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the Wings of Winds, they flew,
And ſeiz'd the diſtant Goal with greedy View:
Shot from the Crowd, ſwift *Niſus* all o'erpaſs'd,
Nor Storms, nor Thunder equal half his Haſte;
The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd,
Came *Salius*, and *Euryalus* behind;
Then *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
Step after Step, and almoſt Side by Side:
His Shoulders preſſing, and in longer Space
Had won, or left at leaſt a dubious Race.
Now ſpent, the Goal they almoſt reach at laſt,
When eager *Niſus*, hapleſs in his Haſte,
Slipt firſt, and ſlipping, fell upon the Plain,
Soak'd with the Blood of Oxen newly ſlain.
The careleſs Victor had not mark'd his Way,
But treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,
His Heels flew up, and on the graſſy Floor
He fell, beſmear'd with Filth and holy Gore.
Not mindleſs then, *Euryalus*, of thee,
Nor of the ſacred Bonds of Amity,
He ſtrove th' immediate Rival's Hope to croſs,
And caught the Foot of *Salius* as he roſe;
So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain;
Euryalus ſprings out the Prize to gain,
And leaves the Crowd: applauding Peals attend
The Victor to the Goal, who vanquiſh'd by his Friend.
(Dryd. Virg.

RAGE.

His Breaſt with Fury burn'd, his Eyes with Fire,
Mad with Deſpair, impatient with Deſire. *Dryd.*

Reſtleſs his Feet, diſtracted was his Walk;
Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his Talk;
Mad as the vanquiſh'd Bull when forc'd to yield
His lovely Miſtreſs, and forſake the Field. *Dryd. Ovid.*

RAINBOW.

As when the Daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,
Hath in a watry clowd diſplayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid Aire,
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All ſuddenly, ere one can look aſide,
The glorious picture vaniſheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide. *Spen.*

As when the Sun his piercing Rays extends,
When from thin Clouds ſome driſly Show'r deſcends;
We ſee the ſpatious humid Arch appear,
Whoſe tranſient Colours paint the ſplendid Air. *Gay.*

RAKES. *See* Nobleman.

Nor are this vile and ignominious Race
Content true Honour from his Breaſt to chace,
They ſhut his Eyes to beauteous Truth, and blind
With giddy Notions his unpractis'd Mind.
Soon as my eaſy and too generous Lord
With ample Feaſts has crown'd the loaded Board,
Down ſtrait the paraſitic Blockheads ſit,
To ſcatter their inſipid, flatt'ring Wit:
This fordid Crew of Raſcals, without Senſe,
Praiſe every Bit they eat at his Expence.
The Viands ſome extol, and ſome the Wine,
And every Glaſs they drink, cry, *Wondrous fine!*
Here a ſtanch Sot takes up the foaming Bowl,
And ſwears his Lordſhip has a noble Soul.
There a pert Coxcomb of a different Stile,
A mere Sir *Fopling*, with affected Smile,
Does Beauty's Queen, and Lady's Love commend,
And vows there's nothing like a Female Friend!
With luſcious Words excites his Patron's Fire,
And kindles into Lewdneſs young Deſire.
Did not your Lordſhip a ſoft Damſel ſpy,
How you ſhe ogled with a roguiſh Eye;
She tipt a wanton Wink, and ſmil'd, and ſigh'd,
As if for you the tender Victim dy'd.

I know her Heart is to Compaſſion prone,
True Fleſh and Blood, not made of Steel or Stone.
Can you withſtand the Torrent of her Charms?
Who would not languiſh in her ſnowy Arms?
Mind not what dull and ſullen Catos ſay,
Or canting Solons; you're as wiſe as they.
Now your firſt Blood and ſpringing Youth employ
In amorous Sports, and give a Looſe to Joy.
Such are the Gueſts which you at Board maintain,
Such the raw Mind in Vice and Nonſenſe train,
The common Chat of th' unreflecting Crew,
Who drop whatever's Great, or Good, or True.

R A M.

As when two Rammes, ſtird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocks,
Their horned fronts ſo fierce on either ſide
Doe meet, that with the terror of the ſhock
Aſtonied, both ſtand ſenſeleſs as a block,
Forgetfull of the haveing victory. *Spen.*

Firſt if the Ram, *Europa*'s Bearer, riſe,
And with his fiery Fleece infeſt the Skies,
When bound in ſtrict Embrace the Couple meet,
When the warm Fluid glows with fruitful Heat,
The Wife that reckons from that luckleſs Date,
Shall view an Off-ſpring ſhe her ſelf will hate.
That Product ſhall diſgrace his Parent's Bed,
With lank Crane-neck, and ſpiral Length of Head:
His Legs un-pair'd, of diſproportion'd Size,
A ſtupid, leaden Look, and down-caſt Eyes;
Thick Scales ſhall plait his Skin, and arm his Hand,
Or horrent with a furrow'd Roughneſs ſtand;
O'er his broad Shoulders, and Athletick Make,
Bright ſilver Locks in wanton Curls ſhall ſhake,
That ill-match'd Beauty, hideous to the Sight,
Will more deform the Monſter-finiſh'd Wight.

Cobb's Call.

RAPE.

Force is the laſt Relief which Lovers find;
And 'tis the beſt Excuſe of Womankind:
It is Reſiſtance that enflames Deſire,
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire:
Love is diſarm'd that meets with too much Eaſe,
He languiſhes, and does not care to pleaſe:
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard,
With ſo much Care, to make Poſſeſſion hard.

Dryd. Aurel.

Who'd be that ſordid, fooliſh Thing, call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleaſure,
Which Beaſts enjoy ſo very much above him?
The luſty Bull ranges thro' all the Field,
And from the Herd ſingling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.
It ſhall be ſo! I'll yet poſſeſs my Love;
Wait on, and watch her looſe unguarded Hours;
Then when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton Wiſhes to her Heart,
I'th' very Minute when her Virtue nods,
I'll ruſh upon her in a Storm of Love,
Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
And ſurfeit upon Joys, 'till ev'n Deſire grow ſick.

(Otw. Orph.

'Tis nobler, like a Lyon, to invade
Where Appetite directs, and ſeize my Prey,
Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,
'Till dull Conſent throws out the Scraps of Love.
I'll plunge into a Sea of my Deſires,
I'll tear up Pleaſure by the Roots;
And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame.

(Roch. Val.

READING.

To read good Authors, of a Taſte refin'd,
Heightens the Stature of the lofty Mind.

If

If you delight to hear the Actions told,
Of Heroes prudent, reſolute, and bold,
And ev'ry glorious Thing perform'd of old:
To wiſe Hiſtorians for Inſtructions fly,
And read them over with a curious Eye.

REASON.

Meer Reaſon, by its own Reflection taught,
May find a GOD, and find the nobler Thought;
May ſearching gueſs the origin of Man,
And how it ſelf, and how the World began.
Beſide that heav'nly Spark and active Fire,
That do's ſound Senſe, and ſolid Worth inſpire;
That innate Reaſon, we ſo greatly Boaſt,
Is oft by Ignorance dull'd, by Paſſion croſt,
In winding Doubts, and mazing Errors loſt.
Dim as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers,
Is Reaſon to the Soul: And as on high,
Thoſe rowling Fires diſcover but the Sky,
Not light us here: ſo Reaſon's glimm'ring Ray
Was lent, not to aſſure our doubtful Way,
But guide us upward to a better Day.
And as thoſe nightly Tapers diſappear,
When Day's bright Lord aſcends our Hemiſphere,
So pale grows Reaſon at Religion's Sight;
So dies, and ſo diſſolves in ſupernat'ral Light.
(*Dryd. Rel. Laici.*

For Reaſon is a Guide we muſt reſign,
When the Authority it ſelf's Divine. *Cowl.*

Reaſon, the Pow'r to gueſs at right and wrong!
The twinkling Lamp
Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by Turns;
Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining.
(*Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

Reaſon was giv'n to curb our headſtrong Will,
And yet but ſhews a weak Phyſician's Skill;

Gives nothing while the raging Fit does laſt;
But ſtays to cure it when the Worſt is paſt:
Reaſon's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone;
But Youth is ſtrong enough to walk alone.
(*Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

Our Paſſions gone, and Reaſon in her Throne,
Amaz'd we ſee the Miſchiefs we have done:
After a Tempeſt, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made. *Wall.*
Oh why did Heav'n leave Man ſo weak Defenſe,
To truſt frail Reaſon with the Rule of Senſe?
'Tis over-pois'd, and kick'd up in the Air;
While Senſe weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there:
Or, like a Captive King, 'tis born away,
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebels Sway.
Oh no! our Reaſon was not vainly lent,
Nor is a Slave, but by its own Conſent:
If Reaſon on his Subjects Triumph wait,
An eaſy King deſerves no better Fate.
(*Dryd. Conq. Gran.*

RELIGION

Religion! oh thou Cherub heavenly bright!
Of Joys unmixt, and fathomleſs Delight!
Thou, Thou art All; nor find I in the whole
Creation ought, but God and my own Soul.
Thy Force alone, Religion, Death diſarms,
Breaks all his Darts, and every Viper charms.
Soften'd by thee, the griſly Form appears
No more the horrid Object of our Fears.
We undiſmay'd this awful Power obey,
That guides us thro' the ſafe tho' gloomy Way
Which leads to Life, and to the bleſt Abode,
What raviſh'd Minds enjoy what here they own'd a
(GOD.

We grant, a Train of Miſchiefs oft proceeds
From Superſtitious Rites and Penal Creeds;
But view Religion in her native Charms,
Diſperſing Bleſſings with indulgent Arms,

From

From her fair Eyes what heav'nly Rays are ſpread?
What blooming Joys ſmile round her bliſsful Head?
Off-ſpring Divine! by thee we bleſs the Cauſe,
Who form'd the World, and rules it by his Laws;
His independent Being we adore,
Extol his Goodneſs, and revere his Pow'r.
Our wond'ring Eyes his high Perfections view,
The lofty Contemplation we perſue,
'Till raviſh'd, we the great Idea find,
Shining in bright Impreſſions on our Mind.

Inſpir'd by thee, Gueſt of celeſtial Race,
With generous Love we human Kind embrace;
We Provocations unprovok'd receive,
Patient of Wrong, and eaſy to forgive;
Protect the Orphan, plead the Widow's Cauſe,
Nor deviate from the Line unerring Juſtice draws.
Thy Luſtre, bleſt Effulgence, can diſpel
The Clouds of Error, and the Gloom of Hell;
Can to the Soul impart Etherial Light,
Give Life divine, and intellectual Sight:
Before our raviſh'd Eyes thy Beams diſplay
The op'ning Scenes of Bliſs, and endleſs Day;
By which incited, we with Ardor riſe,
Scorn this inferior Ball, and claim the Skies.
Tyrants to thee a Change of Nature owe,
Diſmiſs their Tortures, and indulgent grow.
Ambitious Conquerors, in their mad Career,
Check'd by thy Voice, lay down the Sword and Spear.
The boldeſt Champions of Impiety,
Scornful of Heav'n, ſubdu'd or won by thee,
Before thy hallowed Altars bend their Knee.
Looſe Wits, made wiſe, a publick Good become,
The Sons of Pride an humble Mien aſſume,
The Profligate in Morals grow ſevere,
Defrauders juſt, and Sycophants ſincere.
With amorous Language, and bewitching Smiles,
Attractive Airs, and all the Lover's Wiles,

The fair *Egyptian Jacob*'s Son careſt,
Hung on his Neck, and languiſh'd on his Breaſt;
Courted with Freedom now the beauteous Slave,
Now flatt'ring ſu'd, and threatning now did rave;
But not the various Eloquence of Love,
Nor Pow'r enrag'd could his fix'd Virtue move.
See, aw'd by Heav'n, the blooming *Hebrew* flies
Her artful Tongue and more perſuaſive Eyes:
And ſpringing from her diſappointed Arms,
Prefers a Dungeon to forbidden Charms.
Stedfaſt in Virtues and his Country's Cauſe,
Th' illuſtrious Founder of the *Jewiſh* Laws,
Who taught by Heav'n, at genuine Greatneſs aim'd,
With worthy Pride, Imperial Blood diſclaim'd;
Th' alluring Hopes of *Pharaoh*'s Throne reſign'd,
And the vain Pleaſures of a Court declin'd.
Pleas'd with obſcure Receſs, to eaſe the Pains
Of *Jacob*'s Race, and break their ſervile Chains,
Such gen'rous Minds are form'd where bleſt Religion reigns.
(*Blac. Great.*

The common Cry is e'er Religion's Teſt;
The *Turk*'s is at *Conſtantinople* beſt;
Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;
And our own Worſhip only true at home:
And true but for the Time; 'tis hard to know
How long we pleaſe it ſhall continue ſo.
This Side to Day, and that To-morrow burns;
So all are God-Almighty in their turns. *Dryd.*

Look round, how Providence beſtows alike
Sun-ſhine and Rain, to bleſs the fruitful Year,
On diff'rent Nations, all of diff'rent Faiths,
And (tho' by ſeveral Names and Titles worſhip'd)
Heav'n takes the various Tribute of their Praiſe;
Since all agree to own, at leaſt to mean,
One beſt, one greateſt, only Lord of All.
(*Rowe's Tam.*

All

All under various Names adore and love
One Pow'r Immenſe, which ever rules above.
(Dryd. Ind. Emp.

If you've Religion, keep it to your ſelf;
Atheiſts will elſe make uſe of Toleration,
And laugh you out on't. Never ſhew Religion,
Unleſs you mean to paſs for Knaves of Conſcience,
And cheat believing Fools that think you honeſt.
(Otw. Orp.).

REMORSE.

Now wretched *Oedipus*, depriv'd of Sight,
Led a long Death in everlaſting Night;
But while he dwells where not a chearful Ray
Can pierce the Darkneſs, and abhors the Day;
The clear, reflecting Mind, preſents his Sin
In frightful Views, and makes it Day within;
Returning Thoughts in endleſs Circles roll,
And thouſand Furies haunt his guilty Soul.

REPENTANCE.

Oh my Offence is rank! it ſmells to Heav'n;
It has the primal eldeſt Curſe upon it,
A Brother's Murther! Pray, I cannot,
Tho' Inclination be as ſharp as Will,
My ſtronger Guilt defeats my ſtrong Intent,
And like a Man, to double Buſ'neſs bound,
I ſtand in Pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect: What if this curſed Hand
Were thicker than it ſelf with Brother's Blood,
Is there not Rain enough in the ſweet Heav'ns,
To waſh it white as Snow? whereto ſerves Mercy,
But to confront the Viſage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer but this twofold Force,
To be foreſtalled e'er we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up:
My Fault is paſt: But oh what Form of Prayer,

Can ſerve my Turn? Forgive me my foul Murther!
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe Effects for which I did the Murther!
My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence?
In the corrupted Currents of this World,
Offence's gilded Hand may ſhove by Juſtice:
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked Prize it ſelf
Buys out the Law: but 'tis not ſo above.
There is no Shuffling, there the Action lies
In its true Nature; and we our ſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,
To give in Evidence: what then? what reſts?
Try what Repentance can! what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched State! Oh Boſom black as Death!
Oh limed Soul! that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd: Help, Angels! make Eſſay!
Bow ſtubborn Knees; and Heart, with ſtrings of Steel,
Be ſoft as Sinews of the new-born Babe:
All may be well. *Shak. Haml.*

No! while our former Flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of Pow'r to ſin.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

REPROACH.

On the other ſide they ſaw that perilous Rock,
Threatning it ſelf on them to ruinate,
On whoes ſharp clifts the ribs of veſſels broke,
And ſhiver'd Ships, which had been wrecked late,
Yet ſtuck with Carcaſes exanimate,
Of ſuch, as having all their Subſtance ſpent
In wanton joyes, and luſtes intemperate,
Did afterwards make ſhipwreck violent,
Both of their life and fame for ever foully blent.

For why, this hight *the Rock* of all Reproach,
A dangerous and deteſtable place,

To

To which nor Fiſh nor Fowle did once approche,
But yelling *Meaws* with Seagulles hoars and baſe,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of ravenous race,
Which ſtill ſate waiting on that waſtfull cliſt,
For ſpoile of wretches whoes unhappy caſe,
After loſt credit and conſumed thrift,
At laſt them driven hath to this diſpairful drift.
(*Spen.*

REPUTATION.

Good Name in Man or Woman,
Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls: (nothing;
Who ſteals my Purſe, ſteals Traſh: 'tis ſomething,
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been Slave to thouſands.
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Shak. Othel.*

RESERVE.

Eliſſia, (ſo the eldeſt hight) did deeme
So entertainment baſe, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would ſpeak, but evermore did ſeeme
As diſcontent for want of mirth or meat;
No ſolace could her Paramour entreat
Her once to ſhow, ne court, nor dalliance:
But with bent lowering browes, as ſhe would threat,
She ſcould, and fround with froward contenaunce,
Unworthy of fair ladys comely governaunce.
(*Spen.*

RESURRECTION.

Now Monuments prove faithful to their Truſt,
And render back their long committed Duſt,
Now Charnels rattle; ſcatter'd Limbs, and all
The various Bones obſequious to the Call,
Self-mov'd advance; the Neck, perhaps to meet
The diſtant Head; the diſtant Legs, the Feet:
Dreadful to view! ſee thro' the duſky Sky
Fragments of Bodies in Confuſion fly,

To

To diſtant Regions journying, there to claim
Deſerted Members, and compleat the Frame.
Young's Laſt Day.

RETREAT.

Farre in the Foreſt by a hollow glade,
Covered with moſſie ſhrubs, which ſpredding broad,
Did underneath them make a gloomy ſhade;
Where foot of living creature never troad,
Nay ſcarce wild beaſte durſt come, there was this wights (abode.

Now ſurely Syre I find,
That all the worlds gay ſhowes, which we admire,
Be but vaine ſhadowes to this ſafe retire
Of life, which here in lowlineſs ye lead,
Fearleſs of Foes, or Fortune wrackfull yre,
Which toſſeth States, and under foot doth tread
The mighty ones, affraid of every changes dread.
(*Spen.*

Thrice happy they! who in Retirement find
The ſweeteſt Joys of an ingenuous Mind.
Whoſe Barks have ſcap'd the Shipwracks of a Court,
And ride at Anchor in a quiet Port.
Thee, Shepherd, thee the pleaſurable Woods,
The painted Meadows, and the cryſtal Floods,
Claim, and invite thee to their ſweet Abodes.
There ſhady Bow'rs, and ſylvan Scenes ariſe,
There Fountains warble, and the Spring ſupplies,
Or Flow'rs to pleaſe the Smell, or charm the Eyes.
(*Brome.*

As compaſs'd with a Wood of Spears around,
The Lordly Lion ſtill maintains his Ground:
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again,
Threats his diſtended Paws, and ſhakes his Mane;
He loſes, while in vain he preſſes on,
Nor will his Gourage let him dare to run;
So *Turnus* fares: And unreſolv'd of Flight,
Moves tardy back, and juſt recedes from Fight;

Diſdains

Diſdains to yield,
d with ſlow Paces meaſures back the Field,
d inches to the Walls. *Dryd. Virg.*

REVENGE.

What tho' his mighty Soul his Grief contains,
meditates Revenge who leaſt complains:
ıd like a Lion, ſlumb'ring in his way,
Sleep diſſembling while he waits his Prey,
ı fearleſs Foes within his diſtance draws,
ıſtrains his roaring, and contracts his Paws;
ill at the laſt, his Time for Fury found,
ſhoots with ſuddain Vengeance from the Ground:
e proſtrate Vulgar paſſes o'er and ſpares,
t with a Lordly Rage his Hunters tears.
(Dryd. Abſ. & Achit.

Revenge is but a Frailty incident
craz'd and ſickly Minds; the poor Content
little Souls, unable to ſurmount
Injury, too weak to bear Affront. *Old.*

Now might I do it; now he is praying,
ıd now I'll do it, and ſo he goes to Heav'n!
ıd ſo am I reveng'd? That would be ſcann'd.
Villain kills my Father, and for that
ıis foul Son do this ſame Villain ſend
Heav'n! O this is Hire, and Sallary, not Revenge.
took my Father groſsly, full of Bread,
th all his Crimes broad blown, and freſh as *May*;
ıd how his Audit ſtands, who knows ſave Heav'n?
t in our Circumſtance and Courſe of Thought,
s heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
take him in the purging of his Soul,
ıen he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his Paſſage?
! up Sword, and know thou a more horrid Bent,
ıen he is drunk, aſleep, or in his Rage,
in th' inceſtuous Pleaſure of his Bed,
gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome Act
ıat has no Reliſh of Salvation in it,

Then

Then trip him that his Heels may kick at Heav'n,
And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
As Hell, whereto it goes. Then I with Wings as ſwift
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
Will ſweep to my Revenge. *Shak. Haml.*

A baſe Revenge is Vengeance on my ſelf.
(*Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Revenge, at firſt tho' ſweet,
Bitter e'er long back on it ſelf recoils. *Milt.*

REVERENCE.

There fairely ſhe receives a gentle ſquire,
Of mild demeanure, and rare courteſie,
Right cleanly clad in comely ſad attire;
In word and deed that ſhew'd great modeſtie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence. *Spen.*

RHYME.

Tyrannick Rhyme, that cramps to equal Chime,
The gay, the ſoft, the florid, and ſublime;
Some ſay this Chain the doubtful Senſe decides,
Confines the Fancy, and the Judgment guides;
I'm ſure in needleſs Bonds it Poets tyes,
Procruſtes like, the Axe or Wheel applies,
To lop the mangled Senſe, or ſtretch it into ſize:
At beſt a Crutch that lifts the weak along;
Supports the feeble, but retards the ſtrong;
And the chance Thoughts when govern'd by the cloſe,
Oft riſe to Fuſtian, or deſcend to Proſe. *Roſcom.*

RICHES.

All otherwiſe, ſaid he, I riches read,
And deem them root of all diſquietneſs;
Firſt got with guile, and then preſerv'd with dr ad,
And after ſpent with pride and laviſhneſs,
Leaving behind them grief and heavineſs:
Infinite miſchiefs of them doe ariſe;

Striſe,

Strife, and debate, bloudſhed, and bitterneſs,
Outragious wrong, and helliſh covetiſe,
That noble hart (as great diſhonour) doth deſpiſe.
Spen.

RIVALS.

O Love! thou ſternly doſt thy Pow'r maintain ;
And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign ;
Tyrants, and Thou, all Fellowſhip diſdain.

Great was their Strife, which hourly was renew'd,
'Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd ;
Now Friends no more, nor walking hand in hand,
But when they met they made a ſurly Stand ;
And glar'd like angry Lions as they paſs'd,
And wiſh'd that ev'ry Look might be their laſt.
(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Love and a Crown no Rivalſhip can bear,
All precious Things are ſtill poſſeſs'd with Fear.
(*Dryd. Auren.*

Lovers, like Miſers, cannot bear the Stealth
Of the leaſt Trifle from their endleſs Wealth.
(*Sed. Ant. & Cle.*

RIVER.

Unruffled in its Courſe a Flood I ſpy'd,
So calm, ſo ſmooth, it ſcarcely ſeem'd to glide ;
So deep, and yet ſo clear, that ev'ry Stone,
With borrow'd Luſtre, from the Bottom ſhone.
The pendant Banks with hoary Willows crown'd,
Diffus'd a ſweet refreſhing Shade around.

Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons
By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs ;
Haſting to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
Like mortal Life, to meet Eternity,
Tho' with thoſe Streams he no Reſemblance hold,
Whoſe Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold ;
His genuine, and leſs guilty Wealth t' explore,
Search not his Bottom, but ſurvey his Shore :
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious Wing,
And hatches Plenty for th' enſuing Spring.

Nor

Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a Stay,
Like Mothers, who their Children overlay:
Nor with a ſuddain and impetuous Wave,
Like profuſe Kings, reſumes the Wealth he gave.
No unexpected Inundations ſpoil
The Mower's Hopes, nor mock the Ploughman's Toil.
But, God-like, his unweary'd Bounty flows,
Firſt loves to do, then loves the Good he does.
Nor are his Bleſſings to his Banks confind,
But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind;
When he to boaſt, or to diſpenſe his Stores,
Full of the Tribute of his grateful Shores,
Viſits the World, and in his flying Tow'rs,
Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
My great Example, as it is my Theam!
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without Rage; without o'erflowing, full.
Heav'n her *Eridanus* no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe Fame's in thine, like leſſer Currents loſt:
Thy nobler Streams ſhall viſit *Jove*'s Abodes,
To ſhine among the Stars, and bathe the Gods.

When a calm River, rais'd with ſudden Rains,
Or Snows diſſolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoyning Plains,
The Huſbandmen with high-rais'd Banks ſecure
Their greedy Hopes; and this he can endure:
But if with Bays and Dams they ſtrive to force
His Channel to a new, or narrow Courſe,
No longer then within his Banks he dwells,
Firſt to a Torrent, then a Deluge ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by Reſtraint, he roars;
And knows no Bound, but makes his Pow'r his Shores.
(Denham.

Then rolling down the Steep, *Timavus* raves;
And thro' nine Channels diſembogues his Waves.
Dryd. Virg.

There *Po* firſt iſſues from his dark Abodes,
And, awful in his Crape, rules the Floods.

Two

Two golden Horns on his large Front he wears,
And his grim Face a Bull's Reſemblance bears.
With rapid Courſe he ſeeks the ſacred Main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful Plain.
Betwixt the Trees the *Tyber* took his Courſe;
With Whirlpools dimpled, and with downward Force
That drove the Sand along, he took his Way,
And roll'd his yellow Billows to the Sea.
About him, and above, and round the Wood,
The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood,
That bath'd within, or baſk'd upon his Side,
To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd.
Thus riſing in his Might, the King of Floods
Ruſh'd thro' the Foreſts, tore the lofty Woods;
And rouling onward with a ſweepy Sway,
Bore Houſes, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away.
(Dryd. Virg.

And *Lycus*, ſwallow'd up, is ſeen no more,
But far from thence knocks at another Door.
Thus *Eraſinus* dives, and blind in Earth
Runs on, and gropes his Way to ſecond Birth:
Starts up in *Argos* Meads, and ſhakes his Locks
Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks.
Large *Amenane*, impure with yellow Sands;
Runs rapid often, and as often ſtands:
And here he threats the drunken Fields to drown,
And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor down.
(Dryd. Ovid.

Thus in Meanders to the neighb'ring Main,
The liquid Serpent drew its ſilver Train. *Blac.*

ROCK.

A pointed flinty Rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the Mountain's Back:
Owls, Ravens, all ill Omens of the Night,
Here built their Neſts, and hither wing'd their Flight.
The leaning Head hung threatning o'er the Flood.
Far in the Sea, againſt the foaming Shore,
There ſtands a Rock: the raging Billows roar

Above

Above his Head in Storms; but when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy Backs, and at his Foot appear.
In Peace below the gentle Waters run;
The Cormorants above lie basking in the Sun.

A Rock that braves
The raging Tempests, and the rising Waves:
Propp'd on himself he stands, his solid Sides
Wash off the Sea-weeds, and the sounding Tides.
See, from afar, yon Rock that meets the Sky;
About whose Feet such Heaps of Rubbish lie;
Such indigested Ruin: bleak and bare,
How defart now it stands, expos'd in Air.
He, like a solid Rock, by Seas inclos'd,
To raging Winds and roaring Waves oppos'd,
From his proud Summit looking down, disdains
Their empty Menace, and unmov'd remains.

(*Dryd. Virg.*

ROMANCE.

But those who wild Romantick Stories feign,
The Fustian Hero beyond Nature strain;
They form new World's, and tell of Kings unknown,
Battles ne'er fought, and Victories ne'er won,
Of monstrous Giants, and unequal Fights,
And Dragons fell, engag'd by doughty Knights,
The Fairy Scene by pompous Show delights.
By Fancy rul'd, weak Judgments please themselves,
With Chiefs enchanted, and with wand'ring Elves.
But let the Youth the empty Tale despise,
Remove the vain Amusement from his Eyes;
For false Idea's, if indulg'd, at last
Deprave the Morals, and debauch the Taste.

ROME.

Rome o'er the fartheſt Isles her Eagles spread,
And vanquish'd Kings before her Legions fled:
Religion only now exalts her Tow'rs,
And Papal Censure awes the Civil Pow'rs.

ROMULUS.

Thus the *Great Founder* of the *Roman* State
Was fam'd for brutal Rage, and boundleſs Hate,
Which cruſh'd a Brother with untimely Fate.
By Rapes he peopled what he built with Blood,
And *Rome* to mighty Guilt her Grandeur ow'd.
The Savage Dam had ſower'd with *Wolfiſh* Spleen
The manly Soul, diſtain'd with Luſt unclean.
Hence wild Revenge glow'd in his Royal Breaſt,
Who was his Nurſe, his Actions plain confeſt,
And whoſe the Pap which firſt the Infant preſt.

(Dryden.

ROPE-DANCER.

So the ſtretch'd Cord the Shackled Dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to riſe;
When freed he moves, the ſturdy Cable bends,
He mounts with Pleaſure, and ſecure deſcends;
Now dropping ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant Ground,
Now high in Air his quiv'ring Feet rebound.

(Smith on the Death of Philip's.

ROSE.

Like as a tender Roſe in open Plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, ſoon as few drops of raine
Thereon diſtill, and dew her dainty Face,
Gins to look up, and with freſh wonted grace
Diſpreads the glory of her leaves gay.

Spen.

Go, lovely Roſe,
Tell her that waſtes her Time and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her Graces ſpy'd;
That hadſt thou ſprung

In

In Deſarts, where no Men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.
Then die, that ſhe
The common Fate of all Things rare
May read in thee:
How ſmall a Part of Time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair. *Wall.*

ROWING.

Far in the Sea, againſt the foaming Shoar,
There ſtands a Rock.
On this the Heroe fix'd an Oak in Sight,
The Mark to guide the Mariners aright.
To bear with this, the Seamen ſtretch their Oars;
Then round the Rock they ſteer, and ſeek the former (Shoars.
Four Gallies firſt, which equal Rowers bear,
Advancing in the wat'ry Liſts appear.
Three *Trojans* tug at ev'ry lab'ring Oar;
The Banks in three Degrees the Sailors bore;
Beneath their ſturdy Strokes the Billows roar.
The common Crew, with Wreaths of Poplar Boughs
Their Temples crown, and ſhade their ſweaty Brows.
Beſmear'd with Oyl their naked Shoulders ſhine,
All take their Seats, and wait the ſounding Sign.
They gripe their Oars, and ev'ry panting Breaſt,
Is rais'd by Turns with Hope, by Turns with Fear de-
The Clangor of the Trumpet gives the Sign, (preſs'd.
At once they ſtart, advancing in a Line;
With Shouts the Sailors rend the ſtarry Skies;
Laſh'd with their Oars, the ſmoaky Billows riſe,
Sparkles the briny Main, and the vex'd Ocean fries.
Exact in Time with equal Strokes they Row;
At once the bruſhing Oars, and brazen Prow,
Daſh up the ſandy Waves, and ope the Depths below.
Amidſt the loud Applauſes of the Shore,
Gyas out-ſtript the reſt, and ſprung before:
Cleanthus, better mann'd, purſu'd him faſt,
But his o'er-maſted Galley check'd his Haſte.

The

The *Centaur* and the *Dolphin* bruſh the Brine,
With equal Oars advancing in a Line.
And now the mighty *Centaur* ſeems to lead,
And now the ſpeedy *Dolphin* gets ahead:
Now Board to Board the Rival Veſſels row;
The Billows lave the Skies, and Ocean groans below.
They reach the Mark; Proud *Gyas* and his Train,
In Triumph rode the Victors of the Main.
But ſteering round, he charg'd his Pilot ſtand
More cloſe to Shore, and ſkim along the Sand:
Let others bear to Sea. The Pilot heard,
But ſecret Shelves too cautiouſly he fear'd,
And fearing, ſought the Deep, and ſtill aloof he ſteer'd.
With louder Cries the Captain calls again;
Bear to the rocky Shoar, and ſhun the Main.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, at his Stern he ſaw
The bold *Cleanthus* near the Shelvings draw;
Betwixt the Mark and him the *Scylla* ſtood,
And in a cloſer Compaſs plough'd the Flood.
He paſs'd the Mark, and wheeling got before;
Gyas blaſphem'd the Gods, devoutly ſwore,
The trembling Dotard over-board he threw,
Then ſeiz'd the Helm himſelf; his Fellows chear'd,
Turn'd ſhort upon the Shelves, and madly ſteer'd.
The following *Centaur*, and the *Dolphin*'s Crew,
Their vaniſh'd Hopes of Victory renew;
While *Gyas* lags, they kindle in the Race
To reach the Mark, *Sergeſthus* takes the Place;
Mneſthews perſues; and while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his Galley's Length behind.
His Crew exert their Vigour, tug the Oar;
Stretch to their Strokes.
Now one and all they tug amain, they row
At the full Stretch, and ſhake the brazen Prow.
The Sea beneath 'em ſinks, their lab'ring Sides
Are ſwell'd, and Sweat runs gutt'ring down in Tides.
Chance aids their Daring with unhop'd Succeſs;
Sergeſthus, eager with his Beak to preſs

Betwixt

Betwixt the Rival Galley and the Rock,
Shuts up th' unwieldy *Centaur* in the Lock.
The Veſſel ſtruck, and with the dreadful Shock,
Her Oars ſhe ſhiver'd, and her Head ſhe broke;
The trembling Rowers from their Banks ariſe,
And anxious for themſelves, renounce the Prize.
With Iron Poles they heave her off the Shores,
And gather from the Sea their floating Oars.
The Crew of *Mneſtheus* with elated Minds
Urge their Succeſs, and call the willing Winds:
They ply their Oars, and cut their liquid Way
In larger Compaſs on the roomy Sea:
Sergeſthus in the *Centaur* ſoon he paſs'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky Shoals, and ſticking faſt,
In vain the Victor he with Cries implores,
And practiſes to row with ſhatter'd Oars.
Then *Mneſtheus* bears with *Gyas*, and out-flies;
The Ship, without a Pilot, yields the Prize:
Unvanquiſh'd *Scylla* now alone remains
Her he perſues, and all his Vigour ſtrains.
Reſolv'd to hold their own, they mend their Pace:
All obſtinate to die, or gain the Race.
Rais'd with Succeſs, the *Dolphins* ſwiftly ran;
(For they can conquer, who believe they can:)
Both urge their Oars, and Fortune both ſupplies;
And both perhaps had ſhar'd an equal Prize.
But old *Portunus*, with his Breadth of Hand,
Puſh'd on, and ſped the *Scylla* to the Land:
Swift as a Shaft, or winged Wind he flies,
And, darting to the Port, obtains the Prize.
So the Boat's brawny Crew the Current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the Stream;
But if they ſlack their Hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the Flood with headlong Haſte they drive.
(Dryd. Virg.

R U-

RUMOUR.

Rumour is a Pipe,
Blown by Surmiſes, Jealouſies, Conjectures,
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a Stop,
That the blind Monſter with uncounted Heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wav'ring Multitude
Can play upon it. *Shak. Hen.* 4 *p.* 3.

SACRIFICES.

We Heav'n it ſelf to bribe,
Do recompence with Death their Creatures Toil,
Then call the Bleſs'd above to ſhare the Spoil:
The faireſt Victim muſt the Pow'rs appeaſe;
So fatal 'tis ſometimes too much to pleaſe!
A purple Fillet his broad Brow adorns,
With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded Horns:
He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Prieſt prefers,
But underſtands not 'tis his Doom he hears:
Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples caſt,
(The Fruit and Product of his Labours paſt;)
And in the Water views perhaps the Knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his Life;
Then broken up alive his Entrails ſees,
Torn out for Prieſts t' inſpect the Gods Decrees.
So when ſome brawny Sacrificers knocks
Before an Altar led, an offer'd Ox;
His Eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to Ground,
His Noſe diſmantled in his Mouth is found,
His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undiſtinguiſh'd Wound.
(Dryd. Ovid.

They next with ſober Grace,
Their Gifts around the well-built Altar place:
Then waſh'd, and took the Cakes; while *Chryſes* ſtood
With Hands up-lifted, and invok'd his God.
And when the ſolemn Rites of Pray'r were paſt,
Their ſalted Cakes on crackling Flames they caſt:
Then turning back, the Sacrifice they ſped:
The fatted Oxen ſlew, and flea'd the dead;

Chopt off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the Lean in Cauls, and mend with Lard.
Sweetbreads and Collops were with Skewers prick'd
About the Sides, imbibing what they deck'd.
The Prieſt with holy Hands was ſeen to tine
The cloven Wood, and pour the ruddy Wine.
The firſt Libations to the Gods they pour,
And then with Songs indulge the Genial Hour.
Holy Debauch! 'till Day to Night they bring
With Songs and *Peans* to the Bowyer King.
With perfect Hecatombs the God they grac'd,
Whoſe offer'd Entrails in the Main were caſt.
Black Bulls, and bearded Goats on Altars lie,
And Clouds of fav'ry Stench involve the Sky.
(*Dryd. Hom.*

A choſen Ewe of two Years old they pay
To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the God of Day:
The beauteous Queen before her Altar ſtands,
And holds the golden Goblet in her Hands:
A milk-white Heifer ſhe with Flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns,
And while the Prieſts with Pray'r the Gods invoke,
She feeds their Altars with *Sabean* Smoke.
With hourly Care the Sacrifice renews,
And anxiouſly the panting Entrails views.
He pour'd to *Bacchus* on the hallow'd Ground,
Two Bowls of ſparkling Wine, of Milk two more,
And two from offer'd Bulls of purple Gore:
With Roſes then the Sepulchre he ſtrow'd.
Five Sheep according to the Rites, he ſlew,
As many Swine, and Steers of ſable Hue:
New gen'rous Wine he from the Goblets pour'd,
And call'd his Father's Ghoſt, from Hell reſtor'd.
The glad Attendants in long Order come;
Off'ring their Gifts at great *Anchiſes* Tomb:
Some add more Oxen, ſome divide the Spoil,
Some place the Chargers on the graſſy Soil,
Some blow the Fires, and offer'd Intrails broil.
(*Virg. Dryd.*

Haſte

Haſte the Sacrifice;
Sev'n Bullocks, yet unyok'd, for *Phœbus* chuſe,
And for *Diana* ſev'n unſpotted Ewes,
Thick Clouds of rolling Smoke involve the Skies,
And fat of Entrails on the Altar fries. *Dryd. Virg.*

SAILING.

The Wind ſuffic'd the Sail;
The bellying Canvas ſtrutted with the Gale.
The Waves indignant roar with ſurly Pride,
And preſs againſt the Sides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy Way. *Dryd. Hom.*
Ent'ring with chearful Shouts the watry Reign,
And ploughing frothy Furrows on the Main.
They ſtretch their Canvas, and they ply their Oars,
All Hands aloft, for *Crete*, for *Crete*, they cry,
And ſwiftly thro' the foamy Billows fly.
Now Seas and Skies their Proſpect only bound,
An empty Space above, a floating Field around.
There roſe a gentle Breeze,
That curl'd the Smoothneſs of the glaſſy Seas:
The riſing Winds a ruffling Gale afford,
And call the merry Mariners aboard.
They ſlip their Haulſers.
Freſh Gales ariſe; with equal Strokes they vie,
And bruſh the Buxom Seas, and o'er the Billows fly.
Stand to your Tackle, Mates, and ſtretch your Oars,
Contract your ſwelling Sails, and luff to Wind.
Now ſhift your Sails.
Tack to the *Larboard*, and ſtand off to Sea:
Veer *Starboard* Sea and Land.
Before the Wind
They ſcud amain, and make the Port aſſign'd.
Their Anchors dropt, his Crew the Veſſel moor;
They turn their Heads to Sea; their Sterns to Shore.
(Dryd. Virg.
The threaden Sails,
Born with th' inviſible and creeping Wind,

Draw the huge Bottom thro' the furrow'd Seas;
Breasting the lofty Surge. *Shak. Hen. 5.*

Sure he who first the Passage try'd
In harden'd Oak his Heart did hide:
And Ribs of Iron arm'd his Side:
Or his at least, in hollow Wood
Who tempted first the briny Flood:
Nor fear'd the Winds contending Roar,
Nor Billows, beating on the Shore.
Nor *Hyades*, portending Rain,
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What Form of Death could him affright
Who unconcern'd with stedfast Sight,
Could view the Surges Mountain-steep,
And Monsters rouling in the Deep.
Could thro' the Ranks of Ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below.
In vain did Nature's wise Command
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men profane
Invade th' inviolable Main:
Th' eternal Fences over-leap,
And pass at Will the boundless Deep.
No Toil, no Hardships can restrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to Pain:
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden Quarry flies. *Dryd. Hor.*

SAILOR.

So fares a Sailor on the stormy Main,
When Clouds conceal *Boötes'* golden Wain,
When not a Star its friendly Lustre keeps,
Nor trembling *Cynthia* glimmers on the Deeps;
He dreads the Rocks, and Shoals, and Seas, and Skies,
While Thunder roars, and Lightning round him flies.

SAL-

SALMONEUS.

Salmoneus ſuff'ring cruel Pains I found,
For emulating *Jove*; the rattling Sound
Of mimick Thunder; and the glitt'ring Blaze
Of pointed Lightning, and their forked Rays:
Thro' *Elis* and the *Grecean* Towns he flew,
Th' audacious Wretch four fiery Courſers drew:
He wav'd a Torch aloft, and madly vain,
Sought godlike Worſhip from a ſervile Train:
Ambitious Fool! with horny Hoofs to paſs
O'er hollow Arches of reſounding Braſs:
To rival Thunder in its rapid Courſe,
And imitate inimitable Force.
But he, the King of Heav'n, obſcure on High,
Bar'd his right Arm, and lanching from the Sky,
His writhen Bolt, not ſhaking empty Smoak,
Down to the deep Abyſs the flaming Felon ſtrook.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

SATIRE.

Satire muſt interfere, whoſe pointed Rage
May laſh the Madneſs of a vicious Age;
Satire, the Muſe that never fails to hit;
For if there's Scandal to be ſure there's Wit.

SCORN.

But that ſame fool, that moſt increaſt her paines,
Was *Scorne*, who haveing in his hand a whip,
Her there-with yirks, and ſtill when ſhe complains,
The more he laughes, and does her cloſely quip,
To ſee her ſore lament, and bite her tender Lip. *Spen.*

SCORPIO.

But who can *Scorpio's* foul Impreſſion view,
The ſordid Features, and the ſickly Hue?
He fatally unfurls his poys'nous Folds,
And half the Firmament encompaſs'd holds;
Red Hair and little Eyes attend his Fates,
The Legs he lengthens, and the Feet dilates;

Such odious Forms the Monſter's Birth betray,
Sprung from rude Principles of ſlimy Clay.
(*Sewell's Cal.*

SCULPTURE.

Some carve the Trunks, and breathing Shapes beſtow,
Giving the Trees more Life than when they grow.
In midſt a Table of rich Iv'ry ſtands,
By three fierce Tygers and three Lions born,
Which grin, and fearfully the Place adorn:
Widely they gape, and to the Eyes they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the Food they bore. *Cowl.*

SCYLLA and *CHARIBDIS.*

In the Streights,
Where proud *Pelorus* opes a wider Way,
Far on the right, her Dogs foul *Scylla* hides;
Charybdis roaring, on the left preſides,
And in her greedy Whirlpool ſucks the Tides:
Then ſpouts them from below; with Fury driv'n,
The Waves mount up, and waſh the Face of Heav'n:
But *Scylla* from her Den with open Jaws,
The ſinking Veſſels in her Eddy draws,
Then daſhes on the Rocks: a human Face,
And Virgin-Boſom hide her Tail's Diſgrace.
Her Parts obſcene below the Waves deſcend,
With Dogs incloſ'd, and in a Dolphin end. *Dryd. Virg.*

SEA.

Outrageous as a Sea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the Bottom turn by furious Winds,
And ſurging Waves, as Mountains to aſſault
Heav'ns Height, and with the Centre mix the Pole.
(*Milton.*

The Sea it ſelf ſmooths its rough Face a while,
Flatt'ring the greedy Merchant with a Smile;
But he whoſe Shipwreck'd Bark it drank before,
Sees the Deceit, and knows it would have more. *Cowl.*

SER-

SERPENT.

With ſpeckled Pride
A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide:
His hugy Bulk on ſeven high Volumes roll'd, (Gold.
Blue was his Breadth of Back, but ſtreak'd with ſcaly
Thus riding on his Curls, he ſeem'd to paſs,
A rowling Fire along, and ſinge the Graſs:
More various Colours thro' his Body run,
Than *Iris*, when her Bow imbibes the Sun.
Two Serpents rank'd abreaſt, the Seas divide,
And ſmoothly ſweep along the ſwelling Tide.
Their flaming Creſts above the Waves they ſhow,
Their Bellies ſeem to burn the Seas below:
Their ſpeckled Tails advance to ſteer their Courſe,
And on the ſounding Shore the flying Billows force.
And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,
Their ardent Eyes with bloody Streaks were fill'd;
Their nimble Tongues they brandiſh'd as they came,
And lick'd their hiſſing Jaws, that ſputter'd Flame.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

SERPENT *tempting* EVE.

The Serpent, ſleeping faſt, the Devil ſound
In Labyrinth of many a Round ſelf-rowl'd,
His Head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtle Wiles:
Not yet in horrid Shade or diſmal Den,
Nor nocent yet; but on the graſſy Herb
Fearleſs, unfear'd he ſlept: in at his Mouth
He enter'd, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*
Addreſs'd his Way, not with indented Wave,
Prone on the Ground, as ſince; but on his Rear,
Circular Baſe of riſing Folds, that tow'r'd
Fold above Fold, a ſurging Maze: his Head
Creſted aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
With burniſh'd Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidſt his circling Spires, that on the Graſs
Floated redundant:
With Tract oblique
At firſt, as one who ſought Acceſs, but fear'd

To interrupt, sidelong he works his Way.
As when a Ship by skillful Steersman wrought
Nigh Rivers Mouth, or Foreland, where the Wind
Veers off, as oft so steers and shifts her Sail;
So, vary'd he, and of his tortuous Train
Curl'd many a wanton Wreath in Sight of *Eve*,
To lure her Eye;
Then as in Gaze admiring, oft he bow'd
His Turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the Ground whereon she trod:
Lead on, said *Eve*; he leading swiftly rowl'd
In Tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To Mischief swift: Hope elevates, and Joy
Brightens his Crest. *Milt.*

HERCULES killing the SERPENTS.

The big-limb'd Babe in his huge Cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by Nurses Hand:
When lo! by jealous *Juno*'s fierce Commands,
Two dreadful Serpents come
Rowling, and hissing loud into the Room.
To the bold Babe they trace their bidden Way,
Forth from their flaming Eyes dread Lightnings went,
Their gaping Mouths fork'd Tongues, like Thunder-bolts, present.
The mighty Infant smil'd, and seem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded Foes,
And at their spotted Necks up to the Cradle rose,
With his young warlike Hands on both he sez'd,
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
In vain their armed Tails they twist,
And angry Circles cast about,
Black Blood, and fiery Breath, and poysnous Soul he squeezes out. *Cowl. Pind.*

SHADE.

Behold *Alexis*, see this gloomy Shade,
Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made:

Where

Where the glad Beams of Light can never play,
But Night ſucceeding Night, excludes the Day:
Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
And lightſome Notes to chear the duſky Air;
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewel,
But Mornitig Lark, or Evening *Philomel*!
No Vi'let here, or Daiſie e'er was ſeen,
No ſweetly-budding Flow'r, nor ſpringing Green:
For fragant Myrtle and the bluſhing Roſe,
Here baleful Yew, with deadly Cypreſs grows. *Cong.*
Here higheſt Woods, impenetrable
To Sun or Starlight, ſpread their Umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening. *Mile.*

SHEPHEARD.

As gentle Shepherd in ſweet even-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to welkin weſt,
High on a Hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Markes which doe bite their haſty ſupper beſt;
A cloud of combrous gnats doe him moleſt,
All driving to infix their feeble ſtings,
That from their noyance he no where can reſt,
But with his clowniſh hands their tender wings
He bruſheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.
(*Spen.*

By purling Rivers, or the grateful Shade,
Our Theme the charming, or the yielding Maid:
The natural Poppies in the ſtanding Corn,
Our bluſh the Rubies that the Crown adorn:
The Leaves are Emeralds moving in the Air,
The Trees Pavillions, and the Graſs our Chair:
The Lambs our Courtiers, and the Dogs our Friends,
That fawn and follow without dangerous Ends.
No Malice interrupts our quiet Life,
We know no Envy, and we hear no Strife,
But what the feather'd Songſters of the Air
Make every Morning when they Notes compare

Bleſt in our ſelves, we Shepherds only find
That Quiet which is ſought by all Mankind.
Behold the Shepherd, ſee th' induſtrious Swain,
who ploughs the Field, or reaps the ripen'd Grain,
How mean, and yet how tasteful is their fare? (Care:
How ſweet their Sleep? Their Souls how free from
They drink the ſtreaming Cryſtal, and eſcape
Th' inflaming Juices of the purple Grape;
And to protect their Limbs from rig'rous Air,
Garments, their own Domeſtick Work, they wear.
(*Dryd.*

SHIP.

As when a Ship that flies fair under ſaile,
And hidden Rock eſcaped, hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Mariner yet half amazed ſtares
At perill paſt, and yet it doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool-happy over ſight:

As a tall Ship toſſed in troublous Seas,
Whome raging winds threating to make the prey
Of the rough rocks, do diverſly diſeaſe,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either Side do ſore aſſay,
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy grave;
She, ſcorning both their ſpights, does make wide way,
And with her breaſt breaking the foamy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her ſelf doth
ſave.

Like as a Ship, whom cruell tempeſt drives
Upon a Rock with horrible diſmay,
Her ſhattered ribs in thouſand peeces rives,
And ſpoiling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her ſelf Miſfortunes pitieous pray.

Like as a Ship with dreadfull ſtourme long toſt,
Haveing ſpent all her maſtes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be loſt;

At

At laſt ſome fiſher-barke doth nere behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold.

Like as a Ship, that through the Ocean wide,
Directs her courſe unto one certain coaſt,
Is met of many a counter wind and tyde,
With which her winged ſpeed is let and croſt,
And ſhe her ſelf in ſtormy Surges toſt
Yet makeing many a board, and many a bay,
Still wineth way, ne hath her compaſſe loſt. *Spen.*

Guyomar. As far as I could caſt my Eyes
Upon the Sea, ſomething methought did riſe,
Like blewiſh Miſts, which ſtill appearing more,
Took dreadful Shapes, and thus mov'd tow'rds the Shore:
The Object I could firſt diſtinctly view,
Was tall ſtreight Trees, which on the Waters flew:
Wings on their Sides inſtead of Leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the Breath the Winds could blow;
And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,
Whoſe out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas?
Montezuma. What divine Monſters, O ye Gods? are
That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas? (theſe,
Came they alive, or dead upon the Shore?
Guyom. Alas they liv'd too ſure, I heard 'em roar
All turn'd their Sides, and to each other ſpoke,
I ſaw their Words break out in Fire and Smoak.
Sure 'tis their Voice that thunders from on high,
And theſe the younger Brothers of the Sky.
Deaf with the Noiſe, I took my haſty Flight,
No mortal Courage can ſupport the Fright.
(Dryd. Ind. Emp.

Behold a ſtately Ship
Proud of her gawdy Trim, comes this Way ſailing,
With all her Brav'ry on, and Tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and Streamers waving,
Courted by all the Winds that hold them play. *Milt.*

This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind:
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon:
He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Billows;
And then again he curtſi'd down ſo low,
I could not ſee him; 'till at laſt, all ſidelong
With a great Crack, his Belly burſt in pieces.
(*Shak. Temp.*

Thus as a Ship, which Winds and Waves aſſail,
Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,
Both oppoſite; and neither long prevail:
She feels a double Force: By turns obeys
Th' imperious Tempeſt, and impetuous Seas. *Dryd. Ovid.*

SICKNESS.

Mean while the Health of *Arcite* ſtill impairs,
From bad proceeds to worſe, and mocks the Leeches
(Cares.
Swoll'n is his Breaſt, his inward Pains increaſe;
All Means are us'd, and all without Succeſs.
The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in Spight of Art:
The Mould of Nature's Fabrick is deſtroy'd,
Her Veſſels diſcompos'd, her Virtue void;
The Bellows of his Lungs begins to ſwell,
All out of Frame is ev'ry ſecret Cell;
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expell.
Thoſe breathing Organs, thus within oppreſs'd,
With Venom ſoon diſtend the Sinews of his Breaſt;
Nought profits him to ſave abandon'd Life,
Nor Vomits upward aid, nor downward Laxative.
The midmoſt Region batter'd and deſtroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th' Effect of Art is void.
(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Phyſicians had forſaken his Cure.
All ſcorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,

The

The Moiſture that maintain'd conſuming Nature
Lick'd up, and in a Feaver fry'd away. *Dryd. Rir. Lad.*

He had a Feaver when he was in *Spain*,
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this God did ſhake!
His coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
And that fame Eye, whoſe Bend does awe the World,
Did loſe his Luſtre. I did hear him groan;
Aye, and that Tongue of his that bade the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas! it cry'd, Give me ſome Drink, *Titinius*;
As a ſick Girl. *Shak. Jul. Cæſ. ſpoken of* Cæſar.

And thus the Wretch, whoſe Feaver-weaken'd Joynts,
Like ſtrengthleſs Hinges, buckle under Life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire,
Out of his Keepers Arms. *Shak. Hen. 4. Part 2.*

As he who in a Fever burning lies
Firſt of his Friends does for a Drop implore,
Which taſted once, unable to give o'er,
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet ſtill thirſts after more.
(Otw. Don. Car.

Her waſted Spirits now begin to faint,
Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint,
And in her Heart, as in a Fort remains;
But yields at laſt to her reſiſtleſs Pains.
Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,
Thro' all her Veins makes his delightful Way:
Her Fate's like *Semele's*; the Flames deſtroy
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
Pale grow the Roſes, and the Lillies fade:
Her Skin has loſt that Luſtre, which ſurpaſs'd
The Sun's, and did deſerve as long to laſt.
Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the ſtaunch'ſt Hearts,
Are now diſarm'd of all their Flames and Darts.
Thoſe Stars now heavily and ſlowly move,
And *Sickneſs* triumphs in the Throne of *Love*. *Norm.*

Ab 4

Ah! lovely *Amoret*, the Care
Of all that know what's good or fair!
Is Heav'n become our Rival too?
With such a Grace you entertain,
And look with such Contempt on Pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So Lightnings which in Storms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear.
And as pale Sickness does invade
Your frailer Part, the Breaches made
In that fair Lodging, still more clear
Make the bright Guest, your Soul, appear.
So Nymphs o'er pathless Mountains born,
Their light Robes by the Brambles torn,
From their fair Limbs exposing new
And unknown Beauties to the View
Of following Gods, increase their Flame,
And Haste to catch the flying Game. *Wall.*

SIGH.

He rais'd a Sigh, so hideous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being. *Shak. Haml.*

She drew a Length of Sighs.
Sigh'd from her inward Soul. *Dryd. Virg.*

All around
A general Sigh diffus'd a mournful Sound. *Cong. Hom.*

Then such deep Sighs heav'd from his woful Heart,
As if his sorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burst away.
(*Lee Oedip.*

Nor Women's Sighs, nor Tears are true,
Those idly blow, these idly fall;
Nothing like to ours at all:
But Sighs and Tears have Sexes too. *Cowl*

Keep down, ye rising Sighs.
And murmur in the Hollow of my Breast;

Run

m to my Heart, and gather more ſad Wind;
ıan when the Voice of Fate ſhall call you forth,
ıu may at once ruſh from the Seat of Life,
ow the Blood out, and burſt me like a Bladder.
(*Lee Alex.*

SIGHT.

The firſt troupe was a monſtrous rabblement
fowle miſhapen wights, of which ſome were
Headed like Owles, with beakes uncomely bent,
hers like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
ıd ſome had wings, and ſome had clawes to teare,
And every one of them had Lynces eyes,
ıd every one did bowe and arrowes beare,
All thoſe were lawleſs luſts, corrupt envies
And coveteous aſpects, all cruell enemies.

Thoſe ſame againſt the bulwarke of the Sight
id lay ſtrong ſiege, and battailous aſſault,
Ne once did yield it reſpit day nor night,
ıt ſoon as *Titan* gan his head exault,
ıd ſoon again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they againſt it bent:
hat is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beauty and Money, they that bulwarke ſorely rent.
(*Spen.*

SILENCE.

Silence! Coeval with Eternity;
hou wert e'er Nature firſt began to be, (thee.
'was one vaſt Nothing, All, and All firſt ſlept in
lence! the Knave's repute, the Whore's good Name,
he only Honour of the wiſhing Dame; (*Pope.*
hy very want of Tongue makes thee a Kind of Fame.

Silence, the Midnight God appears
In all its downy Pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend Shade.
An ancient Sigh he ſits upon,
'hoſe Memory of Sound is long ſince gone,

And

And purpoſely annihilated for his Throne.
Beneath two ſoft tranſparent Clouds do meet,
In which he ſeems to ſink his ſoftſt Feet:
A melancholy Thought condens'd to Air,
Stoll'n from a Lover in Deſpair,
Like a thin Mantle, ſerves to wrap
In fluid Folds his viſionary Shape;
A Wreath of Darkneſs round his Head he wears,
Where curling Miſts ſupply the Want of Hairs.
While the ſtill Vapours, which from Poppies riſe,
Bedew his hoary Head, and lull his Eyes. *Cong.*

Silence, more dreadful than ſevereſt Sounds?
Would ſhe but ſpeak, tho' Death, eternal Exile,
Hung at her Lips, yet while her Tongue pronounces,
There would be Muſick ev'n in my Undoing.

Still as the Boſom of the Deſart Night,
As fatal Planets, or deep-plotting Friends. *Lee Alex.*

Silent as the extatick Bliſs
Of Souls, that by Intelligence converſe. *Otw. Orph*

Still as the peaceful Walks of ancient Night.
Silent as are the Lamps that burn in Tombs
(Shak. K. Lear.

Silent as Dews that fall in dead of Night.
(Dryd. Ind. Emp.

SILENUS.

So fluſh'd and ſwol'n with his accuſtom'd Load,
Silenus, prais'd of old, the jolly God.
His mellow Train would in the Chorus joyn,
And bleſs the Riches of the purple Vine.
The live-long Night the merry Satyrs ſung,
Evius, the Subject of each ſmiling Tongue:
Evius, the Hills around, and hollow Valleys rung.
Two Satyrs, on the Ground
Stretch'd at his Eaſe, their Sire *Silenus* found:
Doz'd with his Fumes, and heavy with his Load
They found him ſnoring in his dark Abode;
And ſeiz'd with youthful Arms the drunken God.

His

His roſy Wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the Tide of Wine, and floating on the Floor.
His empty Can, with Ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boaſt the Triumph of the Day.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

SINGING.

Behold, and liſten, while the Fair
Breaks in ſweet Sounds the willing Air;
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,
Which her bright Eyes do firſt inſpire:
What Reaſon can that Love controul,
Which more than one Way courts the Soul?
So when a flaſh of Lightning falls
On our Abodes, the Danger calls
For human Aid, which hopes the Flame
To conquer, tho' from Heav'n it came.
But if the Winds with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the Fire. *Wall.*
While I liſten to thy Voice,
Chloris! I feel my Life decay;
That powerful Noiſe
Calls my flitting Soul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs the magick Sound,
Which deſtroys without a Wound.
Peace *Chloris!* Peace! or ſinging, die,
That together you and I
To Heav'n may go:
For all we know,
Of what the Bleſſed do above,
Is that they ſing, and that they love.
Chloe! your ſelf you ſo excel,
While you vouchſafe to breathe my Thought;
That, like a Spirit, with this Spell
Of my own Teaching, I am caught.
That Eagle's Fate and mine are one,
Who, on the Shaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a Feather of his own,
With which he wont to ſoar ſo high.

Had

Had *Echo* with ſo ſweet a Grace
Narciſſus loud Complaint's return'd,
Not for Reflexion of his Face,
But of his Voice the Boy had burn'd.
(*Well, To a Lady that ſung a* Song *of his compoſing.*)

SIREN.

So now to *Guyon*, as he paſſed by,
Their pleaſant tunes they ſweetly thus applide;
O thou fair Son of gentle Faery,
That art in mighty Armes moſt magnifide
Above all Knights, that ever Battell tride,
O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile:
Here may thy ſtorme-beat Veſſel ſafely ride:
This is the port of reſt from troublous toile
The World's ſweet Inn, from pain and wearifome (turmoyle.

With that the rolling Sea reſounding ſoft,
In his big baſe them fitly anſwered,
And on the Rock the waves breaking aloft,
A ſolemne mean unto them meaſured,
The whiles ſweet *Zephyrus* loud whiſtled
His trebble, a ſtrange kind of harmonie;
Which *Guyon* ſenſes ſoftly tickeled,
That he the *Boatman* bad rowe eaſily,
And let him hear ſome part of their melodie.

Thus as a Mariner, that ſails along,
with Pleaſure hears th' enticing *Siren's* Song;
Unable quite his ſtrong Deſires to bound,
Boldly leaps in, tho' certain to be drown'd.
(*Otw. Don. Carl.*

SISYPHUS.

Siſyphus an huge round Stone did reel
Againſt an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirſty *Tantalus* hung by the chin;
And *Tityrus* fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhoeus Joints were ſtretched on a gin;

Theſeus

Theſeus condemned to endleſs Sleep by law,
And fifty Siſters water in leaky Veſſels draw. *Spen.*

SLANDER.

So when that Foreſt they had paſſed well,
A little Cottage farre away they Spide,
To which they drew, ere night upon them fell;
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But an old Woman ſitting there beſide,
Upon the ground in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her flattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for feinesſe and for ire,
And there out ſucking venim to her parts intire.

A foule and loathly creature ſure in ſight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no leſs:
For ſhee was ſtuft with rancour and deſpight
Up to the throat; that oft with bitterneſs
It forth would break, and guſh in great exceſs,
Pouring out ſtreames of poyſon and of gall,
Gainſt all that truth or vertue doe profeſſe;
Whome ſhe with leeſings lewdly did miſcall,
And wickedly back-bite: Her name men Slander (call.

Her nature is, all goodneſs to abuſe,
And cauſeleſs crimes continually to frame;
With which ſhe guiltleſs perſons may accuſe,
And ſteale away the crown of their good name:
Ne ever Knight ſo bold, ne ever Dame
So chaſt and loyall liv'd, but ſhe would ſtrive
With forged cauſe them falſely to defame:
Ne ever thing was done ſo well alive,
But ſhe with blame would blot, and of due praiſe (deprive.

Her words were not as common words are ment,
T' expreſs the meaning of the inward minde;
But noiſome breath, and poyſnous ſpirit ſent

From

From inward parts, with cancard malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blaſt of bitter winde ;
Which paſſing through the eares, would pearce the (heart,
And wound the Soul it ſelf with griefe unkind :
For, like the ſtings of Aſpes, that kill with ſmart,
Her ſpightfull words did prick and wound the inner (part. *Spen.*

SLEEP.

Near the *Cimmerians*, in his dark Abode,
Deep in a Cavern dwells the drowſy God ;
Who rules the Night by Viſions with a Nod.
Whoſe gloomy Manſion, nor the riſing Sun,
Nor ſetting viſits, nor the lightſom Moon ;
But lazy Vapours round the Region fly,
Perpetual Twilight, and a doubtful Sky.
No crowing Cock does there his Wings diſplay,
Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day :
No watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geeſe,
Diſturb with nightly Noiſe the ſacred Peace.
No Beaſt of Nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor Trees with Tempeſts rock'd, nor human Cry.
But ſafe Repoſe without an Air of Breath
Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.
An Arm of *Lethe* with a gentle Flow
Ariſing upward from the Rock below,
The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps,
And with ſoft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps.
Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
And all cool Simples that ſweet Reſt below.
Night from the Plants their ſleepy Virtue drains,
And paſſing ſheds it on the ſilent Plains :
No Door there was th' unguarded Houſe to keep,
Or creaking Hinges turn'd to break his Sleep.
But, in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,
Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon Sted,
Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the God,
And ſlept ſupine, his Limbs, diſplay'd abroad :

About

About his Head fantaſtick Viſions fly,
Which various Images of Things ſupply,
And mock their Forms, the Leaves on Trees not more,
Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore.
O ſacred Reſt!
Sweet pleaſing Sleep! of all the Powers the beſt!
O Peace of Mind! Repairer of Decay!
Whoſe Balms renew the Limbs to Labours of the Day,
Care ſhuns thy ſoft Approach, and ſullen flies away.
(Dryd. Virg.

The weary World's beſt Med'cine, Sleep!
It ſhuts thoſe Wounds where injur'd Lovers weep,
And flies Oppreſſors to relieve th' Oppreſt.
It loves the Cottage, and from Court abſtains;
It ſtills the Seaman, tho' the Storm be high;
Frees the griev'd Captive in his cloſeſt Chains;
Stops Want's loud Mouth, and blinds the treach'rous Spy.
(Dav. Gond.

Sleep, that locks up the Senſes from their Care;
The Death of each Days Life: tir'd Nature's Bath!
Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's ſecond Courſe,
Death's Counterfeit,
Chief Nouriſher in Life's Feaſt. *Shak. Mach.*

O Sleep, O gentle Sleep!
Nature's beſt Nurſe! how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my Eye-lids down,
And ſteep my Senſes in Forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky Cribs,
Upon uneaſy Pallads ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing Night fly'ſt to thy Slumber,
Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,
Under the Canopies of coſtly State,
And lull'd with Sounds of ſweeteſt Melody?
O thou dull God! why ly'ſt thou with the Vile
In loathſome Beds, and leav'ſt the kingly Couch?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Maſt,
Seal up the Ship-Boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,

And

And in the Visitation of the Winds?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy Repose,
To the wet Sea-Boy in an Hour so rude,
And in the calmest and the stillest Night
Deny it to a King? *Shak. H. 4.*

So sleeps the Sea-boy on the cloudy Mast,
Safe as a drowsy *Tryton*, rock'd with Storms,
While tossing Princes wake on Beds of Down.
(Lee Mith.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,
And yet so humble too as not to scorn
The meanest Country Cottages:
His Poppy grows among the Corn.
The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Nest
In any stormy Breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and Darkness in the Mind;
Darkness but half his Work will do,
'Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too. *Cowl. Her.*

In vain, thou drowsy God, I thee invoke,
For thou, who dost from Fumes arise,
Thou, who Man's Soul dost over-shade,
With a thick Cloud by Vapours made,
Canst have no Pow'r to shut his Eyes,
Or Passage of his Spirits to choak,
Whose Flame's so pure, that it sends up no Smoke.
Thou who dost Men, as Nights to Colours do,
Bring all to an Equality;
Come, thou just God, and equal me,
A while to my disdainful She:
In that Condition let me lye,
'Till Love does the Favour shew;
Love equals all a better Way than thou.
Thou never more shalt be invok'd by me:
Watchful as Spirits and Gods I'll prove,
Let her but grant, and then will I
Thee and thy Kinsman Death defy:
For betwixt thee and them that Love,

Never

Never will an Agreement be,
ou ſcorn'ſt the Unhappy, and the Happy thee.
(*Cowl.*

Falling aſleep.

The timely Dew of Sleep,
ıw falling with ſoft ſlumbrous Weight inclines
y Eye-Lids.
Then gentle Sleep, with ſoft Oppreſſion ſeiz'd
y drowned Senſe. *Mile.*
Thick Miſts ariſe,
ıd with their ſilken Cords tye down his Eyes. *Gar.*

SLOTH.

Sloth, with groſs Humours, loads the racy Blood,
ıd choaks the Paſſage of the vital Flood;
ıat ſpritely Virtue ingenit with Heat,
hich ſhould the *Fœtus* in juſt Form complete;
ppreſt by inactivity retire,
nable to exert their gen'rous Fire. *Rowe's Call.*

GOD of SLOTH.

This Place ſo fit for undiſturb'd Repoſe,
he God of Sloth for his Aſylum choſe.
pon a Couch of Down in theſe Abodes
ıpine with folded Arms he thoughtleſs nods:
ıdulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Eaſe,
ith Murmurs of ſoft Rills, and whiſp'ring Trees.
he Poppy, and each numbing Plant diſpenſe
heir drowſy Virtue, and dull Indolence.
careleſs Deity!
lo Paſſions interrupt his eaſy Reign,
lo Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain:
ıt dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed;
ıd lazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.
hus at full length the pamper'd Monarch lay,
att'ning in Eaſe, and ſlumb'ring Life away.

The

The ſlumb'ring God, amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down agen:
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,
Then faulter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.
(Garth.

SMALL-POX.

Chiefly the *Meaſles* and *Small Pox* beware,
Thoſe *Goths* and *Vandals* to the tender Fair:
Which plant thick Ulcers, and young Beauty blight,
With pimpled Sores, ungrateful to the Sight.
Strait for Relief to ſome *Machaons* fly,
Leſt a foul Scar affect the ſparkling Eye,
Or Noſe, or roſy Cheek, or dimpled Chin,
Or roughen the ſmooth Surface of the Skin.
How did *Aminta*, in her flow'ry Spring,
Shine in the Box, and ſparkle in the Ring?
Who could, alas! her numerous Graces tell,
E'er to this Plague a Sacrifice ſhe fell?
What Lillies from her Forehead did it tear,
And kill'd the little Loves which ſported there?
Not *Cynthia* could with her of late compare
With *Galatea*'s Smiles, and winning Air:
What Hecatombs of Lovers would ſhe ſlay,
'Till ſhe became this Tyrant's mournful Prey!
Who with devoted ſacrilegious Arms,
Robb'd her bright Temple of a thouſand Charms,
Her dented Cheeks, where Roſes grew before,
And dropping Eyes diſtribute Death no more.
Daphnis was once the Beauty of the Plain,
'Till this Contagion ſeiz'd the lovely Swain.
How was he courted? Now the Idol grown
Of the fair Sex, and darling of his own!
Daphnis the Breaſt of each Beholder fir'd,
Daphnis alone the longing Nymph deſir'd;
But now they pity whom they once admir'd.
Rowe's Call.

SMELL

SMELL.

Likewiſe that ſame third Fort, that is the ſmell,
Of that third troupe was cruelly aſſay'd:
Whoes hideous ſhapes were like the Fiends of Hell,
Some like to Hounds, ſome like to Apes diſmayd,
Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arrayd:
All ſhap'd according their conditions;
For in thoſe ugly formes werein pourtraid
Fooliſh delights and fond ambitions,
Which doe that Senſe beſiege with light illuſions.
(*Spen.*

SMILE.

She ſpoke it with a Smile,
That ſeem'd at once to pity and revile.
The Terror of their Brows ſo rough e'er while,
Sunk down into the Dimples of a Smile. *Cowl.*
A Smile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſy red, Love's proper Hue. *Milt.*
He ſcrew'd his Face into a harden'd Smile.
(*Dryd. Don. Seb.*
From his bent Brow a gloomy Smile aroſe.
(*Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*
What Charms has Sorrow in that Face?
Sorrow ſeems pleas'd to dwell with ſo much Sweetneſs,
Yet now and then a melancholy Smile
Breaks out, like Lightning in a Winter's Night,
And ſhews a Moment's Day. *Dryd. All for Love*

SMITH.

Like as a Smith, that to his cunning feat
The ſtubborne metall ſeeketh to ſubdue,
Soon as he feels it molified with heat,
With his great iron Sledge doth ſtrongly on it beat.
(*Spen.*
The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
While the lung'd Bellows hiſſing Fire provoke.
(*Dryd. Juv.*

One ſtirs the Fire, and one the Bellows blows:
The hiſſing Steel is in the Smithy drown'd;
The Grot with beaten Anvils groans around:
By turns their Arms advance in equal Time,
By turns their Hands deſcend, and Hammers chime;
They turn the glowing Maſs with crooked Tongs;
The fiery Work proceeds with ruſtick Songs.
As when the *Cyclops*, at th' almighty Nod,
New Thunder haſten for their angry God;
Subdu'd in Fire, the ſtubborn Metal lyes;
One brawny Smith the puffing Bellows plies,
And draws and blows reciprocating Air,
Others to quench the hiſſing Maſs prepare;
With lifted Arms they order ev'ry Blow,
And chime their ſounding Hammers in a Row:
With labour'd Anvils *Ætna* groans below.
Strongly they ſtrike, huge Flakes of Flame expire.
With Tongs they turn the Steel, and vex it in the Fire.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

SMOKE.

In duſky Wreaths the Smoke began to roul. *Milt.*
The Smoke in cloudy Vapours flies,
Cov'ring the Plain, and curling to the Skies.
Black ſmould'ring Smoke from the green Wood expires.
The Light of Heav'n is choak'd, and the new Day retires. *Dryd. Virg.*
Feebly the Flames on clumſy Wings aſpire,
And ſmoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire. *Gar.*

SNAKE.

In fair *Calabria*'s Wood a Snake is bred;
With curling Creſt, and with advancing Head:
Waving he rouls, and makes a winding Track;
His Belly ſpotted, burniſh'd is his Back;
While Springs are broken, while the ſouthern Air,
And dropping Heav'ns the moiſten'd Earth repair;
He lives on ſtanding Lakes, and trembling Bogs,
And fills his Maw with Fiſh, or with loquacious Frogs.

But

But when in muddy Pools the Water ſinks,
And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o'er with Chinks,
He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground,
And, hiſſing, rouls his glaring Eyes around:
With thirſt inflam'd, impatient of the Heats,
He rages in the Fields, and wide Deſtruction threats.
Oh! let not Sleep my cloſing Eyes invade,
In open Plains, or in the ſecret Shade,
When he, renew'd in all the ſpeckled Pride
Of pompous Youth, has caſt his Slough aſide:
And in his Summer Livery rouls along
Erect, and brandiſhing his forky Tongue,
Leaving his Neſt, and his imperfect Young:
And, thoughtleſs of his Eggs, forgets to rear,
The hopes of Poyſon for the following Year.
So ſhines, renew'd in Youth, the creſted Snake,
Who ſlept the Winter in a thorny Brake;
And caſting off his Slough, when Spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns:
Reſtor'd with poys'nous Herbs, his ardent Sides
Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides;
High o'er the Graſs he hiſſing rouls along,
And brandiſhes by fits his forky Tongue.
As when a Snake ſurpriz'd upon the Road,
Is cruſh'd athwart her Body by the Load
Of heavy Wheels; or with a mortal Wound
Her Belly bruis'd, or trodden to the Ground:
In vain with looſen'd Curls ſhe crawls along,
Yet fierce above, ſhe brandiſhes her Tongue;
Glares with her Eyes, and briſtles with her Scales,
But grov'ling in the Duſt, her Part unſound ſhe trails.

A Snake of Size immenſe aſcends a Tree,
And in the leafy Summit ſpy'd a Neſt,
Which o'er her callow Young a Sparrow preſs'd,
Eight were the Birds unfledg'd: The Mother flew
And hover'd round her Care, but ſtill in View,

'Till the fierce Reptile firſt devour'd the Brood,
Then ſeiz'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drank her Blood.
(Dryd. Virg.

Of a Lady *playing with a* Snake.

'Tis Innocence and Youth which makes
In *Chloris* Fancy ſuch Miſtakes,
To ſtart at Love, and play with Snakes.

Thrice happy Snake, that in her Sleeve
May'ſt boldly creep; we dare not give
Our Thoughts ſo unconfin'd a Leave.

Contented in that Neſt of Snow
He lyes, as he his Bliſs did know,
And to the Wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair *Eve*, you do not make
Another Tempter of this Snake;
A marble one, ſo warm'd, would ſpeak. *Wal.*

SNOW.

A Shower of ſoft and fleecy Rain
Falls to new-cloath the Earth again:
Behold the Mountain Tops around,
As if with Fur of Ermin crown'd:
And lo! how by Degrees,
The univerſal Mantle hides the Trees,
In hoary Flakes which downward fly,
As if it were the Autumn of the Sky,
Whoſe fall of Leaf would their's ſupply.
Trembling the Groves ſuſtain the Weight, and bow,
Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow. *Cong.*

SOCRATES.

Thus *Socrates* was obſtinately good,
Vertuous by Force, by Inclination lewd;
When ſecret Movements drew his Soul aſide,
He quell'd his Luſts, and ſtem'd the ſwelling Tide;
Suſtain'd

Sustain'd by Reason still, unmov'd, he stood,
And steady bore against th' opposing Flood.
He durst correct what Nature form'd amiss,
And forc'd unwilling Virtue to be his;
Fame circling flies thro' ev'ry *Grecian* Town,
Proclaims the *Sage*, and makes the *Hero* known;
Applause from Men might not alone suffice:
They still'd him good, but Heav'n pronounc'd him wise.
(Dryd.

SOLDIER.

A Leader seem'd
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the Sway
Of Battel, open when, and when to close
The Ridges of grim War: No Thought of Flight,
None of Retreat: No unbecoming Deed
That argu'd Fear, each on himself rely'd,
As only in his Arm the Moment lay
Of Victory. *Milt.*

The Tyrant, Custom,
Has made the flinty and steel Couch of War
My thrice driven Bed of Down.
Rude am I in my Speech,
And little bless'd with the soft Phrase of Peace:
For since these Arms of mine had seven Years Pith,
'Till now some nine Moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest Action in the tented Field:
And little of this great World can I speak,
More than pertains to Feats of Broils and Battel.
(Shak. Othel.

Let Honour
Call for my Blood, and sluice it into Streams:
Turn Fortune loose again to my Pursuit,
And let me hunt her thro' embattel'd Foes,
In dusty Plains amidst the Cannons Roar,
There will I be the first. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Black was his Beard, and manly was his Face,

The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head;
And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red:
He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Stare,
And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews ſtrong,
Broad-ſhoulder'd, and his Arms were round and long:
Upright he ſtood, and bore aloft his Shield,
Conſpicuous from afar, and over-look'd the Field.
His Surcoat was a Bear's Skin on his Back,
His Hair hung long behind, and gloſſy Raven black:
Whene'er he ſpoke, his Voice was heard around,
Loud as a Trumpet with a ſilver Sound. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Rough in Battel,
As the firſt *Romans*, when they went to War;
Yet after Victory more pitiful,
Than all their praying Virgins left at Home.

Twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: by painful Journeys
I led them patient both of Heat and Hunger:
'Twill do you good to ſee their Sun-burnt Faces,
Their ſcarr'd Cheeks, and chopt Hands; there's Virtue (in them:
They'll ſell thoſe mangled Limbs at dearer Rates
Than you trim Bands can buy.

Oh thou haſt fir'd me! my Soul is up in Arms,
And mans each Part about me: Once again
That noble Eagerneſs of Fight has ſeiz'd me,
That Eagerneſs, with which I darted upward
To *Caſſius* Camp: In vain the ſteepy Hill
Oppos'd my way: In vain a War of Spears
Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield:
I won the Trenches, while my foremoſt Men
Lagg'd on the Plain below: Come on, my Soldier!
Our Hearts and Arms are ſtill the ſame: I long
Once more to meet our Foes, that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
May taſte Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a Paſſage,

And

And entring where the foremoſt Squadrons yield,
Begin the noble Harveſt of the Field. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Thro' all the Mazes of the bloody Field
I hunted his ſacred Life. I fought him
Where Ranks fell thickeſt; 'twas indeed the Place
To ſeek *Sebaſtian*; thro' a Track of Death
I follow'd him by Groans of dying Men:
But ſtill I came too late; for he was flown,
Like Lightning, ſwift before me, to new Slaughter.
I mow'd acroſs, and made irregular Harveſt,
Defac'd the Pomp of Battel, but in vain:
For he was ſtill ſupplying Death elſewhere.

As for *Sebaſtian*, we muſt ſearch the Field,
And, where we ſee a Mountain of the Slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below,
There ſhall he find him at his manly Length,
With his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument
Which his true Sword has digg'd.

He in the Battel had a thirſty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

When the young Hero, yet unfledg'd in Arms,
Made the tough Age of bold *Ramirez* bend,
He fought like *Mars* deſcending from the Skies,
And look'd like *Venus* riſing from the Waves
(Dryd. Love Triumph.

Adorn'd with Sweat, and painted gay with Blood,
He hews down all, and deals his Deaths around. *Cowl.*

Had'ſt thou once ſeen him, like the God of War,
While grieſly Terror perch'd upon his Plume,
Severely ſhining in his dreadful Helmet,
And thund'ring thro' the Tempeſt of the Field.
(Den. Rin. & Arm.

How nobly he becomes the great Battalion!
See how he ſhines in Arms, and ſuns the Field:
Moves, ſpeaks, and fights, and is himſelf a War.
(Lee D. of Guiſe.

Succeſs attended ſtill his brandiſh'd Sword,
And, like the Grave, the glutt'nous Blade devour'd:

Slaughter upon its Point in Triumph ſate,
And ſcatter'd Death as quick and wide as Fate. *Old.*

SOLITUDE.

O Solitude! firſt State of human Kind,
Which bleſt remain'd, 'till Man did find
Ev'n his own Helper's Company!
As ſoon as two, alas! together join'd,
The Serpent made up three.
Thee God himſelf thro' countleſs Ages, thee
His ſole Companion choſe to be!
Thee, ſacred Solitude! alone,
Before the branchy Head of Numbers three
Sprung from the Trunk of one.
Ah! wretched and too ſolitary He,
Who loves not his own Company!
He'll feel the Weight of 't ev'ry Day,
Unleſs he call in Sin or Vanity,
To help to bear't away. *Cowl.*

For Solitude ſometimes is beſt Society.
In Solitude
What Happineſs? Who can enjoy alone?
Or all enjoying what Contentment find? *Milt.*

SORROW.

He at the News
Heart-ſtruck, with chilling Gripe of Sorrow ſtood,
That all his Senſes bound. *Milt.*

Some ſecret Anguiſh rouls within his Breaſt,
That ſhakes him, like an Earthquake, which he preſſes,
And will not give it vent.
He bluſhes and would ſpeak, and wants a Voice,
And ſtares, and gapes like a forbidden Ghoſt.
Dryd. Cleom.

Darkneſs, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inſeparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever. *Dryd. Amphit.*

Con-

Confuſion, Fear, Diſtraction, and Diſgrace,
And ſilent Shame are ſeen on ev'ry Face. *Dryd. Virg.*
All Ages, all Degrees unſluice their Eyes;
And Heav'n and Earth reſound with Murmurs, Groans
(and Cries.
Matrons and Maidens beat their Breaſts, and tear
Their Habits, and ſoot up their ſcatter'd Hair.
(*Dryd. Ovid.*
Mean time no ſqualliđ Grief his Looks defiles,
He guilds his ſadder Fate with nobler Smiles.
Thus the World's Eye, with reconciled Streams
Shines in his Showers, as if he wept his Beams. *Cleav.*

SOUL.

The Soul, 'tis true, condemn'd a while by Fate,
To this dull Priſon, grieves the preſſing Weight.
Continu'd Doubts, and endleſs Tumults riſe,
While Reaſon dictates ſtill what Senſe denies:
Preſs'd down by Clay, ſhe ſtoops to low Deſires,
And doats on Earth, and fancy'd Good admires:
But when the riſing Mind, impartial views
Her wond'rous ſelf, and her own Thoughts perſues,
How vain the tranſient Show of Things around,
What worthleſs Baits are guilty Pleaſures found!
She ſpurns her Cage, and takes unbounded Flight
To Heav'n, her bleſsful Home, and to Etherial Light.

SPIRITS.

Spirits, that live throughout
Vital in ev'ry Part, not as frail Man,
In Entrails, Head or Heart, Liver or Reins,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die;
Nor in their liquid Texture mortal Wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid Air:
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ear,
All Intellect, all Senſe; and, as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and Colour, Shape, or Site
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare.

For Spirits, when they pleaſe,
Can either Sex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft,
And uncompounded is their Eſſence pure,
Not ty'd or manacl'd with Joynt or Limb,
Nor founded on the brittle Strength of Bones,
Like cumbrous Fleſh, but in what Shape they chuſe,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their airy Purpoſes,
And Works of Love or Enmity fulfil. *Milt.*

SPRING.

When the bright Orb, to ſolace Southern Seats,
Inverts his Courſe, and from the North retreats;
And he advances, his indulgent Beam
Makes the glad Earth with freſh Conceptions teem;
Reſtores their leafy Honours to the Woods,
Flow'rs to the Banks, and Freedom to the Floods;
Unbinds the Turf, exhilerates the Plain,
Brings back his Labour, and recruits the Swain;
Thro' all the Soil a genial Ferment ſpreads,
Regenerates the Plants, and new adorns the Meads:
The Birds on Branches perch'd, or on the Wing,
At Nature's verdant Reſtauration ſing,
And with melodious Lays ſalute the Spring.

As in the youthful Spring we often ſee
The flow'ry Bloſſoms on ſome blooming Tree,
Which promiſes delicious Fruit, and keeps
The ſanguin Cherry for the Ladies Lips:
But if ſome Wind, or ruder Clown ſhall ſhake
The hopeful Boughs, or tender Branches break,
The Longings of the teeming Wife are croſt,
And all the early Hopes of Summer loſt.

The Seaſons too obſerv'd, of ſov'reign Uſe,
Much to a beauteous Progeny conduce;
Of all, the Spring-Embraces beſt ſucceed,
Productive of the ſtrongeſt, ſanguin Breed:
Then Nature kindly animates the Earth,
And quickens with an univerſal Birth;

The

The Air impregnated with fruitful Rays,
Reviving Force, and genial Warmth conveys.
When with his golden Horns in full Carrier
The *Bull* beats down the Barrier of the Year;
And *Argos* and the *Dog* forſake the Northern Sphere.
(*Rowe's Call.*

The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves,
The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives;
For then Almighty *Jove* deſcends, and pours
Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Show'rs;
And mixing his large Limbs with hers, he feeds
Her Births with timely Juice, and foſters teeming Seeds.
Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
And Beaſts, by Nature ſtung, renew their Love.
Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn diſcloſe,
And while the balmy Weſtern Spirit blows,
Earth to the Breath her Boſom dares expoſe.
With kindly Moiſture then the Plants abound,
The Graſs ſecurely Springs above the Ground:
The tender Twig ſhoots upward to the Skies,
And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.
The ſwerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
Unhurt by Southern Show'rs, or Northern Hail:
They ſpread their Gems the genial Warmth to ſhare,
And boldly truſt their Buds in open Air.
In this ſoft Seaſon, (let me dare to ſing)
The World was hatch'd by Heav'ns imperial King,
In Prime of all the Year, and Holy-Days of Spring.
Then did the new Creation firſt appear,
Nor other was the Tenour of the Year;
When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,
And Eaſtern Winds their wintry Breath ſuſpend;
Then Sheep firſt ſaw the Sun in open Fields,
And ſavage Beaſts were ſent to ſtock the Wilds;
And golden Stars flew up to light the Skies,
And Man's relentleſs Race from ſtony Quarries riſe.
Nor could the tender new Creation bear
Th' exceſſive Heats or Coldneſs of the Year;

But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,
The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd:
When Warmth and Moiſture did at once abound,
And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground.
When Spring makes equal Day;
When weſtern Winds on curling Waters play;
When painted Meads produce their flow'ry Crops,
And Swallows twitter on the Chimney-tops.
See on the Shore inhabits purple Spring,
Where Nightingales their love-ſick Ditties ſing;
See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the Ground,
The Grotto's cool with ſhady Poplars crown'd,
And creeping Vines on Arbours ſwerv'd around.
The early dawning of the Year,
While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds
Her frozen Boſom to the weſtern Winds;
While Mountain Snows diſſolve againſt the Sun,
And Streams yet new, from Precipices run.
When Winter's Rage abates, when chearful Hours
Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the Flow'rs:
'Tis then the Hills with pleaſing Shades are crown'd,
And Sleeps are ſweeter on the ſilken Ground.
With milder Beams the Sun ſecurely ſhines,
Fat are the Lambs, and luſcious are the Wines.
The purple Spring arrays the various Ground:
The Trees are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with Graſs
The Bloſſoms blow, the Birds on Buſhes ſing,
And Nature has accompliſh'd all the Spring.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

Now turning from the wintry Signs, the Sun
His Courſe exalted, thro' the *Ram* had run:
And whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove
Thro' *Taurus*, and the lightſome Realms of *Love*;
When *Venus* from her Orb deſcends in Show'rs
To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields with Flow'rs:

When

When firſt the tender Blades of Graſs appear,
And Buds that yet the Blaſt of *Eurus* fear,
Stand at the Door of Life, and doubt to cloath the Year;
'Till gentle Heat, an ſoft repeated Rains,
Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins;
Then, at their Call emboldened, out they come,
And ſwell the Gems, and burſt the narrow Room:
Broader and broader yet their Blooms diſplay,
Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the Day.
Then from their breathing Souls their Sweets repair
To ſcent the Skies, and purge th' unwholſom Air.
Joy ſpreads the Heart, and with a gen'ral Song
Spring iſſues out, and leads the jolly Months along.
(Dryd. Flow. and the Leaf.

Now laviſh Nature has adorn'd the Year;
Now the pale Primroſe, and blue Vi'let ſpring,
And Birds eſſay their Throats, diſus'd to ſing.
(Dryd. The Cock and the Fox.

STAG.

On the Plain
Three beamy Stags command a lordly Train
Of branching Heads; the more ignoble Throng
Attend their ſtately Steps, and ſlowly graze along.
Thus when a fearful Stag is clos'd around
With crimſon Toils, or in a River found,
High on the Bank the deep-mouth'd Hound appears,
Still op'ning, following ſtill where'er he ſteers:
The perſecuted Creature to and fro,
Turns here and there, to 'ſcape his *Umbrian* Foe:
Steep is th' Aſcent, and if he gain the Land,
The purple Death is pitch'd along the Strand.
His eager Foe, determin'd to the Chaſe,
Stretch'd at his length, gains Ground at ev'ry Pace:
Now to his beamy Head he makes his Way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds the Prey;
Juſt at the Pinch, the Stag ſprings out with Fear,
He bites the Wind, and fills his ſounding Jaws with Air.

The

The Rocks, the Lakes, the Meadows ring with Cries,
The mortal Tumult mounts, and thunders in the Skies.
Thus like a Stag, whom all the Troop ſurrounds
Of eager Huntſmen, and invading Hounds:
No Flight is left, nor Hopes to force his Way;
Embolden'd by Deſpair, he ſtands at Bay,
Reſolv'd on Death, he diſſipates his Fears,
And bounds aloft, againſt the pointed Spears.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

So the tall Stag upon the Brink
Of ſome ſmooth Stream, about to drink,
Surveying there his armed Head,
With Shame remembers that he fled
The Dogs he ſcorn'd: reſolves to try
The Combat next; but if their Cry
Invade agen his trembling Ear,
He ſtrait reſumes his wonted Care,
Leaves the untaſted Spring behind,
And, wing'd with Fear, out-flies the Wind.
(*Waller.*

On the Head of a STAG.

So we ſome antique Heroe's Strength
Learn by his Lance's Weight and Length,
As theſe vaſt Beams expreſs the Beaſt,
Whoſe ſhady Brows alive they dreſs'd.
O fertile Head, which ev'ry Year
Could ſuch a Crop of Wonder bear!
Which might it never have been caſt,
Each Year's Growth added to the laſt,
Theſe lofty Branches had ſupply'd
The Earth's bold Sons prodigious Pride:
Heav'n with theſe Engines had been ſcal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.
(*Waller.*

STANDARD.

He from the glitt'ring Staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial Enſign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a Meteor ſtreaming to the Wind,

With

With Gems and golden Luſtre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphick Arms and Trophies! all the while
Sonorous Metal blowing martial Sounds.
All in a Moment thro' the Gloom were ſeen,
Ten thouſand Banners riſe into the Air,
With orient Colours waving. *Milt.*

He wav'd his royal Banner in the Wind;
Where in an argent Field the God of War
Was drawn triumphant on his Iron Carr;
Red was his Sword and Shield, and whole Attire,
And all the Godhead ſeem'd to glow with Fire.
Ev'n the Ground glitter'd where the Standard flew,
And the green Graſs was dy'd to ſanguin Hue.
(*Dryd. Pa'. & Arc.*

STARS.

The arched Concave of the World behold,
Studded with Stars, and ſkirted round with Gold:
Think not, tho' ſhining Luminaries blaze,
That idle Man may on the Proſpect gaze:
For higheſt *Jove*, whoſe forming Hand they boaſt,
Sow'd not the Heav'ns with that unnumber'd Hoſt,
That we might upward caſt our wand'ring Eyes,
And praiſe the curious Picture of the Skies;
From deeper Reaſons of the *Maker*'s Thought,
Was that fine Syſtem of Creation wrought.
Obſerv'ſt thou not the Fluxes here below,
As diff'rent Stars their diff'rent Faces ſhow,
How Heats they cauſe, or Show'rs or Tempeſts range,
And ev'ry Element alternate change.

As when the Stars in their Ethereal Race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid Space,
At certain Periods they reſume their Place.
From the ſame Point of Heav'n their Courſe advance,
And move in Meaſures of their former Dance. *Dryd.*

Dog Star.

See how the Dog-Star's Fire the Meadows burns,
Drinks Rivers up, and drains their thirſty Urns.
Evening

Evening Star.

Bright *Heſperus*, that leads the Starry Train;
Whoſe Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth; ſhort Arbiter
'Twixt Day and Night. *Milt.*

Falling Star.

The ſeeming Stars fall headlong from the Skies,
And, ſhooting thro' the Darkneſs, gild the Night
With ſweeping Glories, and long Trails of Light.
(Dryd. Virg.

The ſhooting Stars end all in purple Jellies.
(Dryd. Oedip.

Morning Star.

Faireſt of Stars, laſt in the Train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn:
Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet. *Milt.*

Guide of the ſtarry Flock. *Dryd.*

So from the Seas exerts his radiant Head
The Star, by whom the Lights of Heav'n are led;
Shakes from his roſy Locks the pearly Dews,
Diſpels the Darkneſs, and the Day renews. *Dryd. Virg.*

STATES-MAN.

Th' ambitious States-man labours dark Deſigns,
Now open Force employs, now undermines:
By Paths direct his End he now perſues,
By ſide Approaches now, and ſlanting Views.

STATUES.

He carv'd in Ivory ſuch a Maid, ſo fair,
As Nature could not with his Art compare,
Were ſhe to work, but in her own Defence
Muſt take her Pattern here, and copy hence:
Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and laſt, the Thing ador'd, deſires.
A very Virgin in her Face was ſeen,
And, had ſhe mov'd, a living Maid had been.

One

One would have thought ſhe could have ſtirr'd, but ſtrove
With Modeſty, and was aſham'd to move.
Art hid with Art, ſo well perform'd the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit;
He knows 'tis Madneſs, yet he muſt adore,
And ſtill the more he knows it, loves the more.
(*Dryd. Ovid.*

STOMACH.

The large Receiver for Concoction made,
Behold amidſt the warmeſt Bowels laid:
The Spleen to this, and to the adverſe Side
The glowing Liver's Comfort is apply'd:
Beneath, the Pancreas has its proper Seat,
To chear its Neighbour, and augment its Heat.
More to aſſiſt it for its deſtin'd Uſe,
The ample Bag is ſtor'd with active Juice,
Which can with Eaſe ſubdue, with Eaſe unbind
Admitted Meats of ev'ry diff'rent Kind.
This pow'rful Ferment mingling with the Parts,
The leven'd Maſs to milky Chyle converts.
The Stomach's Fibres this concocted Food,
By their Contraction's gentle Force exclude;
Which by the Mouth on the right Side deſcends
Thro' the wide Paſs, which from the Mouth depends.
(*Black. Creat.*

STORM.

Hee cryde, as rageing Seas are wont to rore,
When wintry Storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling Billows beat the ragged Shore,
And they, the Earth would ſhoulder from her ſeat,
And greedy gulf does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour Element in his revenge:
Then gin the bluſtering breathren boldly threat,
To move the world from off his ſtedfaſt henge,
And boyſtrous battell make, each other to avenge.

Like to a Storme that hovers under Skie
Long here and there, and round about doth flie,

At length breaks down in raine, and haile, and fleet,
First from one Coaſt, till nought thereof be dry;
And then another, till that likewiſe fleet;
And ſo from ſide to ſide, till all the world be weet.
(*Spen.*

From the damp Earth impervious Vapours riſe,
Encreaſe the Darkneſs, and involve the Skies.
At once the ruſhing Winds with roaring Sound
Burſt from th' *Æolian* Caves, and rend the Ground,
With equal Rage their airy Quarrel try,
And win by turns the Kingdom of the Sky:
But with a thicker Night black *Auſter* ſhrouds
The Heav'ns, and drives on Heaps the rolling Clouds:
Then down on Earth a rattling Tempeſt pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily Show'rs.
From Pole to Pole the Thunder roars aloud,
And broken Lightnings flaſh from ev'ry Cloud.
Now ſmoaks with Show'rs the miſty Mountain-(Ground,
And floated Fields lye undiſtinguiſh'd round:
Th' *Inachian* Streams with headlong Fury run,
And *Eraſinus* rouls a Deluge on:
The foaming *Letna* ſwells above its Bounds,
And ſpreads its ancient Poyſon o'er the Grounds:
Where late was Duſt, now rapid Torrents play,
Ruſh thro' the Mounds, and bear the Dams away:
Old Limbs of Trees, from crackling Foreſts torn,
Are whirl'd in Air, and on the Winds are born;
The Storm the dark *Lycean* Groves diſplay'd,
And firſt to Light expos'd the venerable Shade.
Oft have I ſeen a ſudden Storm ariſe
From all the warring Winds that ſweep the Skies:
The heavy Harveſt from the Root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble born:
With ſuch a Force the flying Rack is driv'n,
And ſuch a Winter wears the Face of Heav'n!
And oft whole Sheets deſcend of fluicy Rain,
Suck'd by the ſpungy Clouds from off the Main:

The

The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd Crop, and golden Labours drown:
The Dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring Sound,
The riſing Rivers float the nether Ground, (bound.
And Rocks the bellowing Noiſe of boiling Seas re-
The Father of the Gods his Glory ſhrowds,
Involv'd in Tempeſts, and a Night of Clouds;
And from the middle Darkneſs flaſhing out,
By Fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.
Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,
Her Entrails tremble, and her Mountains Nod:
And flying Beaſts in Foreſts ſeek Abode.
Either Tropick now
'Gan thunder: at both Ends of Heav'n the Clouds,
From many a horrid Rift abortive pour'd
Fierce Rain with Lightning mix'd, Water with Fire
In Ruin reconcil'd. Dreadful was the Rack (Winds
As Earth and Sky would mingle: Nor yet ſlept the
Within their ſtony Caves, but ruſh'd abroad
From the four Hinges of the World, and fell
On the vex'd Wilderneſs, whoſe talleſt Pines,
Tho' rooted deep as high, and ſturdieſt Oaks
Bow'd their ſtiff Necks, loaden with ſtormy Blaſts,
Or torn up ſheer. *Milt.*

Heav'ns Cryſtal Battlements to pieces daſh'd,
In Storms of Hail were downward hurl'd,
Loud Thunder roar'd, red Lightning flaſh'd,
And univerſal Uproar fill'd the World.
Torrents of Water, Floods of Flame,
From Heav'n in fighting Ruins came.
At once the Hills, that to the Clouds aſpire,
Were waſh'd with Rain, and ſcorch'd with Fire.
(*Blackm.*

Thus Storms, let looſe,
Do rive the Trunks of talleſt Cedars down,
Tear from their Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
And kill the tender Flow'rs, but yet half-blown:

But

But having no more Fury left in Store, (more,
Heav'n's Face grows clear, the Storm is heard no
And Nature ſmiles as gaily as before. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

On the Storm that preceded the Death of O. Cromwel.

We muſt reſign! Heav'n his great Soul does claim
In Storms as loud as his immortal Fame;
His dying Groans, his laſt Breath ſhakes our Iſle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Fun'ral Pile:
About his Palace their broad Roots are toſt
Into the Air; ſo *Romulus* was loſt!
New *Rome* in ſuch a Tempeſt miſs'd her King,
And from obeying fell to worſhipping:
On *Oëta's* Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him ſpread.
Nature her ſelf took Notice of his Death,
And, ſighing, ſwell'd the Sea with ſuch a Breath,
That to remoteſt Shores her Billows roll'd,
Th' approaching Fate of their great Ruler told. *Wall.*

STORM at Sea.

Now, like a fiery Meteor ſunk the Sun;
The Promiſe of a Storm! the ſhifting Gales
Forſake by Fits, and fill the flagging Sails.
Hoarſe Murmurs of the Main from far were heard,
And Night came on, not by Degrees prepar'd,
But all at once: at once the Winds ariſe,
The Thunders roul, the forky Lightning flies:
In vain the Maſter iſſues out Commands,
In vain the trembling Sailors ply their Hands:
The Tempeſt unforeſeen prevents their Care,
And from the firſt they labour in Deſpair.
The giddy Ship, between the Winds and Tides
Forc'd back and forwards, in a Circle rides,
Stunn'd with the diff'rent Blows; then ſhoots amain,
'Till, counterbuff'd, ſhe ſtops, and ſleeps again:
And now with Sails declin'd,
The wand'ring Veſſel drove before the Wind:

Toſs'd

Toſs'd and retoſs'd, aloft, and then alow;
Nor Port they ſeek, nor certain Courſe they know,
But ev'ry Moment wait the coming Blow.
(*Dryd. Cym. & Iph.*

Then o'er our Heads deſcends a Burſt of Rain,
And Night, with ſable Clouds, involves the Main:
The ruffling Winds the foamy Billows raiſe;
The ſcatter'd Fleet is forc'd to ſev'ral Ways:
The Face of Heav'n is raviſh'd from our Eyes,
And in redoubled Peals the roaring Thunder flies.
Caſt from our Courſe, we wander in the Dark,
Nor Star to guide, nor Point of Land to mark;
Ev'n *Palinurus* no Diſtinction found (around.
Between the Night and Day: ſuch Darkneſs reign'd

Thus when a black-brow'd Goſt begins to riſe,
White Foam at firſt on the curl'd Ocean fries;
Then roars the Main, the Billows mount the Skies,
'Till by the Fury of the Storm, full blown,
The muddy Bottom o'er the Clouds is thrown.

To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we ride,
Then down to Hell deſcend when they divide:
And thrice our Gallies knock'd the ſtony Ground,
And thrice the hollow Rocks return'd the Sound,
And thrice we ſaw the Stars, that ſtood with Dews
(around. *Dryd. Virg.*

Storm and Shipwreck.

Then *Æolus* hurl'd againſt the Mountain Side
His quiv'ring Spear, and all the God apply'd.
The raging Winds run thro' the hollow Wound,
And dance aloft in Air, and ſkim along the Ground:
Then, ſettling on the Sea, the Surges ſweep,
Raiſe liquid Mountains, and diſcloſe the Deep.
South, Eaſt, and Weſt, with mixt Confuſion roar,
And roll the foaming Billows to the Shore:
The Cables rack, the Sailors fearful Cries
Aſcend, and Sable Night involves the Skies;
And Heav'n it ſelf is raviſh'd from our Eyes.

Loud

Loud Peals of Thunder from the Poles enſue:
Then flaſhing Fires the tranſient Light renew.
The Face of Things a frightful Image bears,
And preſent Death in various Forms appears:
Fierce *Boreas* drives againſt the flying Sails,
And rends the Sheets: the raging Billows riſe,
And mount the toſſing Veſſel to the Skies.
Nor can the ſhiv'ring Oars ſuſtain the Blow;
The Galley gives her Side, and turns her Prow:
While thoſe a-ſtern, deſcending down the Steep,
Thro' gaping Waves behold the boiling Deep.
Three Ships were hurry'd by the Southern Blaſt,
And on the ſecret Shelves with Fury caſt.
Three more fierce *Eurus* in his angry Mood,
Daſh'd on the Shallows of the moving Sand,
And in mid Ocean left them moor'd aſtand.
From Stem to Stem one was by Waves o'erborn,
The trembling Pilot, from the Rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd; the Ship thrice round was toſt,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the Deep was loſt.
And here and there above the Waves were ſeen,
Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men:
The ſtouteſt Veſſel to the Storm gave Way,
And ſuck'd thro' looſen'd Planks the ruſhing Sea.
The Ships with gaping Seams
Admit the Deluge of the briny Streams. *Dryd. Virg.*

STREAM.

The Stream is ſo tranſparent, pure, and clear,
That had the ſelf-enamour'd Youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the Bottom, not his Face, had ſeen. *Daub.*

STRENGTH.

Compos'd of mighty Bones and Brawn he ſtands,
A goodly tow'ring Object on the Sands.

His

His brawny Back, and ample Breaſt he ſhows;
His lifted Arms around his Head he throws,
And deals in whiſtling Air his empty Blows.

We met in Fight; I know him to my Coſt,
With what a whirling Force his Lance he toſs'd!
Heav'ns! what a Spring was in his Arm to throw!
How high he held his Shield, and roſe at ev'ry Blow!
Had *Troy* produc'd two more his Match in Might,
They would have chang'd the Fortune of the Fight:
Th' Invaſion of the *Greeks* had been return'd,
Our Empire waſted, and our Cities burn'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

But what is Strength without a double Share
Of Wiſdom? Vaſt, unweildy, burthenſom:
Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall
By weakeſt Subtilties; Strength's not made to rule,
But to ſubſerve, where Wiſdom bears Command. *Milt.*

SUBJECT.

Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majeſty?
To place my ſelf beneath the mighty Flaw,
Thus to be cruſh'd and pounded into Atoms
By its o'erwhelming Weight? 'Tis too preſuming
For Subjects to preſerve that wilful Pow'r,
Which courts its own Deſtruction. *Dryd. All for Love.*

The Elephant is never won with Anger,
Nor muſt that Man, who would reclaim a Lion,
Take him by the Teeth.
Our honeſt Actions, and the Truth, that breaks,
Like Morning, from our Service, chaſte and bluſhing,
Is that which pulls a Prince back: then he ſees,
And not 'till then truly repents his Errours.
(Roch. Valen.

Subjects are ſtiff-neck'd Animals, they ſoon
Feel ſlacken'd Reins, and throw their Rider down.
(Dryd. Auren.

Subjects like theſe are ſeldom ſeen,
Who not forſook me at my greateſt Need,

Nor

Nor for baſe Lucre ſold their Loyalty;
But ſhar'd my Dangers to the laſt Event,
And fenc'd them with their own. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

He who his Prince too blindly does obey;
To keep his Faith, his Virtue throws away.
(*Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

SUCCESS.

For Falling is no Shame,
And Cowardiſe alone is Loſs of Fame:
The Vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle thrown,
But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own:
If Crowns and Palms the Conq'ring Side adorn,
The Victor under better Stars was born.
The brave Man ſeeks not popular Applauſe,
Nor, overpower'd with Arms deſerts his Cauſe;
Unchang'd tho' foil'd, he does the beſt he can:
Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man.

All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cauſe.
(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Virtue without Succeſs
Is a fair Picture ſhewn by an ill Light:
But Lucky Men are Favourites of Heav'n.
(*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

For all Affections wait on proſp'rous Fame:
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets Shame.
(*Hom.*

SUMMER.

Like as in Summer's day, when rageing heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled rivers dry,
That all brute beaſts forc't to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for ſhade where ſhrowded they may lie,
And miſſing it, faine from themſelves to flie;
All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth over-caſt the ſkie,
And poureth forth a ſudden ſhowre of raine,
That all the wretched World recomforteth againe.
(*Spen.*

But

But Summer-heats the flowing Bile inflame,
And prey too fiercely on the vital Frame;
The Strength ſtill waſting as the Spirits fly,
Defrauded Nature wants a due ſupply. *Sewell's Call.*

The Heat of Summer Benefits produce
Of equal Number, and of equal Uſe.
The ſprouting Births, and beauteous vernal Bloom,
By warmer Rays to ripe Perfection come.
Th' auſtere and pond'rous Juices they ſublime,
Make them aſcend the porous Soil, and climb
The Orange-Tree, the Citron, and the Lime:
Which drunk in plenty by the thirſty Root,
Breaks forth in painted Flow'rs, and golden Fruit:
They explicate the Leaves, and ripen Food
For the Silk-Labourers of the Mulberry-Wood:
And the ſweet Liquor on the Cane beſtow,
From which prepar'd the luſcious Sugar flow;
With gen'rous Juice enrich the ſpreading Vine,
And in the Grape digeſt the ſprightly Wine.
The fragrant Trees, which grow by *Indian* Floods,
And in *Arabia*'s Aromatick Woods,
Owe all their Spices to the Summer's Heat,
Their gummy Tears, and odorif'rous Sweat.
Now the bright Sun compaſſes the precious Stone,
Imparting radiant Luſtre like his own:
He tinctures Rubies with their roſy Hue,
And on the Saphire ſpreads a heav'nly Blue;
For the proud Monarch's dazling Crown prepares
Rich Orient Pearl, and Adamantine Stars. *Black. Creat.*

The Sun is in the *Lyon* mounted high,
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry Breath infects the Sky:
The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry.
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock
Beneath the Covert of a Rock;
And ſeeks refreſhing Riv'lets nigh:
The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire;

Thoſe very Shades and Streams, new Shades and Streams (require,
And want a cooling Breath of Wind to fan the raging (Fire. *Dryd. Hor.*

The ſultry Dog-Star from the Sky
Scorch'd *Indian* Swains, the rivel'd Graſs was dry;
The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Flood;
And darting to the Bottom bak'd the Mud. *Dryd. Virg.*

SUN.

As when two Suns appear in th' azure Sky,
Mounted in *Phœbus* charot fierie bright:
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with Lamps of flaming light,
All that behold ſuch ſtrange prodigious ſighte,
Not knowing Nature's work, nor what to weene,
Are wrapt with wonder and with rare affright.

As the bright Sun, what time his fiery teame
Towards the weſterne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightneſs of his beame,
And fervour of his Flames ſome-what withdraw. *Spen.*

How ſoon the Sun-beams at the Morning's Birth
Leap down from Heav'n, and light upon the Earth?
Prodigious Flight! they in few Minutes paſs
The vaſt etherial interpoſing Space.
Look up, and then conceive, how vaſt, how bright,
That inexhauſted Sourſe of joyous Light!
Think, if the ſluggiſh Earth be downward preſt
By its own Weight, and courts unactive Reſt,
Th' unweary'd God to daily Toil ſucceeds, (Steeds;
And drives th' etherial Stage, and guides the flying
While we, dull and unmov'd, ſee all beſide
Dance the ſwift Round, and Circle thro' the Void:
But if the Sun, fix'd in his central Throne,
Attracts the Planets, and Commands alone,

And

He tunes the Spheres, and they harmonious Sound,
Earth to become a Star, and keeps the conſtant Round.
(Black. Great.

O Sun! of this great World both Eye and Soul.
Oh thou! that with ſurpaſſing Glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole Dominion, like the God
Of this great World, at whoſe Sight all the Stars
Hide their diminiſh'd Heads!

The Golden Sun, in Splendor likeſt Heav'n,
(Aloof the vulgar Conſtellations thick,
That from his lordly Eye keep Diſtance due)
Diſpenſes Light from far: they as they move
Their ſtarry Dance, in Numbers that compute
Days, Months, and Years, tow'rds his all-chearing
(Lamp
Turn ſwift their various Motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetick Beam, that gently warms
The Univerſe, and to each inward Part,
With gentle Penetration, tho' unſeen
Shoots inviſible Virtue ev'n to the Deep. *Milt.*

So when the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,
Strike on the poliſh'd Graſs their trembling Light;
The glitt'ring Species here and there divide,
And caſt their dubious Beams from Side to Side.
Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,
And to the Ceiling flaſh the glaring Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Diſk of *Phœbus* when he climbs on high
Appears at firſt but as a blood-ſhot Eye;
And when his Chariot downward drives to Bed,
His Ball is with the ſame Suffuſion red.
But, mounted high in his meridian Race,
All bright he ſhines, and with a better Face. *Dryd. Ovid.*

As glorious as the Sun at Noon,
To the admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,
When he beſtrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And ſails upon the Boſom of the Air. *Otw. Don. Carl.*

SUN *rising.*

The Sun ſcarce riſen,
With Wheels yet hov'ring o'er the Ocean Brim,
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy Ray. *Milt.*

SUN *Set.*

The parting Sun,
Beyond the Earth's green Cape, and verdant Iſles,
Heſperean ſets. *Milt.*

The ſetting Sun
Still leaves a Track of Glory in the Skies. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

The weſtern Sun now ſhot a feeble Ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the Remains of Day. *Add. Camp.*

SUPERSTITION.

Where that old Woman day and night did pray
Upon her beades devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater noſters* every day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aves* ſhe was wont to ſay.
And to augment her painefull penance more,
Thrice every week in Aſhes ſhe did ſit,
And next her wrinkled ſkin rough Sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did faſt from any bit.

Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there ſhe ſtroke;
And the third time, out of an hidden ſhade,
There forth iſſued from under the Altar ſmoake,
A dreadful Fiend, with foul deformed look,
That ſtretcht it ſelf, as it had long lain ſtill;
That her long taile and feathers ſtrongly ſhook,
That all the Temple did with terror fill;
Yet him nought terrified, that feared nothing ill.

An huge great Beaſt it was, when it in length
Was ſtretched forth, that night fill'd all the place,
And ſeem'd to be of infinite great ſtrength;
Horrible, hideous, and of helliſh race,
Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* baſe, Or

Or other like infernall Furies kind:
For of a Maide ſhe had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurk behind,
The better to beguile whom ſhe ſo fond did find.

Thereto the body of a Dog ſhe had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedineſs;
A Lyon's clawes with power and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what ſo ſhe can oppreſs;
And Dragon's taile, whoes ſting without redreſs
Full deadly wounds, when ſo it is empight;
An Eagles wings for ſcope and ſpeedineſs,
That nothing may eſcape her ravening might,
Whereto ſhe ever liſt to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulneſs and deformitie
Unto that Monſter, whome the *Theban* Knight,
The Father of that fatal progeny,
Made kill her ſelf for very hearts deſpight,
That he had read her riddle, which no wight
Could ever looſe, but ſuffred deadly doole:
So alſo did this Monſter uſe like ſlight,
To many a one, which came into her School,
Whom ſhe did put to death, deceived like a fool.

Spen.

SUSPICION.

But he was foule, ill-favoured and grim,
Under his eye-brows looking ſtill aſcaunce;
And ever as Diſſemblance laught on him,
He lowr'd on her with dangerous eye-glance
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did never reſt in place,
But walkt each way for fear of hid miſchance,
Holding a lattice ſtill before his face,
Through which he ſtill did peep as forward he did paſs. *Spen.*

SWALLOW.

As the black Swallow near the Palace plies,
O'er empty Courts, and under Arches flies;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the Flood,
To furnish her loquacious Nest with Food. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Swallows, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Guest,
Persue the Sun in Summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shun the persecuting Cold.
When frowning Skies begin to change their Chear,
And Time turns up the wrong Side of the Year,
When Prudence warns 'em to remove betimes,
They seek a better Heav'n and warmer Climes.
But whether upward to the Moon they go,
Or dream the Winter out in Caves below,
Or hawk at Flies elsewhere, concerns not us to know.
Dryd. Hind. & Panth.

SWAN.

The silver Swans sail down the watry Road
And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood.
The Swans that sail along the silver Flood,
And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food.
Like a long Team of snowy Swans on high,
Which clap their Wings and cleave the liquid Sky:
When homeward from their war'ry Pastures borne,
They sing, and *Asia*'s Lakes their Notes return.
Twelve Swans behold in beauteous Order move,
And stoop with closing Pinions from above.
Whom late the Bird of *Jove* had drove along,
And thro' the Clouds persu'd the scatt'ring Throng.
Now all united in a goodly Team,
They skim the Ground, and seek the quiet Stream.
See! they, with Joy returning, clap their Wings,
And ride the Circuit of the Skies in Rings. *Dryd. Virg.*

As rising Swans
Brush with their Wings the falling Drops away,
And proudly plough the waves. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

SWIFT.

SWIFT.

Swift as the Winds, or *Scythian* Arrows Flight.
(Dryd. Virg.
Swift as a ſhooting Star that thwarts the Night. *Milt.*
Swift as exploded Light'ning from the Skies. *Blac.*
Swift as the Journeys of the Sight,
Swift as the Race of Light.
Aſahel, ſwifter than the *Northern* Wind;
Scarce could the nimble Motion of his Mind
Outgo his Feet: ſo ſtrangely would he run,
That Time it ſelf perceiv'd not what was done.
Oft o'er the Lawns and Meadows would he paſs,
His Weight unknown and harmleſs to the Graſs:
Oft o'er the Sands and hollow Duſt would trace,
Yet not one Atom trouble or diſplace. *Cowl.*
I've ſeen him ſwifter run than ſtarting Hinds,
Nor bent the tender Graſs beneath his Feet:
Nay, ev'n the Winds with all their Stock of Wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him.
(Lee's Alex.

SWIMMING.

I ſaw him beat the Billows under him,
And ride upon their Backs: he trod the Water,
Whoſe Enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The moſt ſwoll'n Surge that met him; his bold Head,
High 'bove the moſt contentious Waves he kept,
And oar'd himſelf with his ſtrong Arms to ſhore.
(Shak. Temp.
Accoutred as we were, we both plung'd in,
The troubled *Tiber* chafing with his Shores:
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it,
With luſty Sinews throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with Hearts of Controverſy.
(Shak. Jul. Cæſ.
He ſtemm'd the ſtormy Tide,
And gain'd, by Streſs of Arms, the farther Side.
(Dryd. Virg.

SWOONING.

A ſudden Trembling ſeiz'd on all his Limbs,
His Eyes diſtorted grew, his Viſage pale,
His Speech forſook him, Life it ſelf ſeem'd fled.
(*Ovw. Orph.*

Aſtoniſh'd at the Sight, the vital Heat
Forſakes her Limbs; her Veins no longer beat;
She faints; ſhe falls. *Dryd. Virg.*

Her Eyes are clos'd, and tho' with her 'tis Night,
Her Beauty ſhines without the Help of Light.
Nature begins to conquer in the Striſe,
And thro' her Lips ſoft Whiſpers ſteal of Life:
How freſh they ſhew! the Roſes almoſt gone,
For want of Air, by Breath ſeem newly blown.
Her Eyes begin to move, and ſhine with Life;
Now ſink again in Death's ungentle Striſe:
In doubtful Weather ſo the Sun reſigns,
Sometimes his Light to Clouds, and ſometimes ſhines.
(*How. Veſt. Vir.*

SWORD.

With his refulgent Sword he hew'd his Way.
From his broad Belt he drew a ſhining Sword,
Magnificent with Gold *Lycaon* made,
And in an Ivory Scabbard ſheath'd the Blade.
A Sword with glitt'ring Gems diverſify'd,
For Ornament, not Uſe, hung idly by his Side.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

SYBIL.

So the *Cumæan* Propheteſs was dumb,
Blind to the Future, and Events to come.
But when *Apollo* in her Breaſt abode,
She heav'd, ſhe ſwell'd, ſhe felt the ruſhing God.
Then Accents more than Mortal from her broke,
And what the God inſpir'd the Prieſteſs ſpoke.
The mad Prophetick *Sybil* you ſhall find
Dark in a Cave, and on a Rock reclin'd:
She ſings the Fates, and in her frantick Fits,
The Notes and Names inſcrib'd to Leafs commits:

What

What ſhe commits to Leafs, in order laid,
Before the Cavern's Entrance are diſplay'd:
Unmov'd they lye, but if a Blaſt of Wind
Without, or Vapours iſſue from behind;
The Leafs are borne aloft in liquid Air,
And ſhe reſumes no more her muſeful Care.
Nor gathers from the Rocks her ſcatter'd Verſe,
Nor ſets in Order what the Winds diſperſe.
Thus, many not ſucceeding, moſt upbraid
The Madneſs of the viſionary Maid,
And with loud Curſes leave the myſtick Shade.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

Have you been led thro' the *Cumæan* Cave,
And heard th' impatient Maid divinely rave?
I hear her now, I ſee her rowling Eyes;
And panting, Lo! the God! the God, ſhe cries;
With Words not hers, and more than human Sound,
She makes th' obedient Ghoſts peep trembling thro' the
(Ground. *Roſc.*

TASTE.

And that fourth band, which cruell battery bent
Againſt the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Taſte*,
Was as the reſt, a gryſlie rabblement,
Some mouth'd like greedy Oyſtriges, ſome fac't
Like loathy Toades, ſome faſhon'd in the waſte
Like Swine; for, ſo deform'd is luxury,
Surfair, miſdiet, and unthriftie waſte,
Vaine feaſts, and idle ſuperfluitie
All thoſe this ſenſes Fort aſſaile inceſſantly. *Spen.*

TEARS.

I'll teach him a Receipt to make
Words that weep, and Tears that ſpeak;
I'll teach him Sighs like thoſe in Death,
At which the Soul goes out too with the Breath. *Cowl.*
A riſing Storm of Paſſion ſhook her Breaſt:
Her Eyes a piteous Show'r of Tears let fall;

And then ſhe ſigh'd, as if her Heart were breaking.
Rowe's Fair Pen.

Tears not ſqueez'd by Art,
But ſhed from Nature like a kindly Show'r. *Dry. Don Seb.*

She then look'd down and ſigh'd,
While from her unchang'd Face the ſilent Tears
Drop'd as they had not Leave, and ſtole their Parting.
(Dryd. All for Love.

Her Head reclin'd, as hiding Grief from View,
Droops, like a Roſe, ſurcharg'd with Morning Dew.
(Dryd. Auren.

He begg'd Relief,
With Tears, the Dumb Petitioners of Grief:
With Tears ſo tender as adorn'd his Love.
And any Heart, but only hers, would move. *Dry Theoc.*

Believe theſe Tears, which from my wounded Heart,
Bleed at my Eyes. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Thy Heart is big; get thee apart, and weep,
Paſſion I ſee is catching; for my Eyes,
Seeing thoſe Beads of Sorrow ſtand in thine,
Begin to water. *Shak. Jul. Caſ.*

He thrice aſſay'd to ſpeak, and thrice in ſpite of Scorn,
Tears, ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt
Words interwove with Sighs found out their Way. *Milt.*

She acts the Jealous, and at Will ſhe cries,
For Womens Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes.
(Dryd. Juv.

Mine is a Grief of Fury, not Deſpair;
And if a manly Drop or two fall down,
It ſcalds along my Cheeks; like the green Wood,
That ſputt'ring in the Flames, works outward into
Tears. *(Dryd. Cleom.*

TEMPEST.

As when a windie Tempeſt bloweth hie,
That nothing may withſtand his ſtormy ſtowre,
The clowdes (as things afraid) before him flie;
But all ſo ſoone as his outrageous powre
Is laid, they fiercely then begin to ſhoure,

And

And as in ſcorne of his ſpent ſtormy ſpight,
Now all at once their malice forth doth poure;
Spen.

Things that love Night,
Love not ſuch Nights as theſe: the wrathful Skies
Gallow the very Wanderers of the Dark,
And make them keep their Caves. Since I was Man,
Such Sheets of Fire, ſuch Burſts of horrid Thunder,
Such Groans of roaring Winds and Rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's Nature cannot carry
Th' Affliction, and not fear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful Pother o'er our Heads,
Find out their Enemies now. Tremble, thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged Crimes,
Unwhipp'd of Juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody Hand,
Thou perjur'd, and thou ſimilar of Virtue,
That art inceſtuous: Caitiff, to pieces ſhake,
That under Covert and convenient Seeming,
Haſt practis'd on Man's Life. Cloſe pent-up Guilt,
Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
Theſe dreadful Summoners Grace. *Shak. K. Lear.*

TENERIFF.

From *Atlas* far, beyond a Waſte of Plains,
Proud *Teneriff*, his giant Brother reigns.
With breathing Fire his pitchy Noſtrils glow,
As from his Sides he ſhakes the fleecy Snow.
Around their hoary Prince, from watry Beds
His Subject Iſlands raiſe their verdant Heads:
The Waves ſo gently waſh each riſing Hill,
The Land ſeems floating, and the Ocean ſtill. *Gar.*

THAMES.

As when the *Thames* advances thro' the Plain,
With his freſh waters to dilute the Main;
He turns and winds amidſt the flowry Meads,
And now contracts, and now his Waters ſpreads:

Here in a Courſe direct he forward tends,
There to his Head his Waves retorted bends.
See, now the ſportive Flood in two divides
Her ſilver Train, now with uniting Tides
He wanton claſps the intercepted Soil,
And forms with ering Streams the Reedy Iſle;
At length collecting all his watry Bands,
The Ocean to augment, he leaves the Land. *Denh.*

THANKS.

Let my Tears thank you, for I cannot ſpeak,
And if I could,
Words were not made to vent ſuch Thoughts as mine,
(Dryd. Don. Seb.

Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you:
Should I begin to ſpeak, my Soul's ſo full,
That I ſhould talk of nothing elſe all day. *Otw. Orph.*

With what becoming Thanks can I reply,
Not only Words lye lab'ring in my Breaſt,
But Thought it ſelf is by thy Praiſe oppreſs'd,
(Dryd. Virg.

For ſhould our Thanks awake the riſing Sun,
And lengthen as his lateſt Shadows run;
That, tho' the longeſt Day, would ſoon, too ſoon be done. *Dryd.*

THOUGHTS.

Oh wretched Man! whoſe too too buſy Thoughts
Ride ſwifter than the galloping Heavens round,
With an eternal Hurry of the Soul:
Nay, there's a Time when ev'n the rolling Year
Seems to ſtand ſtill; dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a Breath diſturbs the drowzy Waves.
But Man, the very Monſter of the World,
Is ne'er at reſt, the Soul for ever wakes. *Lee Oedip.*

Reſtleſs Thoughts, that like a deadly Swarm
Of Hornets arm'd, in Throngs come ruſhing on me. *Mil.*

I have been ſtudying how to compare
The Priſon where I live unto the World;

And

And for becauſe the World is populous,
And here is not a Creature but my ſelf,
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer't out:
My Brain I'll prove the Female to my Soul,
My Soul the Father, and theſe two beget
A Generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts,
And theſe ſame Thoughts people this little World:
In Humours like the People of this World,
For no Thought is contented. The better Sort,
As Thoughts of things Divine, are intermix'd
With Scruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelf
Againſt the Faith.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely Wonders; how theſe vain weak Nails
May tear a Paſſage thro' the flinty Ribs
Of this hard World, my ragged Priſon Walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own Pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves
That they are not the firſt of Fortune's Slaves,
And ſhall not be the laſt: like ſilly Beggars,
Who, ſitting in the Stocks, refuge their Shame
That many have, and others muſt be there;
And in this Thought they find a kind of Eaſe:
Bearing their own Misfortunes on the Back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon many People,
And none contented. Sometimes I am a King;
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelf a Beggar,
And ſo I am: Then crushing Penury
Perſwades me I was better when a King,
Then am I king'd again: and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by *Bullingbrook*,
And ſtraight am Nothing. But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any Man, that but Man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
By being Nothing. *Shak.*

THUN-

THUNDER.

See, and revere th' Artillery of Heav'n,
Drawn by the Gale, or by the Tempeſt driv'n!
A dreadful Fire the floating Batt'ries make,
O'erturn the Mountain, and the Foreſt ſhake:
This Way and that Way drive the Atmoſphere,
And its wide Boſom from Corruption clear.
While the bright Flame conſumes the ſulphur Trains,
And noxious Vapours, which infects our Veins.
Thus they refine the vital Element,
Secure our Health, and growing Plagues prevent.
(Black. Creat.

With Terror thro' the dark Aerial Hall, *Milt.*
A Peal of rattling Thunder roll'd along,
And ſhook the Firmament. *Dryd.*

Deep Thunders roar,
Muſt'ring their Rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell.

The Thunder now
Wing'd with red Lightning, and impetuous Rage,
Has ſpent its Shafts; it ceaſes now to roar,
And bellows thro' the vaſt and boundleſs Deep. *Milt.*

TIDE.

Like as the tyde that comes fro th' Ocean maine,
Flowes up the Stream with contrary force,
And over-ruling him in his own reine,
Drives back the current of his kindly courſe,
And makes it ſeem to have ſome other ſourſe:
But when the floud is ſpent, then back againe
His borrowed waters forc't to re-diſbourſe,
He ſends the Sea his own with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soveraigne. *Spen.*

TIME.

Great enemie to it, and to all the reſt
That in the Garden of *Adonis* ſpringe,
Is wicked *Time*; who with his Scythe addreſt,

Does mowe the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glorie to the ground down flings,
Where they doe wither, and are foully marr'd:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings,
Beates down both leaves and buds without regard.
(*Spen.*

Time of it self is nothing, but from Thought
Receives it Rise, by lab'ring Fancy wrought
From Things consider'd, while we think on some
As present, some as past, or yet to come.
No Thought can think on Time,
But thinks on Things in Motion or at Rest. *Cre. Liter.*
For Nature knows,
No stedfast Station, but or ebbs or flows.
Ever in Motion, she destroys her old,
And casts new Figures in another Mold.
Even Times are in perpetual Flux, and run,
Like Rivers from their Fountains, rolling on;
For Time, no more than Streams, is at a stay,
The flying Hour is ever on her Way:
And as the Fountain still supplies her Store,
The Wave behind impels the Wave before:
Thus in successive Course the Minutes run,
And urge their Predecessor Minutes on.
Still moving, ever new; for former Things
Are set aside, like abdicated Kings.
And ev'ry Moment alters what is done,
And innovates some Act, till then unknown.
Time is th' Effect of Motion, born a Twin,
And with the World did equally begin:
Time, like the Stream, that hastens from the Shore,
Flies to an Ocean where 'tis known no more,
All must be swallow'd in this endless Deep,
And Motion rest in everlasting Sleep.
Time glides along with undiscover'd Haste,
The Future but a Length behind the past,
So swift are Years. *Dryd. Ovid.*

TONGUE.

TONGUE.

Obſerve how others, that the Tongue poſſeſs,
Which Salts of various Shape and Size impreſs,
From their affected Fibres upward dart,
And different Strokes impart.

A TOP.

As the young Striplings whip the Top for Sport,
On the ſmooth Pavement of an empty Court;
The wooden Engine whirls and flies about,
Admir'd with Clamours of the beardleſs Rout.
They laſh aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little Souls at ev'ry Stroke. *Dryd. Virg.*

The whirling Top they whip,
And drive her giddy 'till ſhe fall aſleep. *Dryd. Perſ.*

TORRENT.

As when a Torrent rouls with rapid Force,
And daſhes o'er the Stones that ſtop the Courſe;
The Flood conſtrain'd within a ſcanty Space,
Roars horrible along th' uneaſy Race:
White Foam in gath'ring Eddies floats around,
The Rocky Shores re-bellow to the Sound.

Thus when two neighb'ring Torrents ruſh from high,
Rapid they run, the foamy Waters fry;
They roul to Sea with unreſiſted Force, *(Virg.*
And down the Rocks precipitate their Courſe. *Dryd.*

TRAIN-BANDS.

The Country rings around with loud Alarms,
And, raw in Fields, the rude Militia ſwarms.
Of ſeeming Arms they make a ſhort Eſſay;
Then haſten to be drunk, the Buſineſs of the Day.
(Dryd. Cym. & Iph.

'Twas not the Spawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with *Finnick* Blood the conquer'd Seas,
And quaſh'd the ſtern *Æacides*;
Made the proud *Aſian* Monarch feel,
How weak his Gold was againſt *Europe*'s Steel:

Forc'd

Forc'd ev'n dire *Hannibal* to yield,
And won the long-disputed World at *Zama*'s fatal Field.
But Soldiers of a ruftick Mold,
Rough, hardy, feaſon'd, manly, bold:
Either they dug the ſtub-born Ground,
Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did ſound.
And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Taſk was done:
Home with their weary Team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.
(*Roſc. Hor.*

TRAITOR.

So fares the Traitor to an earthly Crown,
While Death ſits threatning in his Prince's Frown,
His Heart's diſmay'd, and now his Fears command
To change his native for a diſtant Land:
Swift Orders fly, the King's ſevere Decree
Stands in the Channel, and locks up the Sea;
The Pore he ſeeks, obedient to her Lord,
Hurls back the Rebel to his lifted Sword.
(*Young's Force of Relig.*

TREACHERY.

The good man of the houſe was *Dolon* hight,
A man of ſubtil wit and wicked mind,
That whilome in his youth had been a knighte,
And armes had borne, but little good could find,
And much leſs honour, but that warlike kinde
Of life; for he was nothing valorous,
But with ſlie ſhifts did ever undermine
All noble knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to ſhame by treaſon treacherous.
(*Spen.*

TRANSMIGRATION *of* SOULS.

Now ſince the God inſpires me to proceed;
Be thou, whate'er inſpiring Pow'r, obey'd
For I will ſing of mighty Myſteries,
Of Truths conceal'd before from human Eyes;
Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
Of ſhining Stars, and travel with the Year:
To leave the heavy Earth, and ſcale the Height
Of *Atlas*, who ſupports the Heav'nly Weight.
To look from upper Light, and thence ſurvey
Miſtaken Mortals wand'ring from the Way,
And wanting Wiſdom, fearful for the State
Of future Things, and trembling at their Fate.
Theſe I would teach, and by right Reaſon bring
To think of Death, as but an idle Thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,
A Dream of Darkneſs, and fictitious Flame?
Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems paſs,
And Fables of a World, that never was.
What feels the Body when the Soul expires,
By Time corrupted, or conſum'd by Fires?
Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
In other Forms, and only changes Seats.
Then Death, ſo call'd, is but old Matter dreſs'd
In ſome new Figure, and a vary'd Veſt.
Thus all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies:
By Time, or Force, or Sickneſs diſpoſſeſs'd,
And lodges where it lights, in Man or Beaſt.
Or hunts without, 'till ready Limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their Kind:
From Tenement to Tenement is toſs'd;
The Soul is ſtill the ſame, the Figure only loſt.
And, as the ſoften'd Wax new Seals receives,
This Face aſſumes, and that Impreſſion leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another Name,
The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is ſtill the ſame:
So Death, ſo call'd, can but the Form deface,
Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
To ſeek her Fortune in ſome other Place.

(*Dryd. Ovid.*

TRAVELS.

What now ſeems good, may not hereafter pleaſe:
View then the World, and travel Land and Seas;
Manners obſerv'd, and foreign Cuſtoms known,
And Laws and Governments unlike our own,
Inrich with Notions, and inlarge the Mind;
The Judgment is improv'd, the Taſte refin'd:
A juſt Experience will alike reclaim
From Noiſe, and empty Flaſh, and aukward Shame:
The Soul thus poiſ'd, keeps a Proportion'd mean,
Betwixt the Bathful, and the Bold-obſcene.
Gay and Polite, the Youth from Travel come,
And leave the Prejudice, and Ruſt of Home.
With graceful Mien, and unaffected Air
They pleaſe the Friend, and captivate the Fair.
Peculiar Virtues ev'ry Climate bleſs,
And Vices in their proper Soil encreaſe.
Obſerve the diff'ring Nations, and perſue
The pleaſing Toil; then various Scenes review,
Impartial judge, and give to each their Due.
(*Rowe's Call.*

TREES.

The ſounding Ax is ply'd:
Firs, Pines, and Pitch-trees, and the tow'ring Pride
Of Foreſt Alders, feel the fatal Stroke,
And piercing Wedges cleave the ſtubborn Oak.
Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the ſteepy Crown
Of the bare Mountains, roll with Ruin down. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
And the laſt mortal Stroke alone remains;
Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threat'ning all,
This way and that ſhe nods, conſid'ring where to fall.
(*Dryd. Ovid.*

Thus yields the Cedar to the Ax's Edge,
Whoſe Arms gave Shelter to the princely Eagle:
Under whoſe Shade the ramping Lion ſlept,
Whoſe Top-branch overlookt *Jove's* ſpreading Tree,

And

And kept low Shrubs from Winter's pow'rful Wind.
(*Shak. 2 Part Hen. 6.*

The *Indian* Fig-tree too there ſpreads her Arms,
Branching ſo broad, and long, that in the Ground
The bended Twigs take Root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother Tree: a pillar'd Shade,
High over-arch'd, and echoing Walks between:
There oft the *Indian* Herdſman ſhunning Heat,
Shelters in Cool, and tends his paſt'ring Herd;
At Loopholes cut thro' thickeſt Shades. *Mil.*

On a TREE *cut in Paper.*

Fair Hand, that can on Virgin Paper write,
Yet from the Stain of Ink preſerve it white;
Whoſe Travel o'er that ſilver Field does ſhow
Like Tracks of Leverets in Morning Snow.
Love's Image thus in pureſt Minds is wrought,
Without a Spot or Blemiſh to the Thought.
Strange that your Fingers ſhould the Pencil foil,
Without the Help of Colours, or of Oil:
For tho' a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and ſhake.
Whoſe Breath ſalutes your new creaſed Grove,
Like Southern Winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the Foreſt dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Foreſt too. *Wal.*

TROPHY.

He bare'd, an ancient Oak, of all its Boughs;
Then on a riſing Ground the Trunk he plac'd,
Which with the Spoils of his dead Foe he grac'd:
The Coat of Arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,
Now on a naked Stag in Triumph borne,
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,
A Trophy ſacred to the God of War.
Above his Arms, fix'd on the leafleſs Wood,
Appear'd his plumy Creſt, beſmear'd with Blood.

His

His brazen Buckler on the Left was ſeen,
Truncheons of ſhiver'd Lances hung between;
And on the Right was plac'd his Corſlet bor'd;
And to the Neck was ty'd his unavailing Sword.
(Dryd. Virg.

TRUMPET.

The ſprightly Trumpets from afar,
Had giv'n the Signal of approaching War;
Had rowz'd the neighing Steeds to ſcow'r the Fields,
While the fierce Riders clatter'd on their Shields.
The Trumpets terribly from far,
With rattling Clangor rowze the ſleepy War:
The Soldiers Shouts ſucceed the brazen Sounds,
And Heav'n from Pole to Pole the Noiſe rebounds.
The Clangor of the Trumpets pierce the Sky.
(Dryd. Virg.

By the loud Trumpet that our Courage aids,
We learn that Sound as well as Senſe perſwades. *Wall.*

TRUMPETER.

None ſo renown'd
The Warrior Trumpet in the Field to ſound;
With breathing Braſs to kindle fierce Alarms,
And rowze to dare their Fate in honourable Arms.
(Dryd. Virg.

TULIP.

The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed;
E'er Noon in painted Pride, ſhe decks her Head:
Rob'd in rich Dye, ſhe triumphs on the Green,
And ev'ry Flow'r does Homage to their Queen. *Gar.*

TWINS.

Not ſo the *Twins*, for they by Force innate,
Soft Sweetneſs, and harmonious Forms create,
Themſelves all Harmony, a Friendly Pair,
Who both their Mother's Charms, and Siſters ſhare,
Gentle as *Leda*, and as *Helen* fair.

Theſe

These *Jove* prefer'd amidst the starry Place,
And bid them still appear in kind Embrace,
Fraternal Smiles, and lovely Looks assume,
To bless the growing Product of the Womb.
Hence they not only outward Charms supply,
Smiles in the Cheek, and Lustre in the Eye,
Or in the Skin a shining White display,
And smooth the Surface with an even Ray;
But to the Soul their sacred Influence dart,
Manners refin'd, and pleasing Wit impart,
And to the Force of Nature add the Charms of Art.
Persuasive Speech, and melting Tongues afford,
While Eloquence informs, and breathes in ev'ry Word.
For *Mercury* himself their *Aspects* guides,
And with superiour Energy presides;
From hence are all the Graces of the Mind
To the just Beauties of the Body join'd. *Sewell's Cal.*

TYGER.

As when two Tygers pinch'd with hungers rage,
Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
On which they ween their famin to assuage,
And gaine a feastful guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out, do stir up strife-full broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselves do make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either 'deignes with other to partake. *Spen.*

As when a Tyger and a Lyoness
Are met a spoyling of some hungry prey,
Both challenge it with equal greedines:
But first the Tiger clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to loos her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stoud:
To which the Lyon strongly doth gainsay,
That she to hunt the Beast first took in hond;
And therefore ought it have, where ever she it found.
Spen.

Thus as a Tyger, who by Chance has ſpy'd
In ſome Purlieu two gentle Fawns at play,
Strait couches cloſe, then riſing, changes oft
His couchant Watch, as one who choſe his Ground,
Whence ruſhing, he might ſureſt ſeize them both,
Grip'd in each Paw. *Milt.*

TYRANT.

Our Emperor is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated;
I ſcarce remember in his Reign one Day
Paſs guiltleſs o'er his execrable Head:
He thinks the Sun is loſt, that ſees not Blood;
When none is ſhed, we count it Holiday.
We, who are moſt in Favour, cannot call
This Hour our own. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

VENEREAL PLAGUES.

Beſide, beneath theſe Stars that Plague aroſe,
Which fiercely in the Seats of Pleaſure glows;
That the ſweet Purpoſe of our Kind deſtroys,
And, or forbids, or poyſons all our Joys.
For ſo the Tales of late Tradition run,
That when the fatal Malady begun
To ſpread, and ſhew the lurking Cauſe within
By putrid Stains, and a diſcolour'd Skin,
Then *Mars* ſhone adverſe, and in *Cancer* ſet,
With livid *Saturn* inauſpicious met,
Their Influence joyn'd, more Peſtilential grew,
And with their Rays th' envenom'd Vapour flew.
(Sewell's Call.

VENUS.

Right in the midſt the Goddeſſe ſelf did ſtand,
Upon an Altar of ſome coſtly Maſſe,
Whoes ſubſtance was uneath to underſtand;
For neither precious ſtone, nor durfull braſſe,
Nor ſhining Gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But yet more rare and pretious to eſteeme,
Pure in aſpect, and like to cryſtall glaſs;

Yet

Yet glaſs was not, if one did rightly deem;
But being faire and brittle, likeſt glaſs did ſeeme.

But ſhe in ſhape and beauty did excell
All other Idols which the heathen do adore;
Farre paſſing that, which by ſurpaſſing skill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Iſle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore,
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer ſhined,
But covered with ſlender veile afore;
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a Snake, whoes head and taile were faſt combined.

The cauſe why ſhe was covered with a veile,
Was hard to know, for that her Prieſts the Tame
From people's knowledge labour'd to conceale.
But ſooth it was not ſure for womaniſh ſhame,
Nor any blemiſh which the worke might blame;
But for (they ſay) ſhe hath both kindes in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She ſire and mother is her ſelf alone;
Begets, and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

And all about her neck and ſhoulders flew
A flock of little loves, and ſports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoes ſhapes ſeem'd not like to terreſtial boyes,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whilſt their elder Brother was away,
Cupid, their eldeſt Brother; he enjoyes
The wide Kingdome of Love with lordly ſway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar, ſcattered lay
Great ſorts of lovers pitioully complaining,
Some of their loſs, ſome of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, ſome paragons diſdaining,

Some

Some fearing fraude, ſome fraudulently fayning,
As ever one had cauſe of good or ill. *Spen.*

But he, thee *Venus*, ſings in kinder Airs,
Propitious Goddeſs, to our mortal Pray'rs;
Source of all Joy, and Eaſer of all Grief;
Thou giv'ſt the Thunderer himſelf relief.
Thee, beauteous *Paris*, he in Raptures prais'd,
And high above the Stars, thy Merit rais'd;
Who, to fair *Venus* more prevailing Eyes,
Impartially adjudg'd the Golden Prize;
Tho' *Pallas* frown'd, and *Juno* in a Storm,
Roughen'd her Features to a ſcornful Form.
(*Sewell's Call.*

Delight of human Kind, and Gods above,
Parent of *Rome*, propitious Queen of Love!
Whoſe vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea ſupplies;
And breeds what e'er is born beneath the rolling Skies:
For ev'ry Kind, by thy prolifick Might,
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light.
Thee, Goddeſs! thee, the Clouds and Tempeſts fear,
And at thy pleaſing Preſence diſappear:
For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dreſs'd,
For thee the Ocean ſmiles and ſmooths her wavy Breaſt
And Heav'n itſelf with more ſerene and purer Light
(is bleſt.
For when the riſing Spring adorns the Mead,
And a new Scene of Nature ſtands diſplay'd;
When teeming Buds, and chearful Greens appear,
And Weſtern Gales unlock the lazy Year;
The joyous Birds thy Welcome firſt expreſs,
Whoſe native Songs thy genial Fire confeſs:
Then ſavage Beaſts bound o'er their ſlighted Food,
Struck with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood.
All Nature is thy Gift, Earth, Air, and Sea:
Of all that breathes the various Progeny,
Stung with Delight, is goaded on by thee.

O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
The leafy Foreſt, and the liquid Main,
Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundleſs Reign.
Thro' all the living Regions thou doſt move,
And ſcatter'ſt where thou go'ſt the kindly Seeds of Love.
Since then the Race of ev'ry living Thing
Obeys thy Pow'r; ſince nothing new can ſpring
Without thy Warmth, without thy Influence bear,
Or beautiful or loveſom can appear;
Be thou my Aid: My tuneful Song inſpire,
And kindle with thy own productive Fire;
While all thy Province, Natur, I ſurvey,
And ſing to *Memmius* an immortal Lay,
Of Heav'n, and Earth; and ev'ry where thy wondrous Pow'r diſplay.
Mean Time, on Land and Sea let barb'rous Diſcord ceaſe,
And lull the liſt'ning World in univerſal Peace.
To thee Mankind their ſoft Repoſe muſt owe,
For thou alone that Bleſſing canſt beſtow;
Becauſe the brutal Buſ'neſs of the War
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care:
Who oft retires from fighting Fields, to prove
The pleaſing Pains of thy eternal Love:
And, panting on thy Breaſt, ſupinely lies,
While with thy Heav'nly Form he feeds his famiſh'd Eyes:
Sucks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath,
By turns reſtor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleaſing Death.
There while thy curling Limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love;
When wiſhing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy Charms in that auſpicious Moment try,
With winning Eloquence our Peace reſtore,
And Quiet to the weary World reſtore. *Dryd. Lucr.*

Creator *Venus*! Genial Pow'r of Love!
The Bliſs of Men below, and Gods above!
Beneath the ſliding Sun thou runn'ſt thy Race,
Doſt faireſt ſhine, and beſt become thy Place:

For

For thee the Winds their Eaſtern Blaſts forbear,
Thy Month reveals the Spring, and opens all the Year.
Thee, Goddeſs! thee, the Storms of Winter fly,
Earth ſmiles with Flow'rs renewing, laughs the Sky,
And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes apply.
For thee the Lion loaths the Taſte of Blood,
And roaring hunts his Female thro' the Wood;
For thee the Bulls rebellow thro' the Groves,
And tempt the Stream, and ſnuff their abſent Loves.
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleaſant, good, or fair;
All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care,
Thou mad'ſt the World, and doſt the World repair.
Thou Gladder of the Mount of *Cytheron*,
Increaſe of *Jove*, Companion of the Sun!
With ſmiling Aſpect you ſerenely move
In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love.
The Fates but only ſpin the courſer Clue,
The fineſt of the Wool is left for you;
Spare me but one ſmall Portion of the Twine,
And let the Siſters cut below your Line;
The reſt among the Rubbiſh may they ſweep:
Or add it to the Yarn of ſome old Miſer's Heap.
(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

TEMPLE of *VENUS*.

The Temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
The Queen of Beauty, and of Love the Mother,
There worſhipped of every living Wight;
Whoſe goodly Workmanſhip farre paſs all other
That ever were on Earth, all were they ſet together.

Not that ſame famous Temple of *Diane*,
Whoes height all *Epheſus* did over-ſee,
And which all *Aſia* ſought with Vowes profane,
One of the world's ſeven wonders ſaid to be,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wiſe King of *Jurie* framed,
With endleſs coſt to be the Almighty's See;

Nor all that elſe through all the World is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

I much admiring that ſo goodly frame,
Unto the Porch approach't, which open ſtood
But therein ſate an amiable Dame,
That ſeem'd to be of very ſober mood,
And in her ſemblance ſhew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire; for on her head a crown
She wore, much like unto a *Danisk* hood,
Poudred with pearl and ſtone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne.
On either ſide of her, two young men ſtood,
Both ſtrongly arm'd, as fearing one another,
Yet were they brethren both of half the blood,
Begotten by two Fathers of one Mother,
Though of contrary Natures each to other:
The one of them hight *Love*, the other *Hate*,
Hate was the elder, *Love* the younger brother;
Yet was the younger ſtronger in his ſtate
Than th' elder, and him maſtred ſtill in all debate.

Nath'leſs, that Dame ſo well them tempred both,
That ſhe them forced hand to joyne in hand,
Albe that *Hatred* was thereof full loth,
And turn'd his face away as he did ſtand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band,
Yet ſhe was of ſuch grace and vertuous might,
That her commandment he could not withſtand,
But bit his lip for felonous deſpight,
And gnaſht his iron tuſkes at that diſpleaſing ſight.

Concord ycleeped was in common reed,
Mother of bleſſed *Peace*, and *Friendſhip* true;
They both her twins, both born of heavenly ſeed,
And ſhe her ſelf likewiſe divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine did ſhew:
For

For ſtrength, and wealth, and happineſs ſhe lends,
And ſtrife, and warre, and anger does ſubdue:
Of little, much; of Foes ſhe maketh Friends,
And to afflicted minds ſweet reſt and quiet ſends.

By her the Heaven is in her courſe contained,
And all the world in ſtate unmoved ſtands
As their Almighty Maker firſt ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands,
Elſe would the waters overflow the Lands,
And fire devoure the aire, and hell them quite,
But that he holds them with his bleſſed hands.
She is the nurſe of pleaſure and delight,
And unto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

Into the inmoſt Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankenſenſe I found,
And odours riſeing from the Altars flame:
Upon an hundred marble pillers round,
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crowns, and chains, and girlonds gay,
And thouſand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which ſad lovers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was ſtrew'd with flowers as freſh as May.

An hundred Altars round about were ſet,
All flaming with Sacrifices of fire,
That with the ſteme thereof the Temple ſwet,
Which roul'd in cloudes, to Heaven did aſpire,
And in them bore true Lovers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred braſen cauldrons bright,
To bathe in joy and amorous deſire,
Every which was to a Damzell hight;
For all the Prieſts were Damzels in ſoft linnen dight. *Spen.*

In *Venus* Temple on the Sides were ſeen
The broken Slumbers of inamour'd Men;

Pray'rs that ev'n ſpoke, and Pity ſeem'd to call!
And iſſuing Sighs that ſmok'd along the Wall;
Complaints, and hot Deſires, the Lovers Hell,
And ſcalding Tears that wore a Channel where they fell.
And all around were nuptial Bands, the Ties
Of Love's Aſſurance, and a Train of Lies,
That, made in Luſt, conclude in Perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And ſprightly Hope, and ſhort-enduring Joy;
And Sorceries to raiſe th' infernal Pow'rs,
And Sigils, fram'd in planetary Hours;
Expence, and After-thought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley Hue, and dark Deſpair;
Suſpicions, and fantaſtical Surmiſe,
And Jealouſy ſuffus'd with Jaundice in her Eyes,
Diſcolouring all ſhe view'd, in tawny dreſt,
Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fiſt.
Oppos'd to her, on th' other Side, advonce
The coſtly Feaſt, the Carol, and the Dance;
Minſtrels and Muſick, Poetry and Play,
And Balls by Night, and Turnaments by Day.
——There th' *Idalian* Mount, and *Cytheron*,
The Court of *Venus*, was in Colours drawn.
Before the Palace-Gate, in careleſs Dreſs,
And looſe Array, ſate Portreſs *Idleneſs*:
There by the Fount *Narciſſus* pin'd alone,
There *Sampſon* was, with wiſer *Solomon*,
And all the mighty Names by Love undone.
Medea's Charms were there; *Circean* Feaſts,
With Bowls that turn'd inamour'd Youths to Beaſts:
Here might be ſeen that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,
And Proweſs, to the Pow'r of Love ſubmit;
The ſpreading Snare for all Mankind is laid,
And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The Goddeſs-ſelf ſome noble Hand had wrought,
Smiling ſhe ſeem'd, and full of pleaſing Thought;
From Ocean as ſhe firſt began to riſe,
And ſmooth'd the ruffled Seas, and clear'd the Skies;

She

She trod the Brine, all bare below the Breaſt,
And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the reſt:
A Lute ſhe held; and on her Head was ſeen
A Wreath of Roſes red, and Myrtles green:
Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above,
And, by his Mother, ſtood an Infant Love,
With Wings diſplay'd, his Eyes were banded o'er,
His Hand a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore
Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a deadly Store.
(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

VERSE.

Well-ſounding Verſes are the Charmes we uſe,
Heroick Thoughts and Virtue to infuſe.
Things of deep Senſe we may in Proſe unfold.
But they move more in lofty Numbers told. *Wall.*

Not the ſoft Whiſpers of the Southern Wind,
That play thro' trembling Trees, delight me more,
Nor murm'ring Billows on the ſandy Shore,
Nor winding Streams, that thro' the Valleys glide,
And the ſcarce-cover'd Pebbles gently chide:
For ſuch thy Verſe appears,
So ſweet, ſo charming to my raviſh'd Ears,
As to the weary Swain with Cares oppreſt,
Beneath the Sylvan Shades refreſhing Reſt:
As to the fev'riſh Traveller, when firſt
He finds a cryſtal Stream, to quench his Thirſt.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

Not Winds to Voyagers at Sea,
Nor Show'rs to Earth, more neceſſary be,
Than Verſe to Virtue, which can do
The Midwife's Office, and the Nurſe's too:
It feeds it ſtrongly, and it cloaths it gay;
And when it dies, with comely Pride
Embalms it, and erects a Pyramid,
That never will decay,
'Till Heav'n it ſelf ſhall melt away,
And nought behind it ſtay. *Cowl.*

For ev'n when Death diſſolves our human Frame,
The Soul returns to Heav'n from whence it came,
Earth keeps the Body, Verſe preſerves the Fame.
(*Dryd.*

VICISSITUDE.

Good unexpected, Evil unforeſeen,
Appear by Turns, as Fortune ſhifts the Scene:
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
Then fall ſo hard, they bound, and riſe again.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

Short is th' uncertain Reign and Pomp of mortal Pride;
New Turns and Changes ev'ry Day
Are of inconſtant Chance the conſtant Arts;
Soon ſhe gives, ſoon takes away,
She comes, embraces, nauſeates you, and parts:
But if ſhe ſtays, or if ſhe goes,
The wiſe Man little Joy, or little Sorrow ſhows.
For over all Men hangs a doubtful Fate,
One gains by what another is bereft;
The frugal Deſtinies have only left
A common Bank of Happineſs below,
Maintain'd, like Nature, by an Ebb and Flow.
(*How. Ind. Queen.*

The loweſt and moſt abject Thing of Fortune
Stands ſtill in Hope, lives not in Fear:
The lamentable Change is from the beſt,
The worſt returns to better. *Shak. K. Lear.*

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Man,
Which taken at the Flood leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows and in Miſeries. *Shak. Jul. Caſ.*

What God, alas! will Caution be
For living Man's Security,
Or will enſure his Veſſel in this faithleſs Sea?
Where Fortune's Favour, and her Spight,
Roll with alternate Waves like Day and Night. *Cowl.*

He various Changes of the World had known,
And ſtrange Viciſſitudes of humane Fate:

Still

Still alt'ring, never in a ſteady State,
Good after Ill, and after Pain Delight,
Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night.
Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,
And none can boaſt ſincere Felicity,
With equal Mind what happens let us bear, (Care:
Not joy, nor grieve too much, for Things beyond our
Like Pilgrims, to th' appointed Place we tend,
The World's an Inn, and Death the Journey's End:
Ev'n Kings but play, and when their Part is done,
Some other, worſe or better, mounts the Throne.
What then remains, but after paſt Annoy
To take the good Viciſſitude of Joy:
To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
Poſſeſs our Souls, and while we live, to live.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

VINE.

So the weak Branches of the tender *Vine*
In circling Folds the married *Elm* entwine.
They led the Vine
To wed her Elm: She, ſpous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable Arms, and with her brings
Her Dower, th' adopted Cluſters, to adorn
His barren Leaves. *Milt.*
Th' aſpiring Vines
Embrace their Huſband Elms in am'rous Twines.
(Dryd. Virg.
Once like a Vine I flouriſh'd, and was Young,
Rich in my ripening Hopes that ſpoke me ſtrong:
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Cluſters and my Branches gone.
(Otw. Don. Carl.

VIRTUE.

A greater Taſk remains to crown the Whole,
The innate Virtues of a ſpotleſs Soul.
How lovely are the Graces of the Mind,
With heav'nly Forms, and youthful Beauty joyn'd.

Virtue, the noble Cauſe for which you're made!
Improperly we meaſure Life by Breath;
Thoſe do not truly live who merit Death. *Step. Juv.*
Our Life is ſhort, but to extend that Span
To vaſt Eternity, is Virtue's Work. *Shak. Troil. & Creſ.*
He lives in Fame that dies in Virtue's Cauſe.
(Shak. Tit. Andron.
How vain is Virtue, which directs our Ways
Thro' certain Dangers to uncertain Praiſe!
Barreu and airy Name! Thee Fortune flies,
With thy lean Train, the pious and the wiſe.
Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without Regard,
And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.
The World is made for the bold impious Man,
Who ſtops at nothing, ſeizes all he can;
Juſtice to Merit does weak Aid afford,
She truſts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword:
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own,
And while ſhe long conſults, the Prize is gone.
(Dryd. Auren.
But few are Virtuous when Reward's away. *Dryd.*
For who would Virtue for her ſelf regard,
Or wed, without the Portion of Reward?
Would'ſt thou to Honours and Preferments climb?
Be bold in Miſchief, dare ſome mighty Crime;
Which Dangers, Death, or Baniſhment deſerves,
For Virtue is but dryly prais'd and ſtarves:
Great Men to great Crimes owe their Plate imboſs'd,
Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Coſt,
And high Commands: A ſneaking Sin is loſt.
(Dryd Juv.
Hence with this peeviſh Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
And they who taught it firſt were Hypocrites.
(Otw. Orph.
Torment of Mind! O feeble Virtue, hence:
I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage,
To build in Hearts of Hinds; bleſs their rude Hands
With thy lean Recompence of endleſs Labour:

For

For me, ſince I have burſt th ungrateful Chain,
That held me to thee like a ſhackled Slave,
I will enjoy whate'er the Gods have giv'n,
And ſurfeit on the Beauty of *Semandra*. *Lee. Mithrid.*

If when a Crown and Miſtreſs are in Place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face,
Virtue's then mine, and I not Virtue's Foe:
Why does ſhe come where ſhe has nought to do?
Let her with Anch'rets, not with Lovers lye,
Stateſmen and they keep better Company.
(Dryd. Conq. of Gran.

Virtue and Vice are never in one Soul;
A Man is wholly wiſe, or wholly is a Fool.
(Dryd. Perſ.

How ſtrange a Riddle Virtue is!
They never miſs it, who poſſeſs it not;
And they who have it, ever find a Want. *Roch. Valen.*

Virtue, the more it is expos'd,
Like pureſt Linnen, laid in open Air,
Will bleach the more, and whiten to the View.
(Dryd. Amphit.

VIRGO.

Then *Virgo*, faireſt Star, exerts her Light,
And kind *Aſtrea*, Patroneſs of *Right*,
Her Refuge Heav'n, when ſcar'd by brutal Rage,
She fled the bloody World, and Iron Age;
Faſt by her Side, obſerve the *Spike* diſpenſe
Her friendly Beams, and ſhine in Innocence;
Not *Jove* himſelf a purer Flame beſtows,
Or on the Womb with kinder Luſtre glows;
Then ſhall kind *Virgo* bleſs thy promis'd Breed,
And cheriſh ſafe the vegetative Seed,
Harmonious Shapes and Airs ſerenely mild,
And Looks of Love ſhall beautify the Child.
(Sewell's Call.

UNIVERSE.

This wide Machine the Univerſe regard,
With how much Skill is each Apartment rear'd?

The Sun a Globe of Fire, a glowing Maſs,
Hotter than melting Flint, or fluid Glaſs,
Of this our Syſtem holds the middle Place.
Mercurius, neareſt to the central Sun,
Does in an oval Orbit circling run:
But rarely is the Object of our Sight,
In ſolar Glory ſunk, and more prevailing Light.
Venus the next, whoſe lovely Beams adorn
As well the dewy Eve, as op'ning Morn,
Does her fair Orb in beauteous Order turn.
The Globe Terreſtial next, with flanting Poles,
And all its pond'rous Load unweary'd rolls.
Then we behold bright planetary *Jove*,
Sublime in Air, thro' his wide Province move;
Four ſecond Planets his Dominions own,
And round him turn, as round the Earth the Moon.
Saturn revolving in the higheſt Sphere,
With ling'ring Latour finiſhes his Year.
Yet is the mighty Syſtem, which contains
So many Worlds, ſuch vaſt Etherial Plains,
But one of Thouſands, which compoſe the whole,
Perhaps as Glorious, and of Worlds as full.
The Stars, which grace the high Expanſion bright,
By their own Beams, and unprecarious Light,
Tho' ſome near Neighbours ſeem, and ſome diſplay
United Luſtre in the Milky Way,
At a vaſt Diſtance from each other lye,
Sever'd by ſpacious Voids of livid Sky.
All theſe illuſtrious Worlds, and many more,
Which by the Tube Aſtronomers explore;
And Millions which the Glaſs can ne'er deſcry,
Loſt in the Wilds of vaſt Immenſity,
Are Suns, are Centres, whoſe Superior ſway,
Planets of various Magnitude obey. *Black. Creat.*

USURPER.

A Sceptre ſnatch'd with an unruly Hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd as gain'd:

And

And he that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry Place,
Makes nice of no vile Hold to ſtay him up.
(Shak. K. John.

He who by Force a Scepter does obtain,
Shews he can govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of Courſe, whate'er he was before,
Murder and Uſurpation are no more.
Dare to be great without a guilty Crown,
View it, and lay the bright Temptation down.
'Tis baſe to ſeize on all becauſe you may;
That's Empire, that which I can give away:
There's Joy, when to wide Will you Laws preſcribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe,
A Joy which none but greateſt Minds can taſte,
A Fame which will to endleſs Ages laſt. *Dryd. Auren.*
And few Uſurpers to the Shades deſcend,
By a dry Death, or with a quiet End. *Dryd. Juv.*
Unhappy State of ſuch as wear a Crown;
Fortune does ſeldom lay them gently down. *How.*

VULCAN.

Who has not heard how the great *Thund'ring* God
One heav'nly Holiday had got his Load,
And, warm with *Nectar*, reeling to his Reſt,
Unſeaſonably his Conſort *Juno* preſs'd?
From that Embrace the Monſter *Vulcan* ſprung,
Who his own Father from *Olympus* flung:
So dead his Features, and ſo foul his Face,
The Gods deny'd him at their Feaſt a Place;
So ſoon rejected where he once apply'd,
That homely *Pallas* ſcorn'd to be his Bride;
And tauntingly bid him Dame *Venus* treat,
Who might his ill-ſhap'd Maſs in Wedlock meet,
Not from her Choice, but more abundant Heat:
She too abhors him, and promiſcuous lyes,
With Gods and Men of ev'ry Sort and Size;
And Plants, for all the ſacred Marriage Vows,
Many fair Antlers on his ugly Brows. *Sewell's Call.*

WANT.

WANT.

Want is a bitter and a hateful Good,
Becauſe its Virtues are not underſtood:
Yet many Things, impoſſible to Thought,
Have been by Need to full Perfection brought.
The Daring of the Soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpneſs of Wit, and active Diligence.
Prudence at once and Fortitude it gives,
And, if in Patience taken, mends our Lives:
For ev'n that Indigence that brings me low,
Makes me my ſelf, and him above to know.
A Good which none would challenge, few would chuſe,
A fair Poſſeſſion, which Mankind refuſe.
If we from Wealth to Poverty deſcend,
Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend.
(*Dryd. Wife of Bath's Tale.*

Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool,
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule. *Dryd. Juv.*

Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppreſſion ſtaring in thy Looks,
Contempt and Beggary hang upon thy Back.
(*Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

Oh! we muſt change the Scene,
In which the paſs'd Delights of Love were taſted:
The Poor ſleep little; we muſt learn to watch
Our Labours late, and early ev'ry Morning;
'Midſt Winter Froſts, ſparingly clad and fed,
Riſe to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.
Oh *Belvidera!*
Want, worldly Want, the hungry meagre Fiend
Is at our Heels, and chaſes us in View.
Canſt thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can theſe Limbs,
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of ſmarting Poverty?
When in a Bed of Straw we ſhrink together,
And the bleak Winds ſhall whiſtle round our Heads,
Wilt thou then talk to me thus?
Thus huſh my Cares, and ſhelter me with Love?

Oh!

Oh! I will love thee, ev'n in Madneſs love thee,
Tho' my diſtracted Senſes ſhould forſake me!
Tho' the bare Earth be all our reſting Place,
Its Roots our Food, ſome Cliff our Habitation,
I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head,
And as thou ſighing ly'ſt, and ſwell'd with Sorrow,
Creep to thy Boſom, pour the Balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kiſs thee to thy Reſt.
Oh we will bear our wayward Fate together,
And ne'er know Comfort more. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*

WAR.

Now impious Arms from ev'ry Part reſound:
The peaceful Peaſant to the War is preſs'd;
The Fields lye fallow in inglorious Reſt.
The Plain no Paſture to the Flocks affords;
The crooked Scythes are ſtraiten'd into Swords.
Perfidious *Mars* long-plighted Leagues divides,
And o'er the waſted World in Triumph rides.
The peaceful Cities,
Lull'd in their Eaſe, and undiſturb'd before,
Are all on Fire; and ſome with ſtudious Care,
Their reſtiff Steeds in ſandy Plains prepare.
Some their ſoft Limbs in painful Marches try,
And War is all their Wiſh, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.
Part ſcour the ruſty Shields with Seam, and part
New grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart.
With Joy they view the waving Enſigns fly,
And hear the Trumpets Clangor pierce the Sky.
Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field,
Some twine young Sallows to ſupport the Shield.
The Corſlet ſome, and ſome the Cuiſhes mould,
With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold.
The ruſtick Honours of the Scythe and Share
Give Place to Swords and Plumes, the Pride of War.
Old Faulchions are new temper'd in the Fires;
The ſounding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inſpires.

The

The Word is given, with eager Haſte they lace
The ſhining Head-piece, and the Shield embrace.
The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty'd,
The truſty Weapon ſits on ev'ry Side.
As Legions in the Field their Front diſplay,
To try the Fortune of ſome doubtful Day,
And move to meet their Foes with ſober Pace,
Strict to their Figure, tho' in wider Space,
Before the Battel joyns, while from afar,
The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War;
And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord,
Leaves all to Fortune, and the Dint of Sword.
The Fields
Are bright with flaming Swords and brazen Shields;
A ſhining Harveſt either Hoſt diſplays,
And ſhoots againſt the Sun with equal Rays.
Peace leaves the violated Fields, and Hate
Both Armies urges to their mutual Fate.
A Cloud of blinding Duſt is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their Feet the trembling Ground.
Advancing in a Line they couch their Spears,
And leſs and leſs the middle Space appears.
Thick Smoke obſcures the Field, and ſcarce are ſeen
The neighing Courſer, and the ſhouting Men.
In Diſtance of their Darts they ſtop their Courſe,
Then Man to Man they ruſh, and Horſe to Horſe:
The Face of Heav'n the flying Jav'lins hide,
And Deaths unſeen are dealt on either Side.
Thick Storms of Steel from either Army fly,
And Clouds of claſhing Darts obſcure the Sky.
Thus equal Deaths are dealt with equal Chance,
By Turns they quit their Ground, by Turns advance,
Victors and Vanquiſh'd in the various Field,
Not wholly overcome, nor wholly yield:
The Gods from Heav'n ſurvey the fatal Strife,
And mourn the Miſeries of human Life.
To the rude Shock of War both Armies came,
Their Leaders equal, and their Strength the ſame;

With

With Spears afar, with Swords at hand they ſtrike,
And Zeal of Slaughter fires their Souls alike.
The Soldiers dauntleſs thus maintain the Field,
And Hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:
They Blow for Blow return, and Wound for Wound;
And heaps of Bodies raiſe the level Ground.
And now both Hoſts their broken Troops unite
In equal Ranks, and mix in mortal Fight.
They ſtrike, they puſh, they throng the ſcanty Space,
Reſolv'd on Death, impatient of Diſgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his Place.
An undiſtinguiſh'd Noiſe aſcends the Sky,
The Shouts of thoſe who kill, and Groans of thoſe (who die.
Now dying Groans are heard, the Fields are ſtrew'd
With fallen Bodies, and are drunk with Blood.
Arms, Horſes, Men, on Heaps together lye:
Confus'd the Fight, and more confus'd the Cry.
The Sands with ſtreaming Blood are ſanguin dy'd,
And Death with Honour fought on ev'ry Side.
His ſmoaking Horſes at their utmoſt Speed
He laſhes on, and urges o'er the Dead:
Their Fetlocks run with Blood, and when they bound,
The Gore and gathering Duſt are daſh'd around.
The Rear ſo preſs'd the Front, they could not wield
The angry Weapons to diſpute the Field.
They Darts with Clamour at a Diſtance drive,
And only keep the languiſh'd War alive.
The frighted Soldiers, when their Captains fly,
More on their Speed than on their Strength rely.
Confus'd in Flight, they bear each other down,
And ſpur their Horſes headlong to the Town;
Driv'n by their Foes, and to their Fears reſign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their Wounds behind.
Theſe drop the Shield, and thoſe the Lance forego,
Or on their Shoulders bear the ſlacken'd Bow:
The Hoofs of Horſes, with a rattling Sound,
Beat thick and ſhort, and ſhake the ſolid Ground.

Black

Black Clouds of Duſt come rolling in the Sky,
And o'er the darken'd Walls and Rampiers fly.
All preſſing on, Perſuers and Perſu'd
Are cruſh'd in Crowds, a mingled Multitude,
Some happy few eſcape; the Throng too late
Ruſh on for Entrance, 'till they choak the Gate.
Then in Affright, the folding Gates they cloſe,
But leave their Friends excluded with their Foes.
The Vanquiſh'd cry, the Victors loudly ſhout,
'Tis Terror all within, and Slaughter all without.
Blind in their Fear, they bound againſt the Wall,
Or to the Moats perſu'd precipitate their Fall.
Now Peals of Shouts came thund'ring from afar,
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingled War:
Louder, and yet more loud, we hear th' Alarms
Of human Cries diſtinct, and claſhing Arms:
New Clamors, and new Clangors now ariſe,
The Sound of Trumpets mix'd with fighting Cries.
The Fire conſumes the Town, the Foe commands;
And armed Hoſts, an unexperienc'd Force,
Break in, and Foes for Entrance preſs without.
To ſev'ral Poſts their Parties they divide;
Some block the narrow Streets, ſome ſcour the wide:
The bold they kill, th' unwary they ſurprize;
Who fights finds Death, and Death finds him who flies.
The Warders of the Gate but ſcarce maintain
Th' unequal Combat, and reſiſt in vain:
We heard: and Heav'n, that well-born Souls inſpires,
Prompts us thro' lifted Swords and riſing Fires
To run, where claſhing Arms and Clamour calls,
And ruſh undaunted to defend the Walls.
The paſſive Gods behold the *Greeks* defile
Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil
Their own Abodes; we, feeble few, conſpire
To ſave a ſinking Town, involv'd in Fire.
We leave the narrow Lanes behind, and dare
Th' unequal Combat in the publick Square;
Night was our Friend, our Leader was Deſpair.

What

What Tongue can tell the Slaughter of that Night?
What Eyes can weep the Sorrows and Affright?
An ancient and Imperial City falls;
The Streets are fill'd with frequent Funerals:
Houſes and holy Temples float in Blood,
And hoſtile Nations make a common Flood.
Not only *Trojans* fall, but in their Turn,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the Victors mourn:
Ours take new Courage from Deſpair and Night,
Confus'd the Fortune is, confus'd the Fight;
All Parts reſound with Tumults, Plaints, and Fears,
And grieſly Death in ſundry Shapes appears:
New Clamours from th' inveſted Palace ring;
We run to die, or diſengage the King.
So hot th' Aſſault, ſo high the Tumult roſe,
While ours defend, and while the *Greeks* oppoſe;
As if all *Ilium* elſe were void of Fear,
And Tumult, War, and Slaughter only there.
Their Targets in a Tortoiſe caſt, our Foes
Secure advancing, to the Turrets roſe:
Some mount the ſcaling Ladders, ſome more bold
Swerve upwards, and by Poſts and Pillars hold:
Their left Hand gripes their Bucklers in th' Aſcent,
While with the right they ſeize the Battlement.
From their demoliſh'd Tow'rs the *Trojans* throw
Huge Heaps of Stones, that falling, cruſh the Foe,
And heavy Beams and Rafters, from the Sides,
And gilded Roofs come tumbling from on high,
The Marks of State, and antint Royalty.
The Lightning flies not ſwifter than the Fall,
Nor Thunder louder than the ruin'd Wall.
Down goes the Top at once; the *Greeks* beneath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into Death.
Yet more ſucceed, and more to Death are ſent:
We ceaſe not from above, nor they below relent.
The Guards below, fix'd in the Paſs, attend
The Charge undaunted, and the Gate defend.
Th' Infantry
Rush on in Crowds, and the barr'd Paſſage free. En-

Ent'ring the Court, with Shouts the Skies they rend;
And flaming Firebrands to the Roofs aſcend.
Pyrrhus, among the foremoſt, deals his Blows,
And with his Ax repeated Strokes beſtows
On the ſtrong Doors: then all their Shoulders ply,
Till from the Poſts the brazen Hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double Bars at length
Yield to his Ax and unreſiſted Strength.
A mighty Breach is made: The Rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the Palace is reveal'd.
The fatal Work inhuman *Pyrrhus* plies,
And all his Father ſparkles in his Eyes.
Nor Bars, nor fighting Guards his Force ſuſtain,
The Bars are broken, and the Guards are ſlain.
In ruſh the *Greeks*, and all th' Apartments fill;
Thoſe few Defendants which they find they kill:
Where'er the riſing Fire had left a Space,
They enter, and poſſeſs the Place. ——
The fearful Matrons run from Place to Place,
And kiſs the Threſholds, and the Poſts embrace.
Driv'n like a Flock of Doves along the Sky,
The Images they hug, and to the Altars fly.
But the protecting Gods are deaf to Pray'rs.
Now march the bold Confederates thro' the Plain,
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and ſhining Train.
Silent they move; majeſtically ſlow,
Like ebbing *Nile*, or *Ganges* in his Flow.
The *Trojans* view the duſty Cloud from far,
And the dark Menace of the diſtant War.
They from the Rampire ſaw it riſe,
Black'ning the Fields, and thick'ning thro' the Skies.
And when the rolling Clouds approach the Walls,
They arm, and man the Works, prepare their Spears,
And pointed Darts: then ſhut their Gates; with (Shouts aſcend
Their Bulwarks, and ſecure their Foss attend.
For their wiſe Gen'ral, with foreſeeing Care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful War:
Nor,

r, tho' provok'd, in open Fields advance ;
cloſe within their Lines attend their Chance.
willing, yet they keep the ſtrict Command ;
d ſourly wait in Arms the hoſtile Band.
The Foe then fac'd the Lines,
naz'd to find a daſtard Race, that run
ind the Rampires, and the Battel ſhun.
clad in ſhining Arms the Works inveſt :
:h with a radiant Helm, and waving Creſt.
e *Trojans* from above their Foes beheld,
d with arm'd Legions all the Rampires fill'd :
z'd with Affright, their Gates they firſt explore :
n Works to Works with Bridges; Tow'r to Tow'r.
e Soldiers draw their Lots, and as they fall,
Turns relieve each other on the Wall.
The *Volſcians* bear their Shields upon their Head,
d ruſhing forward, from a moving Shed,
eſe fill the Ditch, thoſe pull the Bulwarks down ;
ne raiſe the Ladders, others ſcale the Town.
t where void Spaces on the Walls appear,
thin Defence, they pour their Forces there.
th Poles, and miſſive Weapons, from afar,
e *Trojans* keep aloof the riſing War.
ey roul down Ribs of Rocks, an unreſiſted Weight,
break the Penthouſe with the pond'rous Blow :
hich yet the patient *Volſcians* undergo.
t could not bear th' unequal Combat long ;
r where the *Trojans* find the thickeſt Throng,
ne Ruin falls ; their ſcatter'd Shields give way,
nd their cruſh'd Heads become an eaſy Prey.
hey ſhrink for Fear, abated of their Rage,
or longer dare in a blind Fight engage.
ontented now to gaul them from below,
'ith Darts and Slings, and with the diſtant Bow.
hey blazing Pines within the Trenches threw,
roke down the Paliſades, the Trenches won,
nd loud for Ladders call, to ſcale the Town.

The

The Ditch with Faggots fill'd, the daring Foe
Toſs'd Firebrands to the ſteepy Turrets throw.
There ſtood a Tow'r, amazing to the Sight,
Built up of Beams, and of ſtupendious Height;
Art, and the Nature of the Place conſpir'd
To furniſh all the Strength that War requir'd.
To level this, the bold *Italians* joyn,
The wary *Trojans* obviate their Deſign:
With weighty Stones o'erwhelm their Troops below,
Shoot thro' the Loopholes, and ſharp Jav'lins throw.
Turnus, the Chief, toſs'd from his thund'ring Hand
Againſt the wooden Walls a flaming Brand:
It ſtuck, the fiery Plague. The Winds were high;
The Planks were ſeaſon'd, and the Timber dry.
Contagion caught the Poſts: it ſpread along,
Scorch'd, and to Diſtance drove the ſcatter'd Throng.
The *Trojans* fled; the Fire purſu'd amain,
Still gath'ring faſt upon the trembling Train;
'Till crowding to the Corners of the Wall,
Down the Defence, and the Defenders fall.
The mighty Flaw makes Heav'n it ſelf reſound,
The dead and dying *Trojans* ſtrew the Ground.
The Tow'r that follow'd on the fallen Crew,
Whelm'd o'er their Heads, and bury'd whom it ſlew:
Some ſtuck upon the Darts themſelves had ſent;
All the ſame equal Ruin underwent.
Undaunted they no Danger ſhun;
From Wall to Wall the Shouts and Clamours run.
They bend their Bows, they whirl their Slings around:
Heaps of ſpent Arrows fall, and ſtrew the Ground;
And Helms, and Shields, and rattling Arms reſound.
The Combat thickens, like the Storm that flies
From *Weſtward*, when the ſhow'ry Kids ariſe.
And now the *Trojan* Troops,
Preſuming on their Strength, the Gates unbar,
And of their own Accord invite the War.
Arm'd on the right, and on the left they ſtand,
And flank the Paſſage.

In

In flows a Tide of *Latians*, when they ſee
The Gate ſet open and the Paſſage free.
But ſoon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended Paſs they dye. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now ſcarce the dawning Day began to ſpring;
When confus'd and high,
Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a ſhouting Cry,
For *Mars* was early up, and rous'd the Sky.
The Gods came downward to behold the Wars,
Sharpning their Sights, and leaning from their Stars:
The Neighing of the gen'rous Horſe was heard,
For Battel by the buſy Groom prepar'd.
Ruſtling of Harneſs, Rattling of the Shield,
Clatt'ring of Armour furbiſh'd for the Field:
The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold
Of glitt'ring Arms, too dazling to behold;
And poliſh'd Steel, that caſt the View aſide,
And creſted Motions with their plumy Pride.
Knights, with a long Retinue of their Squires
In gaudy Liv'ries march, and quaint Attires:
One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance,
A third the ſhining Buckler did advance:
The Courſer paw'd the Ground with reſtleſs Feet,
And ſnorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden Bit.
The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,
Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their Side:
And Nails for looſen'd Spears, and Thongs for Shields provide.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

All in a Moment roſe
A Foreſt huge of Spears; and thronging Helms
Appear'd, and ſerri'd Shields, in thick Array,
Of Depth immeaſurable; ſtrait out-flew
Millions of flaming Swords; the ſudden Blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell. They fierce with graſped Arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding Shields the Din of War,
Hurling Defiance tow'rds the Vault of Heav'n. *Mil.*

It

It was the Time
When creeping Murmur, and the poring Dark
Fill the wide Veſſel of the Univerſe:
From Camp to Camp, thro' the foul Womb of Night,
The Hum of either Army ſtilly ſounds.
Fire anſwers Fire, and thro' their paly Flames
Each Battel ſees the other's umber'd Face.
Steed threatens Steed in high and boaſtful Neighs,
Piercing the Nights dull Ear; and from the Tents
The Armourers accompliſhing the Knights,
With buſy Hammers cloſing Rivets up,
Give dreadful Note of Preparation. *Shak. Hen. 5.*

The Fight grows Hot, the whole War's now at work,
And the goar'd Battel bleeds in ev'ry Vein.
(Shak. K. Lear.

Then planting at the Walls a ſcaling Ladder,
I mounted ſpight of Show'rs of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down.
I left the Walls to fly among my Foes,
And, like a baited Lyon, dy'd my ſelf
All over with the Blood of thoſe bold Hunters;
'Till ſpent with Toil, I battled on my Knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my Shield a Foreſt,
Aud hurl'd them back with moſt unconquer'd Fury.
(Lee's Alex.

WATER.

Like as a water ſtreame, whoes ſwelling Sourſe
Shall drive a Mill, within ſtrong bankes is pent,
And long reſtrained of his ready courſe;
So ſoon as paſſage is unto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent. *Spen.*

WAVES.

So ſwelling Surges with a thund'ring Roar,
Driv'n on each other's Backs, inſult the Shore;
Bound o'er the Rocks, incroach upon the Land,
And far upon the Beach eject the Sand:

Then

Then backward with a Swing they take their Way,
Repuls'd from upper Ground, and ſeek their Mother Sea.
With equal Hurry quit th' invaded Shore, (before,
And ſwallow back the Sands and Stones they ſpew'd
Far off we hear the Waves with ſurly Sound
Invade the Rocks, the Rocks their Groans rebound.
The Billows break upon the ſounding Strand;
And roul the riſing Tides impure with Sand.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

WEED.

As withred Weed through cruell Winter's tine,
That feels the warmth of ſunny beames reflection,
Lifts up his head, that did before decline,
And gins to ſpread his leafe before the faire ſunſhine.
(*Spen.*

WEEPING.

Her brimful Eyes that ready ſtood,
And only wanted Will to weep a Flood,
Releas'd their watry Store, and pour'd amain,
Like Clouds, low-hung, a ſober Show'r of Rain:
Mute, ſolemn Sorrow, free from female Noiſe,
Such as the Majeſty of Grief deſtroys.
(*Dryd. Sigiſ. & Guiſ.*

O'er her *Adonis* ſo
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious Show'r
Of her warm Tears cheriſh'd the ſpringing Flow'r.
(*Waller.*

She ſilently a gentle Tear let fall
From either Eye, and wip'd them with her Hair:
Two other precious Drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their Cryſtal Sluice, he, e'er they fell,
Kiſs'd, as the gracious Signs of ſweet Remorſe,
And pious Awe, that fear'd to have offended. *Milt.*

So thro' a watry Cloud
The Sun at once ſeems both to weep and ſhine.
(*Dryd. Sec. Love.*

She came weeping forth,
Shining thro' Tears, like *April*-Suns in Show'rs,

That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads them.
While two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,
Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew sad,
As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her;
Ev'n the lewd Rabble, that were gather'd round,
To see the Sight, stood mute when they beheld her,
Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity.
(Otw. Ven. Pref.

Dumb Sorrow seiz'd the Standers by,
The Queen above the rest, by Nature good,
The Pattern form'd of perfect Woman-hood,
For tender Pity wept; when she began,
Thro' the bright Quire th' infectious Virtue ran;
All dropt their Tears.
In *Palamon* a manly Grief appears,
Silent he wept, asham'd to shew his Tears.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

The Tears ran gushing from her Eyes,
And stopt her Speech in pompous Train of Woe.
Behold his Sorrows streaming from his Eyes.
(Dryd. Virg.

With Head reclin'd,
Like a fair Flow'r surcharg'd with Dew, she weeps.
(Dryd.

Then setting free a Sigh from her fair Eyes,
She wip'd two Pearls, the Remnant of wild Show'rs,
Which hung like Drops upon the Bells of Flow'rs.
(Dryd. Sec. Love.

Look, Emperor! this is no common Dew;
I have not wept these forty Years; but now
My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes,
I cannot help her Softness.
By Heav'n he weeps! Poor good old Man he weeps,
The big round Drops course one another down
The Furrows of his Cheeks. *Dryd. All for Love.*

His Eyes,
Altho' unus'd unto the melting Mood,

Drop

Drop Tears more faſt than the *Arabian* Tree
Her medicinal Gums. *Shak. Othel.*
Compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of Man, and gave him up to Tears. *Milt.*
See where ſhe ſits, and in what comely wiſe
Drops Tears more fair than others Eyes;
Ah! charming Maid! let not ill Fortune ſee
Th' Attire thy Sorrow wears,
Nor view the Beauty of thy Tears,
For ſhe'll ſtill come to dreſs her ſelf in thee.
Ne'er did I yet behold ſuch glorious Weather,
As this Sun-ſhine and Rain together. *Cowl.*
So Morning Dews on new-blown Roſes lodge,
By the Sun's amorous Heat to be exhal'd. *Otw. Orp.*
Bear my Weakneſs,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Boſom.
(Otw. Ven. Pref.

WELCOME.

Welcome as kindly Show'rs to long-parch'd Earth.
(Dryd. Span. Fry.
Welcome as the Light
To chearful Birds, or as to Lovers Night. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*
Welcome to me as to a ſinking Mariner
The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore. *LeeOedip.*
Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears. *Otw. Orph.*

WIFE.

Who loves to hear of Wife? *Otw. Orph.*
That dull inſipid Thing without Deſires,
And without Pow'r to give them.
To ſo perverſe a Sex all Grace is vain;
It gives them Courage to offend again:
For with feign'd Tears they Penitence pretend,
Again are pardon'd, and again offend:
Fathom our Pity when they ſeem to grieve,
Only to try how far we can forgive:

'Till launching out into a Sea of Strife,
They ſcorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.
(Dryd. Auren.

WINDS.

Like as a boiſtrous wind,
Which in th' earth's hollow caves hath long been hid,
And ſhut up faſt within her priſons blind,
Makes the huge element againſt her kind
To move, and tremble as it were aghaſt,
Untill that it an iſſue forth may find,
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blaſt,
Confound both land and ſeas, and ſky doth over-caſt.
(Spen.

Of what important Uſe to human Kind,
To what great Ends ſubſervient is the Wind?
Behold where-e'er this active Vapour flies,
It drives the Clouds, and agitates the Skies:
This from Stagnation and Corruption ſaves
Th' aerial Ocean's ever-rolling Waves.
This Animals to ſuccour Life demand;
For ſhould the Air unventilated ſtand,
The idle Deep, corrupted, would contain
Blue Deaths, and ſecret Stores of raging Pain.
The ſcorching Sun would with a fatal Beam
Make all the Void with Births malignant team;
Engender Jaundice, ſpotted Torments breed,
And purple Plagues, from peſtilential Seed.
Exhaling Vapours would be turn'd to Swarms
Of noxious Inſects, and deſtructive Worms,
More than were rais'd to ſcourge tyrannic Luſt,
By *Moſes'* Rod, from animated Duſt. *Black. Creat.*

When Northern Winds the Lakes and Rivers freeze,
Uncloath the Meadows, and diſrobe the Trees.
He views with Horror next the noiſy Cave,
Where with hoarſe Din impriſon'd Tempeſts rave;
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight. *Gar.*

Thus

Thus rag'd the Goddeſs, and with Fury fraught,
The reſtleſs Regions of the Storms ſhe ſought.
Where in a ſpacious Cave of living Stone,
The Tyrant *Æolus* from his airy Throne,
With Pow'r imperial curbs the ſtruggling Winds,
And ſounding Tempeſts in dark Priſons binds.
This Way and that th' impatient Captives tend,
And, preſſing for Releaſe, the Mountain rend.
High in his Hall th' undaunted Monarch ſtands,
And ſhakes his Scepter, and their Rage commands:
Which did he not, their unreſiſted Sway
Would ſweep the World before 'em in their Way:
Earth, Air, and Seas, thro' empty Space would roul,
And Heav'n would fly before the driving Soul.
In Fear of this, the Father of the Gods
Confin'd their Fury to theſe dark Abodes,
And lock'd them ſafe within, oppreſs'd with Mountain Loads;
Impos'd a King with arbitrary Sway,
To looſe their Fetters, or their Force allay.

Thus when the rival Winds their Quarrel try,
Contending for the Kingdom of the Sky,
South, *Eaſt*, and *Weſt*, on airy Courſers born,
The Whirlwind gathers, and the Woods are torn;
Then *Nereus* ſtrikes the Deep, the Billows riſe,
And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies.
As when a Whirlwind, ruſhing to the Shore,
From the mid Ocean drives the Waves before;
The painful Hind with heavy Heart foreſees
The flatted Fields, and Slaughter of the Trees.

As when loud *Boreas*, with his bluſt'ring Train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the Main,
Where'er he flies, he drives the Rack before,
And rouls the Billows on th' *Ægean* Shore.

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when ruſhing forth
He ſweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:
The waving Harveſt bends beneath his Blaſt,
The Foreſt ſhakes, the Groves their Honours caſt:

He flies aloft, and with impetuous Roar
Perſues the foaming Surges to the Shore.
So Winds, while yet unfledg'd in Woods they lye,
In Whiſpers firſt their tender Voices try:
Then iſſue on the Main with bell'wing Rage,
And Storms to trembling Mariners preſage.
As wintry Winds, contending in the Sky,
With equal Force of Lungs their Titles try,
They rage, they roar; the doubtful Rack of Heav'n
Stands without Motion, and the Tide undriv'n:
Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,
They long ſuſpend the Fortune of the Field.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

Nor were thoſe bluſt'ring Brethren left at large,
On Seas and Shores their Fury to diſcharge:
Round as they are, and circumſcrib'd in Place,
They rend the World, reſiſtleſs where they paſs;
And mighty Marks of Miſchief leave behind,
Such is the Rage of their tempeſtuous Kind.
Firſt *Eurus* to the riſing Morn is ſent,
(The Regions of the balmy Continent)
And *Eaſtern* Realms, where early *Perſians* run
To greet the bleſt Appearance of the Sun.
Weſtward the wanton *Zephyr* wings his Flight,
Pleas'd with the Remnant of departing Light.
Fierce *Boreas*, with his Off-ſpring, iſſues forth
T' invade the frozen Waggon of the *North*;
While frowning *Auſter* ſeeks the *Southern* Sphere,
And rots with endleſs Rain th' unwholſom Year.
Fierce *Boreas* flies,
To puff away the Clouds, and purge the Skies:
Serenely while he blows, the Vapours driv'n
Diſcover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n.
The South-wind Night and Horror brings,
And Fogs are ſhaken from his flaggy Wings.
From his divided Beard two Streams he pours,
His Head and rheumy Eyes diſtill in Show'rs:

With

With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow,
And lazy Mists are louring on his Brow. *Dryd. Ovid.*

WINTER.

But in the keeneſt Winters we behold
Some Sprinklings of the Suns refreſhing Gold,
When, the Winds ſilent, from the Sky he gleams,
And ſparingly beſtows his ſmiling Beams.
At length forſaken by the ſolar Rays,
See drooping Nature ſickens and decays,
While Winter all his ſnowy Stores diſplays:
In hoary Triumph unmoleſted reigns
O'er barren Hills, and bleak untrodden Plains;
Hardens the Glebe, the ſhady Grove deforms,
Fetters the Floods, and ſhakes the Air with Storms.
Now active Spirits are reſtrain'd with cold, (hold.
And Priſons, cramp'd with Ice, the genial Captives
The Meads their flow'ry Pride no longer wear,
And Trees extend their naked Arms in Air;
The frozen Furrow, and the fallow Field,
Nor to the Spade, nor to the Harrow yield.
Yet in their Turn the Snows and Froſts produce
Various Effects, and of important Uſe.
Th' intemperate Heats of Summer are controll'd
By Winter's Rigour and inclement Cold,
Which checks contagious Spawn, and noxious Steams,
The fatal Off-ſpring of immoderate Beams:
The exhauſted Air with vital Nitre fills,
Infection ſtops, and Deaths in *Embryo* kills:
Conſtrains the Glebe, keeps back the hurtful Weed,
And fits the Furrow for the vernal Seed.
The Spirits now, as ſaid, impriſon'd ſtay,
Which elſe by warmer Sun-beams drawn away,
Would roam in Air, and diſſipated ſtray.
Thus are the Winter Froſts to Nature kind,
Froſts, which reduce exceſſive Heats, and bind
Prolific Ferments in reſiſtleſs Chains,
Whence Parent-Earth her Fruitfulneſs maintains.

To compaſs all theſe happy Ends, the Sun
In winding Tracks does thro' the Zodiack run.
(*Black. Creat.*

No Graſs the Fields, no Leaves the Foreſts wear;
The frozen Earth lyes bury'd there below
A hilly Heap, ſeven Cubits deep in Snow,
And all the Weſt Allies of Stormy *Boreas* blow.
The Sun from far peeps with a ſickly Face,
Too weak the Clouds and mighty Fogs to chace,
When up the Skies he ſhoots his roſy Head,
Or in the ruddy Ocean ſeeks his Bed.
Swift Rivers are with ſudden Ice conſtrain'd,
And ſtudded Wheels are on its Back ſuſtain'd;
An Hoſtry now for Waggons, which before
Tall Ships of Burthen on its Boſom bore.
The brazen Cauldrons with the Froſt are flaw'd;
The Garment, ſtiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd;
With Axes firſt they cleave the Wine, and thence
By Weight the ſolid Portions they diſpenſe;
From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,
Long Iſicles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard:
Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,
Obſcure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.
The ſtarving Cattel periſh in their Stalls,
Huge Oxen ſtand enclos'd in wintry Walls
Of Snow congeal'd; whole Herds are bury'd there
Of mighty Stags, and ſcarce their Horns appear.
The dextrous Huntſman wounds not theſe afar
With Shafts or Darts, or makes a diſtant War
With Dogs, or pitches Toils to ſtop their Flight,
But cloſe engages in unequal Fight;
And while they ſtrive in vain to make their Way
Thro' Hills of Snow, and pitifully bray,
Aſſaults with Dint of Swords or pointed Spears,
And homeward on his Back the joyful Burden bears.
The Men to ſubterranean Caves retire,
Secure from Cold, and crowd the chearful Fire;

With

With Trunks of Elms and Oaks the Hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' Inclemency of Heav'n abroad.
Their jovial Nights in Frolicks and in Play
They paſs, to drive the tedious Hours away;
And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets chear
Of windy Cyder, or of baumy Beer:
Such are the cold *Riphean* Race, and ſuch
The ſavage *Scythian*, and unwarlike *Dutch*.
Where Skins of Beaſts the rude Barbarians wear,
The Spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear.
Then when the fleecy Skies new-cloath the Wood,
And Cakes of ruſtling Ice come rowling down the Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*

Behold yon Mountain's hoary Height,
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winter's Weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring Woods below;
And Streams with icy Fetters bound,
Benumb'd and cramp'd to ſolid Ground.
With well-heap'd Logs diſſolve the Cold,
And feed the genial Heat with Fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And ſprightly Wit and Love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his Care, provide. *(Dryd. Hor.*

WISDOM.

While Wiſdom's Clue guides thro' Life's wild'ring Maze,
Shews Virtue's Path, and Sin's declining Ways,
(The diff'rent Tracks of Infamy and Praiſe)
And ſpecious Ills unmaſks, and hidden Good diſplays;
It marks the Road direct to real Bliſs,
And ſecret tells him when he acts amiſs.
Hence well-form'd States are propt with wholſom Laws,
And juſt Decrees ſuppore the rightful Cauſe;
Arts are improv'd, and Turrets high adorn'd,
Deſpiſe the rudes Caves by Nature form'd;

Bright Palaces o'erlook the neighb'ring Woods,
And ſmoaky Towns increaſe the flitting Clouds.
But ah! the Race of Life is eaſy run,
While tedious Science is as yet begun;
Thought muſt it ſelf the previous Strokes attend,
And huddled Images but ſlow aſcend.
From earthy Dregs the circling Fogs ariſe,
And miſty Vapours ſkim before our Eyes;
The Soul is forc'd, while pent in darkſom Clay,
To grope in Sh..ds, and gueſs the doubtful Way:
Great is the Toil, but glorious is the Prize;
Who would not always labour to be *Wiſe*?
Thus Heav'n decrees, and we muſt ſearch to find,
Or wink for ever, be for ever blind.
Wiſdom's too froward to let any find
Truſt in himſelf, or Pleaſure in his Mind;
She takes by what ſhe gives; her Help deſtroys:
She ſhakes our Courage, and diſturbs our Joys.
(How. Ind. Queen.
But Wiſdom is to Sloth too great a Slave,
None are ſo buſy as the Fool and Knave. *Dryd. Med.*

WISHES.

Look round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good, or knowing it, perſue!
How void of Reaſon are our Hopes and Fears!
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But when we have our Wiſh, we wiſh undone?
Whole Houſes of their whole Deſires poſſeſs'd,
Are often ruin'd at their own Requeſt.
In Wars and Peace Things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own Deſire.
With Lawrels ſome have fatally been crown'd,
Some, who the Depths of Eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable Stream were drown'd.
Some aſk for envy'd Pow'r, which publick Hate
Perſues, and hurries headlong to their Fate.

All

All wiſh the dire Prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they would have the Pow'r, who want the Will.
'Tis plain from hence, that what our Vows requeſt,
Are hurtful Things, or uſeleſs at the beſt.
We go aſtray
In ev'ry Wiſh, and know not how to pray:
For he who graſp'd the World's exhauſted Store,
Yet never had enough, but wiſh'd for more;
Rais'd a Top-heavy Tow'r of monſtrous Height,
Which mould'ring cruſh'd him underneath the Weight.
What then remains; are we depriv'd of Will?
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing Ill?
Receive my Counſel, and ſecurely move:
Intruſt thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wiſdom ſees thee want.
In Goodneſs as in Greatneſs they excel;
Oh! that we lov'd our ſelves but half ſo well!
(Dryd. Juv.

So blind we are, our Wiſhes are ſo vain,
That what we moſt deſire, proves moſt our Pain.
(Dryd. Mar. Ala-Mode.

Such is the gloomy State of Mortals here,
We know not what to wiſh, nor what to fear. *Dryd.*

WIT.

A thouſand different Shapes it bears,
Comely in thouſand Shapes appears.
'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jeſt,
Admir'd with Laughter at a Feaſt,
Nor florid Talk, which can this Title gain;
The Proofs of Wit for ever muſt remain.
'Tis not to force ſome lifeleſs Verſes meet,
With their five gouty Feet;
All ev'ry where, like Man's, muſt be the Soul,
And Reaſon th' inferiour Pow'rs controul.
Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each Part;
That ſhews more Coſt than Art.

'Tis not when two like Words make up one Noiſe,
(Jeſts for *Dutch* Men and *Engliſh* Boys,)
In which who finds out Wit, the ſame may ſee
In Anagrams and Acroſtick Poetry.
Much leſs can that have any Place,
At which a Virgin hides her Face:
Such Droſs the Fire muſt purge away:
'Tis juſt
The Author bluſh, there where the Reader muſt.
'Tis not ſuch Lines as almoſt crack the Stage,
When *Bajazet* begins to rage:
Nor a tall Metaphor in the Bombaſt Way,
Nor the dry Chips of ſhort-lung'd *Seneca*:
Nor upon all Things to intrude,
And force ſome odd Similitude.
What is it then, which, like the Pow'r Divine,
We only can by Negatives define?
In a true Piece of Wit all Things muſt be,
Yet all Things there agree:
As in the Ark, joyn'd without Force or Strife,
All Creatures dwelt, all Creatures that had Life:
Or as the primitive Forms of all,
Which without Diſcord and Confuſion lye,
In that ſtrange Mirror of the Deity.
Wit like a luxuriant Vine,
Unleſs to Virtue's Prop it joyn,
Firm and erect toward Heav'n bound,
Tho' it with beauteous Leaves and pleaſant Fruit be crown'd,
It lyes deform'd and rotting on the Ground. *Cowl.*
'Tis not a Flaſh of Fancy, which ſometimes,
Dazling our Minds, ſets off the ſlighteſt Rhymes.
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;
True Wit is everlaſting like the Sun. *Norm.*
Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
When more of Nature's ſeen, and leſs of Art. *Prior.*
Wit, like Tierce Claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lyes, and's of no Uſe at all;

But

But in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play. Ld. *Dorset.*

Unequally th' impartial Hand of Heav'n,
Has all but this one only Bleſſing giv'n.
In Wit alone 't has been munificent,
Of which ſo juſt a Share to each is ſent,
That the moſt avaricious are content:
For none e'er thought, the due Diviſion's ſuch,
His own too little, or his Friend's too much. *Roch.*

Great Wits are ſure to Madneſs near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.
(Dryd. Abſ & Achit.

WITCH.

What are theſe
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their Attire,
That look not like th' Inhabitants of the Earth,
And yet are on it? Live you, or are you ought
That Man may queſtion! You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy Fingers laying
Upon her ſkinny Lips.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And ſee which Grain will grow, and which will not,
I conjure you by that which you profeſs,
To anſwer me.
Tho' you untie the Winds, and let 'em fighe
Againſt the Churches; tho' the yeſty Waves
Confound and ſwallow Navigation up:
Tho' bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down;
Tho' Caſtles topple on their Warders Heads:
Tho' Palaces and Pyramids do ſlope
Their Heads to their Foundations:
Ev'n 'till Deſtruction ſicken, anſwer me.
The mumbling Beldam mutter'd thus her Charms.
On the Corner of the Moon
Hangs a vap'rous Drop profound,
I'll catch it e'er it come to Ground:
Which diſtill'd by magick Slights,
Shall raiſe artificial Sprights.

Thrice

Thrice the brinded Cat has mew'd,
Twice and once the Hedge-pig whin'd:
Harpier cries, 'tis Time, 'tis Time:
Round about the Cauldron go,
In the poyſon'd Entrails throw:
Pour in Sow's Blood that has eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaſe that's ſweet
From the Murderer's Gibbet throw
Into the Flame.
Toad that under the cold Stone
Days and Nights has thirty one
Swelter'd Venom ſleeping got,
Boil thou firſt in the charmed Pot.
Fillet of a fenny Snake
In the Cauldron boil and bake
Eye of Neut, and Toe of Frog,
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog,
Adder's Fork, and blind Worm's Sting,
Lizard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing,
For a Charm of pow'rful Trouble,
Like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.
Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witch's Mummy, Maw and Gulph
Of the ravin'd Salt-Sea Shark,
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of blaſpheming *Jew*,
Gall of Goats, and Slips of Yeugh,
Slive'rd in the Moon's Eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s Lips;
Finger of a Birth ſtrangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Gruel thick and ſlab:
Add thereto a Tyger's Chaldron
For th' Ingredients of our Cauldron.
Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,
Then our Charm is firm and good.

But

But ſee, they're gone,
The Earth has Bubbles as the Water has,
And theſe are of them: they vaniſh'd
Into the Air, and what ſeem'd corporal
Melted as Breath into the Wind. *Shak. Mack.*

Not uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In ſecret, riding thro' the Air, ſhe comes
Lur'd with the Smell of Infant-Blood, to dance
With *Lapland* Witches, while the hab'ring Moon
Eclipſes at their Charms. *Milt.*

Smear'd with theſe pow'rful Juices, on the Plain
He howls a Wolf among the hungry Train;
And oft the mighty Necromancer boaſts,
With theſe to call from Tombs the ſtalking Ghoſts,
And from the Roots to tear the ſtanding Corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to diſtant Fields is borne:
Such is the Strength of Spells.
Renown'd for magick Arts, her Charms unbind
The Chains of Love, or fix 'em to the Mind;
She ſtops the Currents, leaves the Channel dry,
Repels the Stars, and backward beats the Sky.
The yawning Earth re-bellows to her Call,
Pale Ghoſts aſcend, and Mountain Aſhes fall.
Dryd. Virg.

I ſaw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and looſe her flaky Hair;
With her fierce *Sagana* went ſtalking round,
Their hideous Howling ſhook the trembling Ground.
A Paleneſs, caſting Horror round the Place,
Sate dead and terrible on either's Face.
Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they caſt,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick Haſte.
A Cole-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore.

By

By this they forc'd the tortur'd Ghoſts from Hell,
And Anſwers to their wild Demands compel.
Two Images they brought of Wax and Wool,
The Waxen was a little puling Fool,
A chidden Image, ready ſtill to ſkip
Whene'er the Woollen one but ſnapp'd his Whip:
On *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,
Tyſiphone as loud the other bawls.
A thouſand Serpents hiſs'd upon the Ground,
And Hell-hounds compaſs'd all the Garden round.
Behind the Tombs, to ſhun the horrid Sight,
The Moon ſkulk'd down, or out of Shame or Fright.
(*Staff. Hor.*

WOES *of human Life.*

Who can compile the Roll of all our Woes?
Our Friends are faithleſs, and ſincere our Foes.
The poyſon'd Arrows of an envious Tongue
Improve our Errors, and our Virtues wrong:
Th' Oppreſſor now with arbitrary Might
Tramples on Law, and robs us of our Right:
Dangers unſeen on ev'ry Side invade,
And Snares o'er all th' unfaithful Ground are laid.
Oft Wounds from foreign Violence we feel,
Now from the Ruffian's, now the Warrior's Steel:
By Bruiſes or by Labour we are pain'd;
A Bone diſjointed, or a Sinew ſtrain'd:
Now feſt'ring Sores afflict our tortur'd Limbs,
Now to the yielding Heart the Gangrene climbs.
Acute Diſtempers fierce our Veins aſſail,
Ruſh on with Fury, and by Storm prevail:
Others with Thrift diſpenſe their Stores of Grief,
And by the Sap prolong the Siege of Life:
While to the Grave we for Deliverance cry,
And promis'd ſtill, are ſtill deny'd to dye.
See Cholic, Gout, and Stone, a cruel Train,
Oppos'd by all the healing Race in vain;

Their

Their various Racks and ling'ring Plagues employ,
Relieve each other, and by Turns annoy,
And, Tyrant like, torment, but not deſtroy.
We noxious Inſects in our Bowels feed,
Engender Deaths, and dark Deſtruction breed.
The Spleen with ſullen Vapours cloud the Brain,
And binds the Spirits in its heavy Chain:
Howe'er the Cauſe fantaſtick may appear,
Th' Effect is real, and the Pain ſincere.
Hydropic Wretches by Degrees decay,
Growing the more, the more they waſte away;
By their own Ruins they augmented lye,
With Thirſt and Heat amidſt a Deluge fry,
And while in Floods of Water they expire,
More ſcorching periſh by the Feaver's Fire.
Stretch'd on our downy, yet uneaſy Beds,
We change our Pillows, and we raiſe our Heads:
From Side to Side for Reſt in vain we turn,
With Cold we ſhiver, or with Heat we burn.
Of Night impatient we demand the Day,
The Day arrives, and for the Night we pray:
The Night and Day ſucceſſive come and go,
Our laſting Pains no Interruption know.

WOLF.

As when two greedy Wolves do break by force
Into an herd, farre from the huſband farme,
They ſpoile and raven without all remorſe.

As when a greedy Wolfe thro' hunger fell
A ſilly Lamb farre from the flock does take,
Of whom he means his bloudy feaſt to make,
A Lyon ſpyes faſt running towards him,
The innocent prey in haſte he does forſake,
And quit from death, yet quakes in every limb
With change of fear, to ſee the Lyon look ſo grim.

(Spen.

So

So roams the nightly Wolf about the Fold,
Wet with deſcending Show'rs, and ſtiff with Cold;
He howls for Hunger, and he grins for Pain,
His gnaſhing Teeth are exercis'd in vain;
And impotent of Anger, finds no Way
In his diſtended Paws to graſp the Prey.
The Mothers liſten, but the bleating Lambs
Securely ſwig the Dug beneath the Dams.

As hungry Wolves, with raging Appetite,
Scour thro' the Fields, nor fear the ſtormy Night;
Their Whelps at Home expect the promis'd Food,
And long to temper their dry Chaps in Blood.

So ſeizes the grim Wolf the tender Lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating Dam.

As when the Wolf has torn a Bullock's Hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a Shepherd's Side,
Conſcious of his audacious Deed he flies,
And claps his quiv'ring Tail between his Thighs.
(Dryd. Virg.

As when a Wolf, pinch'd by nocturnal Cold,
And Hunger-ſtarv'd, ſcours round the lofty Fold;
He licks his rabbid Jaws, and ſeems poſſeſs'd
Already of his Prey, and bloody Feaſt.
He offers oft to enter, while the Lambs
Affrighted tremble round their bleating Dams. *Blac.*

As when a prowling Wolf,
Whom Hunger drives to ſeek new Haunts for Prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen their Flocks at Eve,
In hurdled Cotes amid the Field ſecure,
Leaps o'er the Fence with Eaſe into the Fold. *Milt.*

Such Rage enflames the Wolf's wild Heart and Eye,
Robb'd, as he thinks, unjuſtly of his Prize;
Whom unawares the Shepherd ſpies, and draws
The bleating Lamb from out his rav'nous Jaws.
The Shepherd fain himſelf he would aſſail,
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail:
He knows his Foe's too ſtrong, and muſt be gone,
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on. *Cowl.*

LYCAON turn'd into a *WOLF.*

The Tyrant in a Fright for Shelter gains
The neighb'ring Fields, and ſcours along the Plains;
Howling he fled, and fain he would have ſpoke,
But human Voice his brutal Tongue forſook;
About his Lips the gather'd Foam he churns,
And breathing Slaughter, ſtill with Rage he burns,
But on the bleating Flock his Fury turns.
His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged Hairs,
Cleaves to his Back, a famiſh'd Face he bears;
His Arms deſcend, his Shoulders ſink away,
To multiply his Legs for Chace of Prey,
He grows a Wolf, his Hoarineſs remains,
And the ſame Rage in other Members reigns;
His Eyes ſtill ſparkle in a narrower Space,
His Jaws retain the Grim and Violence of Face.
(Dryd. Ovid.

WOMAN.

Her ivory neck, her alablaſter breaſt,
Her paps, which like white ſilken pillowes were,
For love in ſoft delights thereon to reſt;
Her tender ſides, her belly white and cleare,
Which like an Altar did it ſelf up-reare,
To offer ſacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whoes glory did appear
Like a triumphal Arch, and thereupon
The ſpoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battle
(wone.
Thereat ſis *Satyrane* gan ſmile, and ſay,
Extreamly mad the Man I ſurely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard reſtraint to ſtay
A Woman's will which is deſpos'd to goe aſtray.

In vaine he feares that which he cannot ſhunne:
For, who wotes not, that Woman's ſubtilties
Can guilen *Argus*, when ſhe liſts miſdonne?
It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,
Nor braſen walles, nor many wakeful ſpyes,

That

That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet ;
But faſt good will with gentle courteſies,
And timely ſervis at her pleaſures meet,
That her perhaps containe, that elſe may algates fleet.

The firſt of them did ſeem of riper yeares,
And graver countinance than all the reſt ;
Yet all the reſt were eke her equall peares,
Yet unto her obeyed all the beſt :
Her name was *Womanhood*, that ſhe expreſt
By her ſad ſemblant and demeanure wiſe :
For ſtedfaſt ſtill her eyes did fixed reſt,
Ne rov'd at random after gazers guiſe,
Whoes luring baytes oftimes dos heedleſs hearts entice.

Such is the cruelty of Womankind,
When they have ſhaken off the ſhamefaſt band,
With which wiſe nature did them ſtrongly bind
T' obey the heaſts of man's well-ruling hand,
That then all Rule and Reaſon they withſtand,
To purchaſe a licentious liberty.
But vertuous Women wiſely underſtand,
That they are borne to baſe humility,
Unleſs the Heav'ns them lift to lawful ſoverainty.

But he the Man that ſay or do ſo dare,
Be well adviſ'd, that he may ſtedfaſt ſtill :
For never yet was wight ſo well aware,
But he at firſt or laſt was trapt in womans ſnare. *Spen.*

Tho' ſome to Satire form'd, and born to vex,
Dare impiouſly profane the ſofter Sex,
As Nature careleſs from her Purpoſe ſtray'd,
And puny Girls by Accident were made ;
By this Miſtake, her Operation lame,
Unwillingly ſhe huddled up the Frame, (came.
And thence the lovely, charming, monſtrous Creature

But

But better Judges ſcorn this idle Dream,
And ſtill ſhall Beauty hold its due Eſteem, (*Call.*
Man ſtill ſhall praiſe, and *Woman* be the Theme. *Sewell.*

Ye *Gallic* Matrons, if ye ſcorn to know
The Pleaſures which from poliſh'd Letters flow:
If you delight not to inform your Soul,
At leaſt preſerve your Body chaſt and whole;
Whether the Loom for your Employment chuſe,
Or elſe the Diſtaff, or the Needle uſe,
Let Virtue be the Buſineſs of your Life,
And take Example by a *Sabine* Wife.
Who is not ſhock'd to ſee the beauteous Fair,
With Looks obſcene, and meretricious Air?
Lais and *Flora* modeſt Swains deſpiſe,
Their wanton Words, looſe Smiles, and ſwimming Eyes,
And all the Tricks by which looſe Nymphs diſgrace
The chaſter Honours of the Female Race.
By no ſuch Charms did *Pſyche* from above
Allure and captivate the God of Love:
By graceful Innocence alone ſhe won
The melting Heart of *Cytherea*'s Son:
A Beam from her Etherial Virtue came,
And lighted up the pure, the Virgin-Flame.

Nature, who gave, 'till ſhe could give no more,
On *Woman* laviſh'd all her precious Store,
Who now courts ſolid and ſubſtantial Praiſe,
Nor values Beauty, wedded to a Face.
Her Mind peculiar Ornaments deſires,
And Virtues proper to her Sex requires.
And ſince my tuneful Siſters all delight
In comely Forms, obliging to the Sight:
Since we alone can tell what ſofter Art
Suits with the Genius of a Virgin's Heart,
I leave the learned Mountains to diſcloſe
What well-Thy lov'd *CALLIOPEA* knows.
Be Thou attentive, while I deigne to ſhine
On thy ſmooth Page, and brighten ev'ry Line.
(*Rowe's Call.*

'Tis

'Tis true, that MAN is more ſublime and bold,
But WOMAN's figur'd of a finer Mold.
Hence the ſoft Nature of her pliant Clay
Will all Impreſſions take, all Forms obey.
Who then excludes the Virgin as unfit
For the high Arts and Myſteries of Wit?
Or why ſhould baſe, invidious Man deny
The Search of Truth to their diſcerning Eye?
Why, when ingenic Reaſon ſhoots her Ray
To light us all, are they forbid the Day?
Why ſhould th' implanted Energy of Mind
Grow faint, and ſlacken in the *Female* Kind?
Impartial *Jove* forbids ſo great a Crime,
Nor was *Apollo* only born to climb
Aonian Hills; when to inhabit there,
The Muſes, ever Tuneful, ever Fair.
Tritonian PALLAS does her *Ægis* wield,
Nor will to *PHOEBUS* or *GRADIVUS* yield,
But rules in *Athens*, and commands the Field.

Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the firſt,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curſt:
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd,
But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride.
He too an Angel, 'till he durſt rebel,
And you are ſure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on! a Stock of Tears like Vows you have,
And always ready when you would deceive.
(*Otw. Don. Carl.*

Oh Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,
That Men ſhould leave thee for that Toy a Woman!
Made from the Droſs and Refuſe of a Man:
Heav'n took him ſleeping when he made her too;
Had Man been waking he had ne'er conſented.
(*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Out of my Sight, thou Serpent, that Name beſt
Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy ſelf as falſe,
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy Shape,
Like

Like his, and Colour ſerpentine, may ſhew
Thy inward Fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee.
Thy All is but a Show,
Rather than ſolid Virtue; all but a Rib,
Crooked by Nature. Oh why did God,
Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt Heav'n
With Spirits maſculine, create at laſt
This Novelty on Earth! this fair Defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men, as Angels, without Feminine,
Or find ſome other Way to generate Mankind? *Milt.*
Ah Traitreſs! Ah ingrate! Ah faithleſs Mind!
Ah Sex invented firſt to damn Mankind!
Nature took care to dreſs you up for Sin;
Adorn'd without, unfiniſh'd left within:
Hence by no Judgment your Love direct;
Talk much, ne'er think, and ſtill the Wrong affect.
So much Self-love in your Compoſure's mix'd,
That Love to others ſtill remains unfix'd.
Greatneſs, and Noiſe, and Shew, are your Delight;
Yet wiſe Men love you in their own Deſpight:
And finding in their native Wit no Eaſe,
Are forc'd to put your Folly on to pleaſe. *Dryd. Aurun.*
Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the Right: you're always falſe
Or ſilly; ev'n your Dreſſes are not more
Fantaſtick than your Appetites: you think
Of nothing twice: Opinion you have none;
To Day you're nice, To-morrow not ſo free;
Now ſmile, then frown; now ſorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why.
Virtue you affect; Inconſtancy's your Practice;
And when your looſe Deſires once get Dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds courſer at a Feaſt:
Ev'ry rank Fool goes down. *Otw. Orph.*
The Sex was firſt in Mock'ry of us made;
They are the falſe, deceitful Gleſſes, where
We gaze, and dreſs our ſelves to all the Shapes

Of

Of Folly. What is it Woman cannot do?
She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,
And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,
Where Fops have daily Entrance! Make a Priest,
Forgetting the Hypocrisy of's Office,
Dance and shew Tricks, to prove his Strength and Brawn.
Make a Projector quibble; an old Judge
Put on false Hair and paint: And, after all,
Tho' she be known the lewdest of her Sex,
She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest.
(*Otw. C. Marius.*

Henceforth not name a Woman?
'Tis Treason to my Ear. They are
The Bane of Empire, and the Rot of Pow'r!
The Cause of all our Mischiefs, Murders, Massacres!
What Seas of Blood they've spilt in former Ages?
Woman, that dooms us all to one sure Grave,
And after damns than Providence can save.
(*Lee's Constant.*

Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold,
But Womankind in Ills is ever bold. *Dryd. Juv.*

Oh Woman, Woman, Woman! All the Gods
Have not such Pow'r of doing Good to Men,
As you of doing Harm! *Dryd. All for Love.*

I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman!
Woman, the Fountain of all human Frailty?
What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? a Woman!
Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
And laid at last old *Troy* in Ashes? a Woman!
Who lost *Mark Anthony* the World? a Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!
Woman, to Man first as a Blessing given,
When Innocence and Love were in their Prime;
Happy awhile in Paradise they lay,
But quickly Woman long'd to go astray:
Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love.

To

To his Temptations lewdly ſhe inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.
(Otw. Orph.

Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made you
To temper Man: we had been Brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
Amazing Brightneſs, Purity, and Truth,
Eternal Joy, and everlaſting Love. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*

Under how hard a Fate are Women born!
Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn.
If we want Beauty we of Love deſpair,
And are beſieg'd like Frontier Towns, if Fair.

Women are govern'd by a ſtubborn Fate;
Their Love's inſuperable as their Hate;
No Merit their Averſion can remove,
No ill Requital can efface their Love. *Wall.*

Unhappy Sex! whoſe Beauty is your Snare;
Expos'd to Tryals, made too frail to bear. *Dryd. Auren.*

For I who made them, know their inward State:
No Woman, once well pleas'd, can throughly hate:
I gave 'em Beauty to ſubdue the Strong;
A mighty Empire! but it laſts not long:
I gave 'em Pride to make Mankind their Slave,
But, in Exchange, to Men I Flatt'ry gave.
Th' offending Lover, when he loweſt lyes,
Submits to conquer, and but kneels to riſe.

Forbidding me to follow, ſhe invites me:
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex;
I gave them but one Tongue to ſay us Nay,
And two kind Eyes to grant. *Dryd. Amphit.*
[Spoken by *Jupiter.*

Why was I made with all my Sex's Softneſs,
Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies.
I'll ſee *Caſtalio*; tax him with his Falſhood;
Be a true Woman, rail, proteſt my Wrongs,
Reſolve to hate him, and yet love him ſtill. *Otw. Orph.*

A ſtrange diſſembling Sex we Women are,
Well may we Men, when we our ſelves deceive.
Long has my ſecret Soul lov'd *Troilus*:
I drank his Praiſes from my Unkle's Mouth,
As if my Ears could ne'er be ſatisfy'd.
Why then, why ſaid I not, I love this Prince?
How cou'd my Tongue conſpire againſt my Heart,
To ſay I lov'd him not. O childiſh Love!
'Tis like an Infant froward in his Play,
And what he moſt deſires, he throws away.
(Shak. Troil. & Creſ.

Our thoughtleſs Sex is caught by outward Form,
And empty Noiſe, and loves it ſelf in Man.
(Dryd. Oedip.

Hard Fate of Lovers, ſubject to our Laws!
Fools we muſt have, or elſe we cannot ſway,
For none but Fools will Womankind obey:
If they prove ſtubborn, and reſiſt our Will,
We exerciſe our Pow'r, and uſe 'em ill.
The paſſive Slave, that whines, adores, and dies,
Sometimes we pity, but we ſtill deſpiſe:
But when we doat, the ſelf-ſame Fate we prove;
Fools at the beſt, but double Fools in Love.
We rage at firſt with ill-diſſembled Scorn;
Then, falling from our Height, more baſely mourn;
And Man, th' inſulting Tyrant, takes his Turn;
Leaves us to weep for our neglected Charms,
And hugs another Miſtreſs in his Arms:
And that which humbles our proud Sex the moſt,
Of all our ſlighted Favours makes his Boaſt.
(Dryd. Cleom.

Some wiſh a Husband-Fool, but ſuch are curſt;
For Fools perverſe of Husbands are the worſt:
All Women would be counted chaſte and wiſe,
Nor ſhould our Spouſes ſee, but with our Eyes:
For Fools will ſtrut, and tho' they want the Wit
To find cloſe Faults, yet open Blots will hit:

Tho'

Tho' better for their Eaſe to hold their Tongue;
For Womankind was never in the Wrong.
So Noiſe enſues, and Quarrels laſt for Life,
The Wife abhors the Fool, the Fool the Wife.
(*Dryd. the Wife of Bath's Tale.*

Women are to the Brave an eaſy Prey,
Still follow Fortune where ſhe leads the Way.
(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

For Women born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.
Who firſt the gen'rous Steed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalute the Beaſt,
But with high Courage, Life, and Force
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly Horſe.
Unwiſely we the wiſer *Eaſt*
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſs'd
With Tyrant's Force, whoſe Law is Will,
By which they govern, ſpoil, and kill;
Each Nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs Rigour here.
Should ſome brave *Turk*, that walks among
His twenty Laſſes bright and young,
And beckons to the willing Dame,
Preferr'd to quench his preſent Flame,
Behold as many Gallants here
With modeſt Guiſe, and ſilent Fear,
All to one Female Idol bend,
Whilſt her high Pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their Follies, he would ſwear
That theſe her Guard of Eunuchs were;
And that a more majeſtick Queen,
Or humbler Slaves he had not ſeen. *Wall.*

WOMB.

For when the ſwelling Maſs is firmly knit,
And the ripe Virgin glows with perfect Heat,

Then roſy Streams from ſecret Springs abound,
Which kindly bath the fruitful Womb around;
By Nature's prudent Care provided well,
To feed the ſleeping Infant in his Cell.
Then her ſoft Breaſts the Lover's Heart inſpire,
With tempting Heavings, and provoke Deſire.
Beneath thoſe Parts, where ſtretching to its Bound,
The low *Abdomen* girds the Belly round,
The Shop of Nature lyes; a vacant Space
Of ſmall Circumference divides the Place,
Pear-like the Shape; within a *Membrane* ſpreads
Her various Texture of meandrous Threads;
They draw the Veſſels to a purſy State,
And, or contract their Subſtance, or dilate:
Here Veins, Nerves, Art'ries in Pairs declare
How nobler Parts deſerve a double Care;
They from the Maſs the Blood and Spirits drain,
That irrigate profuſe the thirſty Plain;
The Bottom of the *Womb* 'tis call'd, the Sides are cleft
By Cells diſtinguiſh'd into Right and Left.
'Tis thought that *Females* in the Left prevail,
And that the Right contains the ſprightly *Male*.
A Paſſage here in Form oblong extends,
Where faſt compreſs'd the ſtiffen'd *Nerve* aſcends,
And the warm *Fluid* with concurring *Fluids* blends.
The *Sages* this the Womb's Neck juſtly name;
Within the Hollow of its inward Frame:
Joyn'd to the Parts, a ſmall Protub'rance grows,
Whoſe riſing Lips the deep Receſſes cloſe:
For while the *Tiller* all his Strength collects,
While Hope anticipates the fair Effects,
The lubricated Parts their Station leave,
And cloſely to the working Engine cleave,
Each Veſſel ſtretches, and diſtending wide,
The greedy Womb attracts the glowing Tide,
And, either Sex commix'd, the Streams united glide.
But now the Womb relax'd with pleaſing Pain,
Gently ſubſides into it ſelf again;

The

The Seed moves with it, and thus clos'd within
The tender Drop of Entity begin. *Sewell's Gallip.*

WORDS.

Words with the Leaves of Trees Resemblance hold,
In this Respect; where ev'ry Year the old
Fall off, and new ones in their Places grow:
Death is the Fate of all Things here below.
If Man and Nature's Works submit to Fate,
Much less must Words expect a lasting Date:
Many, which we approve for current now,
In the next Age out of Request will grow:
And others, which are now thrown out of Doors,
Shall be reviv'd, and come again in Force,
If Custom please, from whom their Force they draw,
Which of our Speech is the sole Judge and Law.
(Oldh. Her.

Words are but Pictures of our Thoughts. *Dryd.*

His Words, replete with Guile,
Into her Heart too easy Entrance won. *Milt.*

WORLD.

The World's a Wood, in which all lose their Way,
Tho' by a different Path each goes astray, *Roch.*

The World's a Labyrinth, where unguided Men
Walk up and down to find their Weariness:
No sooner have we measur'd with much Toil
One crooked Path, in hope to gain our Freedom,
But it betrays us to a new Affliction. *Beaumont's Night-*
(waiker.

WOUNDS.

His Face and Limbs were one continu'd Wound;
Dishonest, with lopt Arms the Youth appears,
Spoil'd of his Nose, and shorten'd of his Ears.

The yawning Wound
Gush'd out a purple Stream, and stain'd the Ground.
The gaping Wound gush'd out a crimson Flood.
(Dryd. Virg.

He bare'd his Breaſt, and ſhew'd his Scars,
As of a furrow'd Field, well plough'd with Wars.
(Dryd. Ovid.

Like dumb Mouths, his Wounds
Open'd their ruby-Lips. *Shak. Jul. Caſ.*

There *Duncan* lay;
His ſilver Skin lac'd with his golden Blood,
And his gaſh'd Stabs look'd like a Breach in Nature
For Ruin's waſteful Entrance. *Shak. Mack.*

Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows,
Yet could I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders;
And open in an Enemy ſuch Wounds,
Mercy would weep to look on. *Roch. Valent.*

They made bare their Breaſts,
Lac'd with long Scars, and ſtudded o'er with Thruſts,
The noble Wardrobe of the ſcarlet War. *Lee Meth.*

Cloſe by each other laid, they preſs'd the Ground,
Their manly Boſoms pierc'd with many a grieſly Wound,
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But ſome faint Signs of feeble Life appear:
The wand'ring Breath was on the Wing to part,
Weak was the Pulſe, and hardly heav'd the Heart.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

WRATH.

After that varlet's fight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine faſt pricking *Guion* ſpide
One in bright armes embattailed full ſtrong,
That as the ſunny beames doe glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, ſo ſhined bright,
And round about him threw forth ſparkling fire,
That ſeemed him to enflame on every ſide:
His ſteed was bloody red, and fomed ire,
When with the maiſtring ſpur he did him roughly
(ſtire.

Aproaching nigh, he never ſtaid to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
But prickt ſo fierce, that underneath his feet
The ſmouldring duſt did round about him ſmoke,
Both Horſe and Man nigh thick for to choke; And

And fairely couching his ſteel-headed ſpear,
Him firſt ſaluted with a ſturdy ſtroke.

And him beſide rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
Upon a Lyon, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandiſheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth ſparkles fiery red,
And ſtared ſtern on all that him beheld,
As Aſhes pale of hue, and ſeeming dead;
And on his dagger ſtill his hand he held,
Trembling thro' haſty rage, when choler in him ſwell'd.
His ruffin raiment all was ſtaind with blood
Which he had ſpilt, and all to rags yrent,
Thro' unadviſed raſhneſs woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no goverment,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement,
But when the furious fit was overpaſt,
His cruell facts he often would repent,
Yet wilfull man he never would forecaſt,
How many miſchiefs ſhould enſue his heedleſs haſt.

Full many miſchiefs follow cruel *Wrath*;
Abhorred bloudſhed, and tumultuous ſtrife,
Unmanly murther, and unthrifty ſcath,
Bitter deſpight, with rancours ruſty knife,
And fretting grief the enemy of Life;
And theſe and many evills more haunt ire,
The ſwelling Splene, and Phrenzy raging rife,
The ſhaking Palſey, and St. *Francis* fire,
Such one was *Wrath* the laſt of this ungodly tire.

WRETCH.

Look who comes here! A Grave unto a Soul:
Holding th' eternal Spirit gainſt her Will
In the vile Priſon of afflicted Breath. *Shak. K. John.*

There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity,
But's happier far than me; for I, have known
The luſcious Sweets of Plenty: ev'ry Night
Have ſlept with ſoft Content about my Head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning;
Yet now muſt fall like a full Ear of Corn,
Whoſe Bloſſom, ſcap'd, but's wither'd in the Ripening.
(Otw. Ven. Preſ.

Then looking on the neighb'ring Woods, we ſaw
The ghaſtly Viſage of a Man unknown:
An uncouth Feature, meagre pale and wild,
Affictions foul, and terrible Diſmay
Sate on his Looks: his Face impair'd and worn
With Marks of Famine, ſpeaking ſore Diſtreſs;
His Locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy Beard
Matted with Filth. *Add. Virg.*

Then from the Woods there bolts before our Sight
Somewhat betwixt a Mortal and a Spright;
So thin, ſo ghaſtly meagre, and ſo wan,
So bare of Fleſh, he ſcarce reſembled Man.
This Thing all tatter'd was, ſhaggy his Beard;
His Cloaths were ragg'd with Thorns, and Filth his
(Limbs beſmear'd. Dryd. Virg.

WRONG.

That Tiger, or that other ſalvage wight
Is ſo exceeding furious and fell,
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd himſelf with might.
Not fit 'mong Men that doe with reaſon mell,
But 'mong wild beaſts and ſalvage woods to dwell;
Where ſtill the ſtronger doth the weak devoure,
And they that moſt in boldneſs doe excell,
Are draded moſt, and feared by their powre. *Spen.*

YEAR.

Perceiv'ſt thou not the Proceſs of the Year:
How the four Seaſons in four Forms appear,
Reſembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear?

Spring

Spring firſt, like Infancy, ſhoots out her Head,
With milky Juice requiring to be fed;
Helpleſs, tho' freſh, and wanting to be led.
The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's Eyes.
Then laughs the childiſh Year with Flowrets crown'd,
And laviſhly perfumes the Fields around.
But no ſubſtantial Nouriſhment receives;
Infirm the Stalks, unſolid are the Leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the Year began,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man:
This Seaſon, as in Men, is moſt replete
With kindly Moiſture, and prolifick Heat.
Autumn ſucceeds, a ſober tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;
More than mature, and tending to Decay, (*Gray.*
When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Gray.
Laſt Winter ſweeps along with tardy Pace;
Sour is his Front, and ſurrow'd is his Face:
His Scalp, if not diſhonour'd quite of Hair,
The ragged Fleece is thin, and thin is worſe than bare.
(*Dryd. Ovid.*

YOUTH.

And now the Voice to manly Accents breaks,
And the firſt Down o'er-ſpreads the blooming Cheeks.
When thus encreaſing Strength, and youthful Fire,
Forward to Action, vigorous Thoughts inſpire,
And puſh him on to Love and gay Deſire.
Then reſtleſs Paſſions with a ſudden Flood
Diſturb the Man, and ſtir the riſing Blood,
Now the Tides ſwell, and foamy Billows roul,
And rapid Torrents hurry on the Soul.
Youth fondly mocks the Dictates of the Wiſe,
And ſcornful ſmiles when hoary Hairs adviſe;
The wanton Swain, when flush'd in blooming Years,
The leaſt Reſtraint (ah too impatient) bears.
Yet a bright Ray may pierce the yielding Shade,
And ſudden ſhine around the darkſome Glade.

Wiſdom

Wiſdom will buoy the ſinking Soul, and ſave
Amidſt the Floods, and dare the coming Wave.
The fatal Proſpect I remember yet,
Nor my paſt Dangers can ſo ſoon forget;
Nor thoſe diſorder'd Torrents, which oppreſs'd
My ſwelling Heart, and labour'd in my Breaſt.
When with fantaſtick Pleaſure's gay Pretence,
My tender Reaſon was ſubdu'd by Senſe:
When my warm wanton Youth, which ſcorn'd a Guide,
Was hurry'd downward by th' impetuous Tide;
When ſanguin in my Hopes, and fondly vain,
I launch'd my ſlender Veſſel on the Main:
Studious of Honour, and affecting Fame,
An Enemy to Life without a Name:
With hot purſuit I poſted to be great,
And manag'd dark Intrigues of Court and State.
But ſince ripe Years, and Times more fit for Thought,
Have my wild Senſes to cool Judgment brought;
Since Age has conquer'd my unruly Heart,
I ſeek a learned Eaſe, and wiſe Retirement. *Diaper's Calliſ.*

The Spring of Life; The Bloom of gawdy Years:
Before the tender Nerves had ſtrung his Limbs,
And knotted into Strength. *Shak. Troil. & Creſ.*

Secure thoſe golden early Joys,
That Youth, unſown'd with Sorrow, bears;
Ere withering Time the Taſte deſtroys:
With Sickneſs and unwieldy Years.
For active Sports, for pleaſing Reſt,
This is the Time to be poſſeſs'd:
The Beſt is but in Seaſon beſt.
The pointed Hour of promis'd Bliſs,
The pleaſing Whiſper in the Dark,
The half-unwilling willing Kiſs,
The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
When the kind Nymph would Coyneſs feign,
And Libs but to be found again:
Theſe, theſe are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain. (*Dryd. Hor.*

In

In Youth alone unhappy Mortals live;
But, Ah! the mighty Bliss is fugitive.
Discolour'd Sickness, anxious Labours come,
And Age, and Death's inexorable Doom. *Dryd. Ving.*

All the good Wine of Life our drunken Youth devours,
Sourness and Lees, which to the Bottom sink,
Remain for latter Years to drink;
Until some one, offended with the Taste,
The Vessel breaks, and out the wretched Reliques run
(at last. *Cowl.*

The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in Time;
The Vi'let sweet, but quickly past the Prime.
White Lillies hang their Heads, and soon decay,
And whiter Snow in Minutes melts away;
Such, and so with'ring is our blooming Youth.
(*Dryd. Theoc.*

Grief seldom joyn'd with blooming Youth is seen;
Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been?
Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,
But Wisdom does an lucky Age misguide. *How. Ind. Queen.*

ZEAL.

Zeal is the pious Madness of the Mind.
(*Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

And Confidence in Sin, when mix'd with Zeal,
Seems Innocence, and looks to most as well. *Gree. Juv.*

ZION.

'Tis *Zion* then, 'tis *Zion* we deplore,
For her we grieve, for *Zion* is no more;
Our Eyes condole in Tears, and jointly smart
With all the Anguish of an aching Heart:
Who can refrain, to see the wofull Sight,
All Nation's Envy, and the World's Delight,
Now grown a Desart where the Foxes range,
And howling Wolves lament the dismal Change.
(*Southwet's* Pray'r of *Jer.* Paraph.

ZONES.

ZONES.

Five Girdles bind the Skies: the torrid Zone
Glows with the paſſing and repaſſing Sun.
Far on the Right and Left, th' Extreams of Heav'n
To Froſts, and Snows, and bitter Blaſts are giv'n.
Betwixt the midſt and theſe the Gods aſſign'd
Two habitable Seats for Human-kind:
And croſs their Limits cut a ſloping Way,
Which the Twelve Signs in beauteous Order ſway:
Two Poles turn round the Globe: one ſeen to riſe
O'er *Scythian* Hills, and one in *Lybian* Skies.
The firſt ſublime in Heav'n: the laſt is whirl'd
Below the Regions of the nether World.
Around our Pole the ſpiry *Dragon* glides,
And, like a wand'ring Stream, the *Bears* divides:
The *leſs* and *greater*, who by Fate's Decree
Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea.
There, as they ſay, perpetual Night is found,
In Silence brooding on th' unhappy Ground:
Or when *Aurora* leaves our Northern Sphere,
She lights the downward Heav'n, and riſes there.
And when on us ſhe breathes the living Light,
Red *Veſper* kindles there the Tapers of the Night.
(*Dryd. Virg.*

And as five Zones th' Etherial Regions bind,
Five correſpondent are to Earth aſſign'd.
The Sun, with Rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone.
The two beneath the diſtant Poles complain
Of endleſs Winter, and perpetual Rain.
Betwixt th' Extreams two happier Climates hold,
The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold.
(*Dryd. Ovid.*

FINIS.